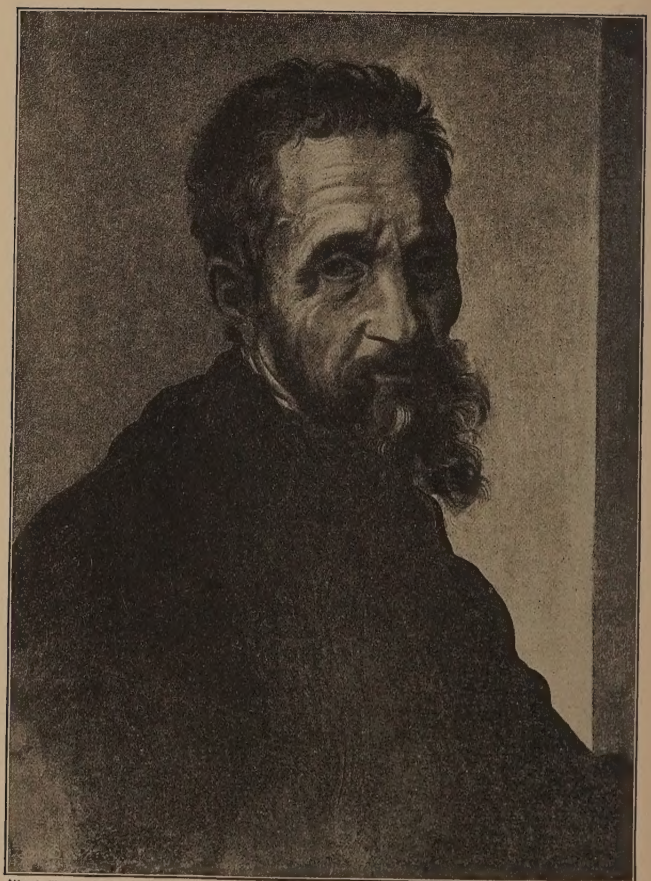
THE HOME BOOK OF GREAT PAINTINGS



Alinari, Photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

MICHELANGELO BUONAROTTI (ATTRIBUTED TO BUGIARDINI)

Uffizi Gallery, Florence

THE HOME BOOK OF GREAT PAINTINGS

A COLLECTION OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE FAMOUS PICTURES

DESCRIBED AND INTERPRETED
BY
ESTELLE M. HURLL



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MICHELANGELO

1475–1564

I

THE MADONNA AND CHILD

About two thousand years ago a babe was born in the little Judæan village of Bethlehem whose life was to change all history. His name was Jesus, and every Christian country now takes his birth as a standard from which to reckon time. When we speak of the year 1900, we are counting the number of years that have passed since that event.[1] To make this clear we sometimes add the initials A. D., standing for the Latin words, Anno Domini, meaning in the year of our Lord. To go still farther back we speak of an event as so many years B. C. or Before Christ.

The infant Jesus came to his mother Mary as a peculiar treasure. Before his birth she had had a vision of an angel telling her that her son was to reign over a great kingdom. She felt that there was a great and solemn mystery in his life.

At the time he was born, Bethlehem happened to be crowded with people who had come there to pay their taxes. When Mary and her husband Joseph went to the inn, there was no room for them, and the baby was laid in a manger used to feed cattle.

[1] To be perfectly exact we must always add four years to a date to get the full length of time passed since the birth of Christ, as a mistake has been made in the calculation.

This was a humble cradle for one destined to be a king; but the mother did not think too much of outward things. Her confidence in her son's greatness was not to be shaken by trifles like this.

The new-born babe was soon sought out. First came some shepherds asking to see him, because, while watching their sheep at night, they had had a vision of angels telling them that a Saviour was born in Bethlehem. Still stranger visitors were some wise men from the East, who said they had seen a star which signified to them the birth of a king. They brought the babe royal gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh, and returned on their way well pleased with the success of their journey.

When the babe was about a month old he was carried up to the great city of Jerusalem, where, according to the religious custom of the Jews, he was to be offered or presented to the Lord, in the temple. Here a saintly old man named Simeon took him in his arms, with some strange words of prophecy of the salvation which this child was to bring to the world.

All these things made a deep impression upon Mary, and she was a proud and devoted mother. Day by day she watched her child grow "strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him." It is said that

> "All mothers worship little feet,
> And kiss the very ground they 've trod,"

and this mother had special cause for child worship.

The Italians always refer to the mother of Jesus



Alinari, Photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

MADONNA AND CHILD

National Museum, Florence

as the Madonna, which is the old Italian way of addressing a lady. This representation of the Madonna and Child makes us understand better what the two were to each other. The confiding way in which the boy leans against his mother's knee shows the love between them. The mother looks like a queen; on her well-poised head she wears a headdress something like a crown. As the mother of a prince she bears her honors proudly.

On her lap is the book from which she has been reading. The child seems dreaming of the wonderful words he has heard, as he rests his cheek on his little hand, his elbow bent across the open page. A thoughtful mood is upon them both, and there is something wistful in the boy's attitude. The message they have read must indeed be a solemn one. Perhaps it is something which recalls to the mother the promise of the angel in foretelling the birth of Jesus. She thinks of the great honors that are to be his, and also of the sacrifices by which they must be won. The book may be open at the words of one of those old Hebrew prophets who longed for the coming of the Redeemer. There is a verse in the prophecy of Isaiah, which speaks of a child upon whose shoulders the government shall rest.[1] The writer tells some of the many names by which he shall be called, and we may imagine this mother and child going over together these strange titles: "Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

[1] Isaiah, chapter ix. verse 6.

Our illustration is from a bas-relief by Michelangelo, and as we examine it closely we discover that the sculptor's work was left unfinished. The rough marks of the chisel are still seen on the surface of the marble. A child's figure in the background is quite indistinct. Probably it was intended for the boy St. John the Baptist, the cousin of Jesus. The child Jesus himself is by no means completed; his right arm is only faintly indicated.

As we shall learn from other examples of sculpture in this book,[1] Michelangelo often neglected to carry his work to completion. He was so possessed with his ideas that he could not work fast enough in sketching them on the marble, but after this, it did not matter so much to him about the finishing. He had done enough to show his meaning.

There are reasons for liking such work all the better for being unfinished. Some of the most delightful stories ever written, like those of Hawthorne, leave something at the end still unexplained. The reader's imagination is then free to go on forever exploring the mystery, and inventing new situations. So in this bas-relief, the great sculptor does not work out the details, but allows us to exercise our own fancy upon them. He sketches his thought in a few noble lines, and each may round out for himself the completed ideal.

[1] Note particularly the Cupid on page 15, and the tomb of Giuliano de' Medici on page 81.

II

DAVID

Long ago in the country of Palestine lived a lad named David, who kept his father's sheep. His free life out of doors made him strong and manly beyond his years. The Israelites were at this time at war with the Philistines, and David's quick wit and indomitable courage fitted him to play an important part in the issue of the war.

The Philistine army contained a giant named Goliath, described as "six cubits and a span" in height. That is over ten feet; but perhaps his terrible appearance, in all his armor, made him taller than he really was.

One day this giant came out from his army and made a proposal to the Israelites:[1] "Choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants: but if I prevail against him and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us." Every day, morning and evening for forty days, the Philistine stood forth and repeated his challenge, yet in vain. Saul, the king, and all Israel, were "dismayed and greatly afraid."

Now it happened that David's three elder brothers

[1] 1 Samuel, chapter xvii. verses 8, 9.

were in the Israelite army, and one day their father sent him to them with a present of some provisions. While the lad was talking with his brothers, Goliath came out with his usual call of defiance. David listened with wonder and indignation. "Who is this Philistine?" he asked scornfully, "that he should defy the armies of the living God?" The brothers were angry at what they thought foolish bravado on the part of David; but there were others who reported his words to Saul, who forthwith sent for the lad. Then David amazed the king by boldly offering to go and fight with the Philistine.

"And Saul said to David, 'Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him: for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth.' And David said unto Saul, 'Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock: And I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear. . . . The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine.' And Saul said unto David, 'Go, and the Lord be with thee.'

"And Saul armed David with his armour, and he put an helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail. And David girded his sword upon his armour, and he assayed to go; for



Alinari, Photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

DAVID

Academy of Fine Arts, Florence

he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul, 'I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them.' And David put them off him. And he took his staff in his hand and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, . . . and his sling was in his hand: and he drew near to the Philistine. . . .

"And when the Philistine looked about, and saw David, he disdained him: for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance. . . . And the Philistine said to David, 'Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field.' Then said David to the Philistine, 'Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee.' . . .

"And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose, and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hasted, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine. And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth. So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David. Therefore David ran, and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath

thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith. And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled." [1]

This heroic adventure of David is the subject of Michelangelo's statue. The shepherd, having thrown off the king's armor, advances naked and unhampered, carrying only the sling flung across his back. The large muscular hand hanging by his side holds the piece of wood on which the sling is hung. It is the hand that wrenched the lamb from the lion's mouth and then seized the king of beasts himself by the beard. The left hand, poised on the shoulder, holds the centre of the sling where it bulges with the pebble. The youth scans the enemy keenly, marking the spot at which to aim. In another moment the pebble will be speeding on its way. His air of confidence makes us sure of the victory. Determination like this must win the day.

Critics of sculpture tells us that the statue of David must have been studied from a model of the age which Michelangelo imagined as that of the shepherd lad at this time. The figure is that of a growing youth, and although it is therefore not so beautiful as a type of perfectly developed manhood, it has a rugged strength which makes it one of the sculptor's most interesting works.

[1] 1 Samuel, chapter xvii. verses 33–51.

III

CUPID

In the mythology of ancient Greece there is no more popular figure than the little god of love, Eros, more commonly known by the Latin name Cupid. He was supposed to be the son of Venus, the goddess of love and beauty, whom he attended. He was never without his bow and quiver of arrows. Whoever was hit by one of his magic darts straightway fell in love. The wound was at once a pain and a delight. Some traditions say that he shot blindfolded,—his aim seemed often so at random. Sometimes the one whom he wounded was apparently least susceptible to love. Indeed, Cupid had the reputation of being rather a mischievous fellow, fond of pranks.

One of these was at the expense of Apollo, the great sun god. Apollo was himself a mighty archer, and had slain with his arrows the python of Delphi. Proud of his victory, he mocked at the little god of love, advising him to leave his arrows for the warlike, and content himself with the torch of love. Cupid, vexed at the taunt, replied threateningly, "Thine arrows may strike all things else, Apollo, but mine shall strike thee." So saying he drew from his quiver two arrows, one of gold, to excite love,

and one of lead, to repel it. With the golden one he shot Apollo through the heart, with the leaden he shot the nymph Daphne. So Apollo became nearly mad with love for Daphne, but the maid fled from him with horror. He pursued her, and when he was close upon her, she turned into a laurel-tree.

Cupid continued to work havoc with his arrows. Even his mother Venus could not escape their power. One day, when frolicking with her boy, she was wounded by one of the darts, and before the wound healed she saw and loved Adonis. When that youth was killed in a struggle with a wild boar, she was inconsolable.

Another romantic tragedy for which Cupid was responsible was the love between Hero and Leander. These two young people lived in towns on opposite sides of the Hellespont. Leander was one day worshipping in the temple of Venus, in Hero's town, Sestos, when he saw Hero, and was at that moment shot by Cupid's arrow. His love was returned, and every night he swam across the channel to see his lady love, until one night a tempest arose, and he was drowned. The waves bore his body to the shore, where Hero found him, and in her despair threw herself into the sea and was also drowned.

Such legends as these were dear to the hearts of the Greeks. Their poets and artists were very fond of the subject of Cupid. Now Michelangelo's early artistic training was under the influence of the Greek culture. He was an inmate of the household of Lorenzo de' Medici, who was an ardent lover of all



John Andrew & Son, Sc.

CUPID

South Kensington Museum, London

that was beautiful in Greek art and literature. At the table of the prince the youth must often have heard the old Greek myths related, and in the gardens he saw splendid Greek marbles. It was natural, then, that among his early works in sculpture he should choose the subject of Cupid. His idea was, however, his own, and was not at all such as a Greek would have imagined. Classic art always represented the god of love as a merry little winged boy, while in this statue he is seen as a well-grown youth. His face is strong and masterful, instead of innocently gay.

He has dropped on one knee to take an arrow from the ground. In his raised left hand he holds the bow, of which we see only a portion. His left leg is bent in position to rise again. Like David, he has an abundance of bushy hair crowning his handsome head; his straight brows and set mouth show the same determination of character. He stands for love which is determined to win, for love which conquers every obstacle, for love which is unerring in aim. It is a much nobler conception than the mere passing fancy of which the old myth speaks. Michelangelo was one who believed that

> "Love betters what is best,
> Even here below, but more in heaven above."[1]

So he put into a pagan fancy a new and higher meaning.

To understand fully the qualities of this work of art, one ought to see it from many points of view,

[1] From one of Michelangelo's sonnets translated by Wordsworth.

and study the lines. The long curve of the right arm follows the curve of the right leg from hip to knee. The bend of the left arm repeats the line made by the bend of the left leg. The two extended arms together form a long line arching like the curve of a bow.

From every standpoint all the lines are beautiful and harmonious. This was the secret the Greeks had taught the young Italian sculptor. In other respects he was entirely original. Cupid, like David, is in an attitude of action. In another moment he will move. This was quite different from the Greek sculpture, which always gives an impression of repose.

Note. — There is a difference of opinion among critics as to the subject of the statue at South Kensington. Heath Wilson considered it an Apollo. The writer has followed Symonds in calling it Cupid.

The size of the statue may be calculated from the foot rule which lies across the pedestal in the picture.

IV

MOSES

In Michelangelo's statue of Moses the great Hebrew leader is represented at the height of his career. He was a prophet, a poet, a military commander, and a statesman. The story of his life will show how all these qualities could be combined in one person.

At the time of his birth his people were in slavery to the Egyptians, who cruelly oppressed them. Their numbers were increasing so rapidly that it was feared they would soon outnumber their masters. So the command went forth to drown every boy baby. Now the mother of Moses had no mind to lose her boy, and "when she could not longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch, and she put the child therein and laid it in the flags by the river's brink. And his sister stood afar off, to know what would be done to him."[1]

Then a strange thing happened. The princess came to the river with her maids for a bath, and finding the babe, was touched by his cries. The sister came up as if by chance, and asked if she should seek a Hebrew nurse for the child, and when

[1] Exodus, chapter ii. verses 3, 4, Revised Version.

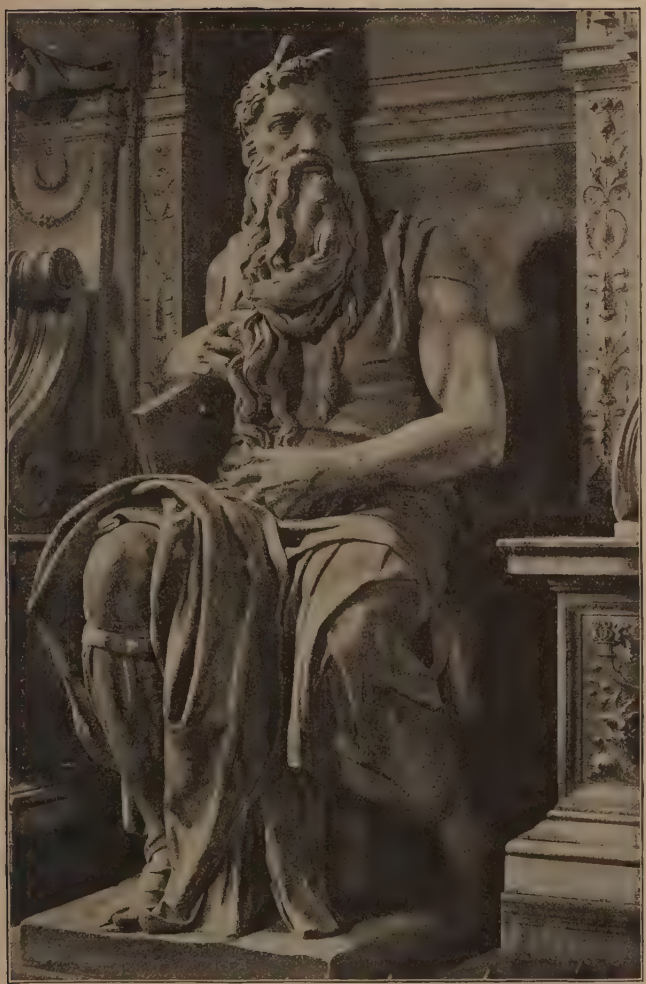
the princess said Yes, she went straight for her mother.

So Moses was adopted by an Egyptian princess, yet he was nurtured in infancy by his own mother. This explains why, with all the Egyptian learning acquired at court, he had still the religious training of a Jew, and when he grew to manhood he was full of sympathy for the wrongs of his people. One day he saw an Egyptian smiting a Hebrew, and in his wrath he slew the Egyptian on the spot. News of the deed came to Pharaoh the king, and Moses fled into a place called Midian. Here for forty years he lived a quiet pastoral life as a shepherd for Jethro, whose daughter he had married.

Then came the divine call. He was alone with his sheep on the mountain-side, when he heard a voice saying, "Come now and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people the children of Israel out of Egypt, . . . and I will bring you up out of the affliction of Egypt unto the land of the Canaanites . . . unto a land flowing with milk and honey."[1] Thus Moses became the leader of his people in their exodus, or departure from Egypt.

After many strange experiences, the great company of emigrants made the passage of the Red Sea in safety, and Moses showed his poetic gifts in a song of triumph. Many years of slavery had taken the spirit out of the Hebrews, and they needed a wise head and a firm hand to govern them. Moses

[1] Exodus, chapter iii. verses 10 and 17.



Alinari, Photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

MOSES

Church of S. Pietro in Vincoli, Rome

had both, and he was, besides, a man of God. Going apart from them for a season of divine communion on the mountain, he spent forty days in preparation for a system of government. On his return he brought with him two tables of stone, inscribed with the ten great commandments, which are at the foundation of right character. He had also detailed directions for their daily conduct, and for their religious ceremonial.

The people for whose good all these plans were made were in the mean time discouraged by the long absence of their leader. They had no idea how much he was doing for them, and in their folly they forgot his teachings, and began to practise the idolatrous customs they had seen in Egypt. On descending the mountain, Moses found them worshipping the golden image of a calf. It is not to be wondered at that, as the historian says,[1] "Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the mount."

Again Moses went up into the mount for communion with God, and again two tables of stone were inscribed with the ten commandments, to replace those which had been destroyed. Again, also, he was gone forty days, and this time he was given a mysterious revelation of the goodness of God.

Thus it was that when he came down the people were afraid to come near, for[2] "the skin of his face shone," or "put forth beams," as the expression

[1] Exodus, chapter xxxii. verse 19.

[2] Ibid., chapter xxxiv. verse 30. See Revised Version.

reads in some Bible translations. In the old Latin version made by Jerome in the fifth century, and known as the Vulgate, translated into what is now called the Douay Bible, we read that "Moses' face was horned." This is why all the old artists, who were guided by the Vulgate, represented Moses with horns. These horns became, as it were, symbols of Moses' inspiration as a prophet.

Michelangelo followed the prevailing custom in using these curious symbols. The long curling beard gives his hero the aspect of a poet. The tables of stone show him to be a law-giver. But of all the qualities of this many-sided man seen in the great statue, the most conspicuous are his qualities of leadership, — the keen glance, the commanding air, the alert attitude, the determined look. He seems ready to spring to his feet if occasion demands. We see also something of his faults, of the impulsive anger which slew the Egyptian, and dashed in pieces the tables of stone, and of the arrogance which cost him the privilege of entering Canaan.

He was not permitted to see his labors carried to completion, but on the borders of Canaan "went up into the mountain of Nebo, . . . and died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in a valley . . . over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

V

THE HOLY FAMILY

THE pictures we have thus far studied in this collection are reproductions of works of sculpture. This is the art which Michelangelo loved best. He was, however, a painter also, and in the later years of his life he was even drawn into architecture. Painting was the first art he studied, but he soon laid it aside for sculpture, and after that returned to it from time to time throughout his life.

This picture of the Holy Family is from a tempera painting. It shows us a glimpse of the home life of the child Jesus. We have already seen in the bas-relief of the Madonna and Child how thoughtful a mood was sometimes upon the mother and her boy. In this picture they are making merry together. The mother, seated on the ground, tosses the boy with her strong arms, for her husband Joseph to catch. She is a beautiful woman, large, and full of life and vigor. The boy is a healthy, happy child, with perfect confidence in his mother. He rests his fat little hands on her head to steady himself.

Joseph, bald and gray, takes the play a little more seriously, as he gently lifts the boy from the mother's arms. He has a special care for the child. It was he who was warned by an angel in a dream

that it was dangerous to remain in Judæa. It was he who "took the young child and his mother by night and departed into Egypt."[1] It was he again who duly brought them back to their native country when the cruel king was dead who had threatened the child's life. After the return from Egypt Joseph and his family settled in the little town of Nazareth, where he followed the trade of a carpenter.

Now Jesus had a cousin, a boy who was not far from the same age. His name was John, and his mission in life was closely connected with that of Jesus. He was to grow up a great preacher, and finally to lead people to Jesus himself. His parents knew before his birth, from an angelic visitation, that he was to be a prophet. His mother Elizabeth, and Mary the mother of Jesus, used to talk together, before their children were born, of the strange future in store for them. We like to think that the two boys grew up as companions and playmates.

It is this little boy John who is seen in the back of the picture, at the right, coming up as if to join the child Jesus in his romp. We see his eager little face, with the long hair blown back from it, just above the coping stone surrounding the garden inclosure which the Holy Family occupy. He carries over his left shoulder a slender reed cross, such as is given him in all the old works of art as a symbol of his prophetic character.

You may say when you look at the picture that

[1] Matthew, chapter ii. verses 13, 14.



Alinari, Photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE HOLY FAMILY

Uffizi Gallery, Florence

this is such a group as you might see any day in some Tuscan village. The people are indeed very plainly of the peasant class, and the artist did not go far out of his way to find his figures. Perhaps he thought this was after all the best way to show that the Holy Family was not unlike other families in enjoying the simple pleasures of home life. We may feel a closer sense of kinship with them on that account.

In studying the artistic qualities of this picture we have to remember that Michelangelo was more of a sculptor than a painter, and that he went to work upon a painting with the same methods he used in marble. The central figures are grouped in a solid mass as if for a bas-relief, as we may see by comparing this illustration with that of the Madonna and Child. The mother's arms are so "modelled," to use a critical term, that they seem to start out from the canvas "in the round," just as if cut from marble. The folds of her dress, as well as those of Joseph's garment, are arranged in the long beautiful lines artists call "sculpturesque."

The sculptor's methods are also plainly seen in the peculiarity of his background. In a picture of this kind most painters would have painted there a landscape, but Michelangelo did nothing of the kind. Instead there is a semicircular parapet upon which five slender unclothed youths are playing together. Three sit upon the wall and two lean against it.

The figures bear no relation to the story of the

picture. They are introduced merely for the sake of decoration. To Michelangelo there was nothing so beautiful in decoration as the human form. The lines made by different positions of the body trace patterns more beautiful, he thought, than any arabesques. The Greeks had the same idea when they decorated the pediments of their temples with bas-reliefs of nude figures. Applying this principle of sculpture to his painting, Michelangelo arranged these boys so that their slender limbs intertwine in graceful patterns, making a decorative background to fill in the picture. The lightness and delicacy of the design heighten the effect of solidity in the figures of the foreground, giving them the prominence of figures in relief.

VI

THE PIETÀ

In the busy years of Christ's ministry we do not read of his often being with his mother Mary. He was going about the country preaching and healing, and gave himself wholly to his mission. Yet we know that the love between mother and son was constant and unchanging. From beginning to end she always had confidence in his power, and his tender care for her was among his last thoughts.

On the dreadful day of the Crucifixion, the mother was found standing by the cross, with her sister and Mary Magdalene. "When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved [that is, St. John], he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home." [1]

We can imagine the mother's anguish in seeing her son suffer this cruel and ignominious death. He had lived only to do good, and now he was dying an innocent sacrifice to his enemies. At such a moment the mother might truly feel that a sword was piercing her soul, as the old man Simeon [2] had once prophesied of her, many years before.

[1] John, chapter xix. verses 26, 27. [2] Luke, chapter ii. verse 35.

"Wearied was her heart with grieving,
Worn her breast with sorrow heaving,
Through her soul the sword had passed.

"Ah! how sad and broken-hearted
Was that blessed mother, parted
From the God-begotten One!

"How her loving heart did languish
When she saw the mortal anguish
Which o'erwhelmed her peerless Son."[1]

Time passed, and Jesus now being dead, his friends were permitted by the governor to remove him from the cross. Joseph of Arimathea took the lead, as he was to lay the body in a new sepulchre recently made in his garden. Nicodemus was also there, bringing linen and spices for the burial, and the loving women lingered to see these preparations.

We can imagine how they might all stand aside to make room for the mother Mary. Perhaps, indeed, they would withdraw a little way to leave her for a moment alone with her son. The years seem to melt away, and again she gathers him in her lap as when he was a babe. All the motherly tenderness which she has had long pent up in her heart now overflows. If she has sometimes felt a little lonely that in his manhood he no longer needed her care, she forgets it now. He is still her child.

The marble group by Michelangelo interprets such a moment for us. The Italians call the subject the Pietà, which means compassion, but the name scarcely expresses all the emotions of the mother.

[1] From *Stabat Mater*.



Alinari, Photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE PIETÀ

St. Peter's, Rome

She seems as strong and young as when she brooded over her babe in the Bethlehem manger. "Purity enjoys eternal youth" was the sculptor's explanation to those who objected.

Across her capacious, motherly lap lies the slender, youthful figure of the dead Christ. The head falls back, and the limbs are relaxed in death. Suffering has left no trace on his face. The nail prints in hands and feet, and the scar in the side, are the only signs of his crucifixion. The delicately moulded body is beautiful in repose.

The mother seems to find mysterious comfort in gazing upon her son. Perhaps his death has opened her eyes to the meaning of his life. If this is so, she cannot grieve. He has finished the work given him to do, and death is the beginning of immortality. So sorrow gives place to resignation. She is again the proud mother. The fond hopes with which she watched his childhood have been more than fulfilled. She extends her hand in a gesture which seems to say, "Behold and see."

It is said that certain Lombards, passing through the church where the Pietà stood, ascribed the work to a Milanese sculptor named Cristoforo Solari. Michelangelo, having overheard them, shut himself up in the chapel, and chiselled his name upon the girdle which crosses the Madonna's breast and supports her flowing garments. His name is not found on any of his other works, and we can understand why he felt proud of such a masterpiece. Though made when on the very threshold of his career, it

was never surpassed even in his later years. Some other artist afterwards designed the two little bronze cherubs who hold a crown over the Madonna's head. They are quite out of harmony with the impressive dignity of the figures below.

Michelangelo's early love of Greek sculpture taught him many lessons, which were worked out in this group. It has, first of all, that perfect repose which was the leading trait in classic art. There is nothing strained or violent in the positions. Besides this, the figures are so arranged that on all sides, as in a Greek statue, the lines are beautiful and harmonious.

But the subject itself is one which would have been too sad for the pleasure-loving Greek. To the pagan the thought of death was something to be avoided. Michelangelo's statue teaches the highest lesson of religious faith, — the beauty of resigned sorrow and the sublimity of sacrificing love.

VII

CHRIST TRIUMPHANT

(*Cristo Risorto*)

The character of Christ is so many-sided that when trying to fancy how he looked while he lived in the world, every one has probably a different thought uppermost. The business man and the lawyer may imagine the keen, searching glance which he turned upon those who tried to entangle him with hard questions. A loving woman thinks rather of the compassionate look with which he greeted the sisters of Lazarus when they came to tell him that their brother was dead. The physician may wonder how he looked when he spoke the commanding words to those whom he healed.

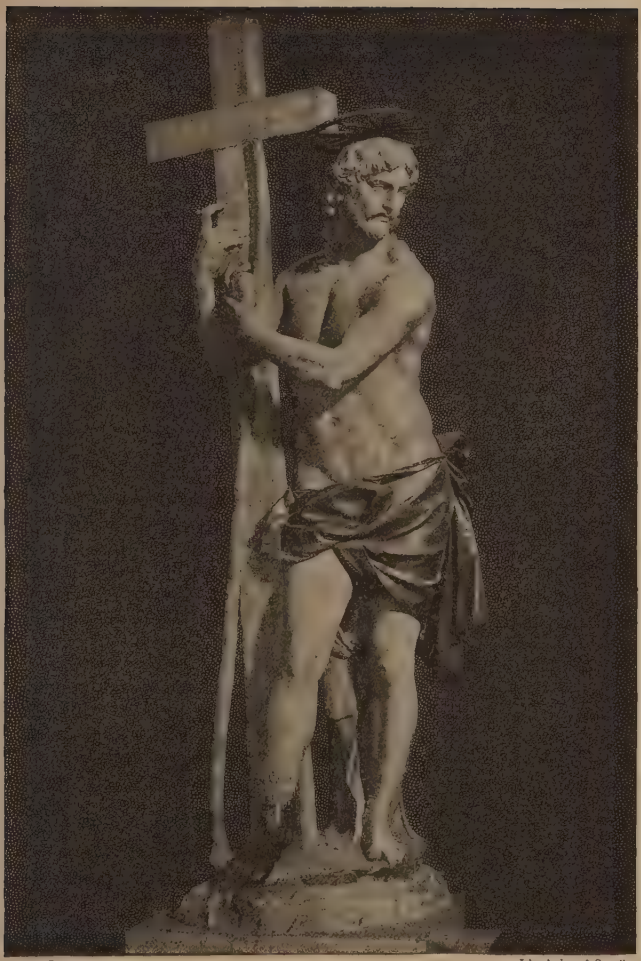
Others dwell upon his sufferings as the Man of Sorrows, and often think how sad he looked when he referred to the disciple who should betray him. Lovers of nature like to imagine the look of pleasure on his face in seeing the lilies growing in the field, or the expression of eager inquiry with which he asked the fishermen what luck they had had. Every boy and girl likes best to think of him smiling upon the children, whom he called to him and took in his arms.

Now when an artist makes an ideal representation

of Christ, he tries to show us as many as possible of these elements of character combined in one figure. So we may test the success of Michelangelo's statue of Christ by searching out these various elements in it. We must also know what incident the artist had in mind of which the work is an illustration, so to speak.

The statue is called in Italian *Cristo Risorto*, that is, Christ Risen or Triumphant, because the reference is to a circumstance not recorded of his earthly career, but belonging to the time following his resurrection. It is connected with a story told by St. Ambrose about the apostle Peter. St. Peter, it is believed, spent the latter part of his life in Rome, where the cruel emperor, Nero, was doing his best to exterminate the Christians.

"After the burning of Rome, Nero threw upon the Christians the accusation of having fired the city. This was the origin of the first persecution, in which many perished by terrible and hitherto unheard-of deaths. The Christian converts besought Peter not to expose his life, which was dear and necessary to the well-being of all; and at length he consented to depart from Rome. But as he fled along the Appian Way, about two miles from the gates, he was met by a vision of our Saviour, travelling towards the city. Struck with amazement, he exclaimed, 'Lord! whither goest thou?' (*Domine, quo vadis?*) to which the Saviour, looking upon him with a mild sadness, replied, 'I go to Rome to be crucified a second time,' and vanished. Peter,



Alinari, Photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

CHRIST TRIUMPHANT

Church of S. Maria sopra Minerva, Rome

taking this for a sign that he was to submit himself to the sufferings prepared for him, immediately turned back, and reëntered the city."[1]

It is this visionary figure of the Christ, appearing and disappearing before the eyes of Peter, that Michelangelo represents in the statue. He carries a cross not large enough for an actual crucifixion, as that would be out of place here, but tall enough to show its real purpose. He has also the long reed and the sponge which the soldier used to give him a drink of vinegar and gall when he thirsted on the cross. A bit of rope is a reminder of the scourging given him by the governor.

All these things he carries with him to Rome for a fresh martyrdom. It is as if in walking along the way he suddenly meets Peter, and, at the apostle's astonished question, he pauses, leaning a moment on the cross, as he turns gently to reply.

Now as this is the Christ risen, or triumphant, the Christ who has conquered death and the grave, Michelangelo wanted to do all he could to make a noble-looking figure. The face is of the handsome type, with regular features, which the Italians like to give to their ideal of Christ. The expression of reproach is so gentle that one deserving rebuke may well feel ashamed before it.

The sorrow in the face is such as Jesus might have shown as he turned to Judas at the Last Supper. The gentleness in it is of the quality so attractive to children. There is, too, something of the

[1] From Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art*, pages 200, 201.

sympathetic element in it which Mary and Martha found.

The countenance is not without intellectuality, though it scarcely shows the keenness which the lawyers found it hard to outwit. It has rather the refinement of a lover of all that is beautiful. Nor is there much in expression or attitude to suggest the more commanding qualities of Jesus. These stronger elements the statue seems to lack.

It is rather puzzling to one who is trying to form standards of taste to learn that critics are divided in their opinion about this statue. It is, therefore, well to know that Michelangelo is not wholly responsible for the work as we now see it. Though he designed and began it, he left it to some unskilful apprentices to finish. The effect of the lines is injured by the bronze drapery which was added later. A bronze sandal has also been put on the right foot to protect it, as it had become much worn by kisses.

In criticising a statue one must always remember that it is best seen in the surroundings for which it is designed. It is said, even by one who does not greatly admire Michelangelo's Christ, that in the dim light of the church where it stands, "it diffuses a grace and sweetness which no reproduction renders." [1]

[1] Symonds, in *Life of Michelangelo Buonarotti.*

VIII

THE CREATION OF MAN

Science has long been trying to solve the problem of the origin of the human race. Great books are published by learned men to explain how the being called man came to be what he is. But centuries before the beginnings of science a wonderful poem was written on the same subject of the creation. This poem is called Genesis, that is, the Birth or Origin of things, and it forms a part of the first book of our Bible. Ever since it was written it has been one of the sacred books of many people.

This story of creation was once the favorite subject of artists. In the period before the invention of printing, people depended for their instruction upon pictures about as much as we now do upon books. Painters sometimes covered the walls and ceiling of churches with illustrations of the book of Genesis, transforming them into huge picture-books, from which the worshippers could learn the Bible stories which they were unable to read in books.

Michelangelo was one of the last Italian painters to do this, and he profited by all the work that had been done before to make the grandest series of Genesis illustrations ever produced. It is from this

series that our illustration is taken, representing the subject of the Creation of Man. The painter did not try to follow the text very literally. In the book of Genesis we read:[1] —

"And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

"So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him. . . . And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."

Michelangelo takes these words, and expresses, in his own way, the supreme creative moment when "man became a living soul."

The man Adam lies on a jutting promontory of the newly made land. Though his body is formed, he lacks as yet the inner force to use it; he is not yet alive. The Creator is borne along on a swirling cloud of cherubs, moving forward through space like a rushing mighty wind. Perhaps the painter was thinking of the psalmist's beautiful description of God's coming:[2] "He rode upon a cherub, and did fly: yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind."

In His fatherly face is expressed the good purpose to create a son "in his own image." The

[1] Genesis, chapter i. verses 26–27; chapter ii. verse 7.

[2] Psalm xviii. verse 10.



Alinari, Photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE CREATION OF MAN

Sistine Chapel, Rome

cherubic host accompanying him are full of joy and awe. We are reminded of that time of which the poet Milton wrote,[1] when

> "All
> The multitude of angels, with a shout
> Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
> As from blest voices, uttering joy, — Heaven rung
> With jubilee, and loud hosannas filled
> The eternal regions."

The sign of the Almighty's creative power is the outstretched arm extended towards Adam with a superb gesture of command. As if in answer to the divine summons, the lifeless figure begins to stir, rising slowly to a sitting posture. The face turns towards the source of life as the flower turns to the sun. The eyes are lifted to the Creator's with a wistful yearning. It is the look we sometimes see in the eyes of a woodland creature appealing for mercy. It is such a look as might belong to that imaginary being of the Greek mythology, the faun, half beast, half human. Thus Adam, still but half created, begins to feel the thrill of life in his members, and is aroused to action. He lifts his hand to meet the Creator's outstretched finger. The current of life is established, the vital spark is communicated, and in another moment Adam will rise in his full dignity as a human soul.

This picture was painted long before there was any knowledge of electricity, of electric sparks, and electric currents. Yet, if we did not know otherwise, we might fancy that Michelangelo had some

[1] *Paradise Lost*, book iii. lines 344–349.

of these wonderful ideas of modern science in mind, as the symbols of the great thoughts he was trying to express.

The picture suggests to our latter day scientific imagination that God's currents of power move as silently, as swiftly, as invisibly and mysteriously as the currents of electricity. The painter meant to show that the work of creation was not a mechanical effort of the Almighty, but that with him a gesture, a word, even a thought, brings something into being.

The series of which this picture forms a part is painted in fresco on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, in the Pope's palace of the Vatican, Rome. To break up the monotony of the long plain surface he had to decorate, the painter divided the strip of space in the centre into nine compartments. These are separated from each other by a painted architectural framework, so cunningly represented that it seems to project from the ceiling like a solid structure of beams.

Our illustration shows a portion of the simulated framework which incloses the picture. On what appears to be a pedestal at each corner is a seated figure representing a statue. One is a beautiful youth with a horn of plenty, and the other is a faun-like creature capering gayly. The purpose of these figures is decorative, like those in the background of the Holy Family.

IX

JEREMIAH

MICHELANGELO'S decoration of the Sistine Chapel ceiling did not stop with the series of panels running along the flat space in the centre. On either side, where the ceiling arches to meet the side walls, he painted a row of figures, which seem to be seated in sculptured niches. There are twelve of these figures in all, and seven of them are Hebrew prophets.

The prophets were holy men of old, who walked with God, and carried his messages among men. They were men of great courage and conviction, fearlessly denouncing the sins of their times. Sometimes they were great reformers, bringing about by their preaching an improved condition of things. Often their mission was to arouse hope in discouragement, to strengthen faith in a happier time to come. They looked forward to a future day, when the Prince of Peace should reign in the earth.

Jeremiah was a prophet of Judah during the corrupt and troublous times in the reigns of Josiah, Jehoiakim, and Zedekiah. He has been compared by a recent writer[1] to "a Puritan living in the age of the Stuarts, to a Huguenot living in the age of

[1] Lyman Abbott in *Hebrew Prophets and American Problems.*

the Medici, or a Savonarola living in the age of Pope Alexander VI." He was born in Anathoth, a little village of Judæa, and being the son of a priest was consecrated to the priesthood from birth.

He was still very young when it was borne in upon him that to be loyal to God he must stand forth and speak the truth more boldly than other priests were doing. Shrinking from such a task, he besought God to spare him. "Ah, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak: for I am a child."

And this, writes Jeremiah, is the answer he received:[1] "Say not, I am a child: for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak. Be not afraid of their faces: for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord. Then the Lord put forth his hand, and touched my mouth. And the Lord said unto me, Behold, I have put my words in thy mouth. See, I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build, and to plant."

Thus Jeremiah became a prophet, and from that time on his life was "one long, hopeless protest against folly and crime." Earnestly he besought his people to return to God before it was too late: "O Jerusalem, wash thine heart from wickedness, that thou mayest be saved;"[2] but prayers and threats were alike of no avail, and misfortunes began to afflict the land. Then Jeremiah shows

[1] Jeremiah, chapter i. verses 6–10. [2] Ibid., ch. iv. v. 14.



Alinari, Photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

JEREMIAH

Sistine Chapel, Rome

himself a true patriot. Though his people refused to hear him, he still loves them and pleads their cause. In the horror of famine, he prays to God in their behalf.

There are times even in the midst of disappointment when Jeremiah has some gleam of hope for the future. He predicts the days when "a King shall reign and prosper, and shall execute judgment and justice in the earth."[1] Such times he himself was never to enjoy. He lived to see the Babylonian invasion, Jerusalem besieged and laid waste, and his people taken captive. The reward of his faithful warnings was to be cast into prison by the ungrateful King Zedekiah. Finally he was carried by the remnant of his people into Egypt, where he died in a sad and lonely old age.

Once in a moment of discouragement early in life, his grief had burst forth in words which might well express the feelings of his old age: "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!"[2]

All the pathos of these words is conveyed in Michelangelo's wonderful figure of Jeremiah. The story of his life is written in his face and attitude. He is an old man, with long gray beard, but he still has the splendid vigor which comes from plain and simple living. He sits with bowed head, lost in thought, his long life passing in review before his

[1] Jeremiah, chapter xxiii. verse 5.
[2] Jeremiah, chapter ix. verse 1.

mind's eye. His message is spoken, his race is run; he is weary of life and longs to die. There is something inexpressibly moving in his profound melancholy.

The painter has placed just behind the prophet two little figures which are like attendant spirits. They seem to sympathize with Jeremiah's sorrows. The figures ornamenting the sculptured niche remind us of those in the background of the Holy Family and have a similar decorative purpose.

Those who have studied the history of the times in which Michelangelo lived may find in this figure of Jeremiah an expression of the artist's own character. Like the old Hebrew prophet, he lived in the midst of a corruption which he was helpless to remedy, and which saddened his inmost soul. His own life was full of disappointments. In his lonely old age he wrote a sonnet, which is not unlike some of Jeremiah's utterances, and which is a clue to the meaning of the picture: —

> "Borne to the utmost brink of life's dark sea,
> Too late thy joys I understand, O earth!
> How thou dost promise peace which cannot be,
> And that repose which ever dies at birth.
> The retrospect of life through many a day,
> Now to its close attained by Heaven's decree,
> Brings forth from memory, in sad array,
> Only old errors, fain forgot by me, —
> Errors which e'en, if long life's erring day,
> To soul destruction would have led my way.
> For this I know — the greatest bliss on high
> Belongs to him called earliest to die."

X

DANIEL

In striking contrast to the bowed and sorrowful old prophet Jeremiah is the alert and eager youth Daniel. The two men were contemporaries, though there was a difference in their ages. When, in the reign of Jehoiakim, the Jews were taken into captivity to Babylon, the youth Daniel went with them, while the old prophet Jeremiah was left behind. Daniel was chosen, with three companions, to be educated at the court of the Babylonian king, Nebuchadnezzar. They were taught the Chaldean language and the sciences, and the king was delighted with their progress.

An opportunity soon came for Daniel to be of service to his royal patron. Nebuchadnezzar had a strange dream, which none of his magicians could interpret, because, unfortunately, he had forgotten it. In his anger that no one could supply the lost memory, he commanded to destroy all the wise men of Babylon. But Daniel prayed to God that the secret might be revealed to him.

His prayers were answered, and he related to the king not only just what the dream was, but the full meaning of it:[1] "Thou, O king, sawest, and behold

[1] Daniel, chapter ii. verses 31–35.

a great image. This great image, whose brightness was excellent, stood before thee; and the form thereof was terrible. This image's head was of fine gold, his breast and his arms of silver, his belly and his thighs of brass, his legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay. Thou sawest till that a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon his feet that were of iron and clay, and brake them to pieces. . . . And the stone that smote the image became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth."

In Daniel's interpretation the different portions of the image represented the different kingdoms which should follow, one after another, in the future. The stone which brake the image in pieces referred to the final kingdom which the God of heaven shall set up, "which shall never be destroyed," but which shall stand forever.

From this time forth Daniel became a seer. He had many wonderful visions in the night, and interpreted them with reference to future historical events. He was also a statesman, the king having made him governor of the province as a reward for his services. In later years he acted as viceroy at a time when the king was insane.

In the reign of Nebuchadnezzar's successor, Belshazzar, Daniel was again called into service as a seer. One night, during a great feast, a mysterious hand appeared to write some inscription on the wall, and Daniel alone could interpret it. The message was ominous, but the prophet spoke out boldly.



Alinari, Photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

DANIEL

Sistine Chapel, Rome

"MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN, ran the words, "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting." Daniel condemned the king for his iniquities, and declared that his kingdom should be divided by the Medes and Persians. That very night Belshazzar was slain, and Darius, the Median, took the kingdom.

Under the new dynasty Daniel was given so much power that some of the officials, jealous of his preferment, plotted against him. They contrived to persuade King Darius to sign a decree that "whosoever should ask a petition of any god or man for thirty days, save of the king himself, should be cast into the den of lions." The officials were right in supposing that this would entrap Daniel into lawbreaking, for, faithful to his Hebrew training, he offered prayer to God three times a day. He was therefore cast into the lions' den, but no harm befell him, because, according to his own explanation, God sent his angel to shut the lions' mouths.

Daniel continued to hold office even in the reign of the next king, Cyrus the Persian. He lived to a great old age, but he was so young when he first showed his prophetic gifts that it is natural to think of him in his youth as Michelangelo has represented him. It would seem that the artist had in mind Daniel's early years of education at court. On his lap is a large open book supported on the back of a tiny figure standing between his knees. This may represent a volume of Chaldean learning. His posture shows that he has been consulting the volume,

and now turns to his writing tablets to record his own thoughts.

His broad forehead shows him to be a student and a thinker. The waving hair is brushed back to form an aureole about his face. It is the face of a dreamer in a moment of inspiration. Eagerly he writes his words of mingled poetry and prophecy. He is full of youthful enthusiasm for his work, a nature fitted for action as well as for vision. He has also the spirited bearing of one who fears neither the rage of a lion nor the wrath of a king. There is a breezy energy in his motions, as if thoughts came more swiftly than he could transcribe them.

His expression of happy anticipation is in vivid contrast to Jeremiah's sorrowful attitude of retrospection. The picture brings out clearly the fact that the keynote of Daniel's prophecy is hope. Looking into his rapt face, we may imagine that this is the message he is writing: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever." [1]

[1] Daniel, chapter xii. verse 3.

XI

THE DELPHIC SIBYL

In the rows of figures which Michelangelo painted along the arched portion of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, the prophets are associated with sibyls. Hence, in the plan of decoration, there comes first the figure of a man, and then the figure of a woman.

Now, as the Bible contains no allusion to sibyls, it may seem strange that they should have a place in a series of Bible illustrations, and especially that they should appear side by side with the prophets. To explain this, we must learn something about the sibyls.

They were women of ancient times supposed to have supernatural gifts of foretelling the future. They devoted themselves to solitude and meditation, and sometimes lived apart in caves or grottoes. Sometimes they were connected with temples, and delivered what were supposed to be the messages of the gods to the worshippers. These messages were called oracles, and were greatly revered by the people who consulted the gods.

Some of the sibyls' words of wisdom were committed to writing and passed down to following generations. Though they lived in heathen coun-

tries, the tradition ran that they prophesied the advent of Christ. There is a passage in one of Virgil's eclogues (the fourth) upon which the supposition is based. Early in the Christian era, when men were spreading the new faith, they made much of these sibylline prophecies to add weight to their teachings.

In former times, fact and fable were very often confused, and people did not take pains to distinguish the legends of the sibyls from the history of the prophets. When the Latin hymn "Dies Irae" was written, the sibyl was mentioned, with the prophet, as predicting the final destruction of the world. Many painters and sculptors gave the two equal honor in the same way. In the prevailing opinion, the sibyls shared with the prophets an inspired foreknowledge of the Christian faith.

The nine main panels of Michelangelo's ceiling decoration show how man was created, and how he was tempted and fell into sin. To carry on still further the story of the human race, the painter shows the succession of men and women, prophets and sibyls, who, one after another, predicted the redemption of the world in Christ. On the side walls, below these figures, the story is carried to completion in a series of pictures illustrating the life of Christ. The last named frescoes were painted by various artists some years before Michelangelo's work on the ceiling.

The number of sibyls was given as ten or twelve, and of these Michelangelo selected five. His idea



Alinari, Photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE DELPHIC SIBYL

Sistine Chapel, Rome

here, as with the prophets, seemed to be to represent some in old age and some in youth.

The Delphic sibyl is the youngest and most beautiful of them all. She presided over the temple of Apollo in the Greek town of Delphi, where it was long customary for the priestess, or *pythia*, as she was called, to be a young woman selected from some family of poor country people.

The temple at Delphi was one of great celebrity. In the centre was a small opening in the ground, whence arose an intoxicating vapor, and over this sat the pythia, on a three-legged seat, or tripod, and delivered the oracle communicated to her by the god. These oracles were delivered in verse.

The Delphic sibyl, or pythia, of Michelangelo's picture, has the splendid stature of an Amazon. Her head is draped with a sort of Greek turban, beneath which her hair escapes in flying curls. Her face and expression show her at once to be unlike an ordinary woman. She has the look of a startled fawn, which has suddenly heard the call of a distant voice. She turns her head in the attitude of one listening. She looks far away with eyes that see visions, but what those visions are none can guess. There are other pictures of the same sibyl carrying a crown of thorns, showing that she predicted the sufferings of Christ. Perhaps this is the meaning of the sorrowful expression in these wide eyes.

The scroll which she unrolls in her left hand is the scroll of her prophecy. The two little figures holding a book, just behind her right shoulder, are

genii, or spirits, symbolic of her inspiration. One reads eagerly from the volume while the other listens with rapt attention.

The picture makes a very interesting study in the composition of lines. Starting from the topmost point of the turban, draw a line on the right, coming across the shoulder along the outer edge of the drapery to the toe. On the left, let the line connecting the same two points follow the outer curve of the scroll, along the slanting edge of the mantle, and we get a beautiful pointed oval as the basis of the composition.

The sibyl's left arm drops a curve across the upper part of the figure, and this curve is repeated a little lower down by the creases in the drapery across the lap. Such are the few strong, simple lines which compose the picture, producing an effect of grandeur which a confusion of many lines would entirely spoil.

XII

THE CUMÆAN SIBYL

Of all the sibyls, the one we hear most about is the Cumæan. The legend runs that, having asked a boon of Apollo, she gathered a handful of sand and said, "Grant me to see as many birthdays as there are sand grains in my hand." The wish was gratified, but unluckily she forgot to ask for enduring youth, so she was doomed to live a thousand years in a withered old age. Thus we always think of her as an old woman, as Michelangelo has represented her.

She is called the Cumæan sibyl because she is supposed to have lived in Cumæ, which was the oldest and one of the most important of the Greek colonies in Italy. Her real name, we are told, was Demos. She lived in a great cavern, where the people came to consult her, and her answers to their questions were regarded as oracles, or answers from the deities. She used to write on the leaves of trees the names and fates of different persons, arranging them in her cave to be read by her votaries. Sometimes the wind sweeping through the cavern scattered the leaves broadcast through the world.

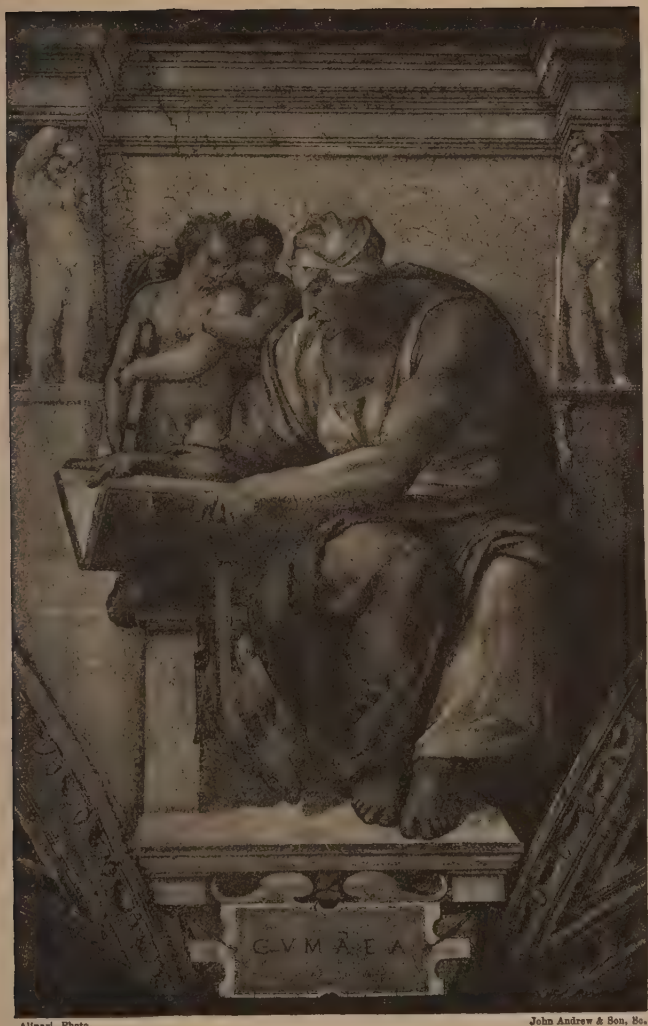
The manner of consulting her is fully described by the Latin poet Virgil in the sixth book of the

Æneid. He tells how Æneas, arriving with his fellow voyagers at the town of Cumæ, immediately goes to the temple of Apollo,

"And seeks the cave of wondrous size,
The sibyl's dread retreat,
The sibyl, whom the Delian seer
Inspires to see the future clear,
And fills with frenzy's heat;
The grove they enter, and behold
Above their heads the roof of gold.
. . . . . .
"Within the mountain's hollow side,
A cavern stretches high and wide;
A hundred entries thither lead;
A hundred voices thence proceed,
Each uttering forth the sibyl's rede.
The sacred threshold now they trod:
'Pray for an answer! pray! the god,'
She cries, 'the god is nigh!'

"And as before the door in view
She stands, her visage pales its hue,
Her locks dishevelled fly,
Her breath comes thick, her wild heart glows.
Dilating as the madness grows,
Her form looks larger to the eye;
Unearthly peals her deep-toned cry,
As, breathing nearer and more near,
The god comes rushing on his seer."

Æneas now begs a favor of the sibyl. He has heard that here the path leads downward to the dead, and he desires to go thither to visit his father, Anchises. There are certain conditions to fulfil before setting forth, but when these are done the sibyl guides him on his way, and the journey is safely made.



Alinari, Photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE CUMÆAN SIBYL

Sistine Chapel, Rome

Another legend of the Cumæan sibyl has to do with the Roman emperor Tarquin. The sibyl came to him one day with nine books of oracles, which she wished him to buy. The price was exorbitant, and the emperor refused her demand. She then went away, burned three of the books, and, returning with the remaining six, made the same demand. Again her offer was refused, and again she burned three books and returned, still requiring the original price for the three that were left. Tarquin now consulted the soothsayers, and, acting upon their advice, bought the books, which were found to contain directions concerning the religion and policy of Rome.

For many years they were held sacred, and were carefully preserved in the temple of Jupiter in the Capitol, under the care of official guardians. At length the temple was destroyed by fire, and the original sibylline books perished. In the following centuries they were replaced by scattered papers, collected from time to time in various parts of the empire, purporting to be the writings of the sibyl. These sibylline leaves, as they were called, contained passages supposed to be prophetic of the coming of Christ, and this is why the Cumæan sibyl is placed by Michelangelo among the prophets.

The sibyl is reading aloud from one of her books of oracles. The two little genii standing behind her shoulder, and listening with absorbed attention, hold another book, not yet unclasped, ready for her. She reads her prophecy with keen, searching eyes,

and a manner that is almost stern. We can see in the large, strong features the determination of her character.

It is not a gentle face, and not pleasing, but it is full of meaning. We read there the record of the centuries which have passed over her head, bringing her the deep secrets of life. Yet the prophecies are still unfulfilled, and there is a look of unsatisfied longing in her wrinkled old face.

You will notice that the outlines of the Cumæan sibyl are drawn in an oval figure similar to that inclosing the Delphic sibyl. Here, however, the oval is of a more elongated form, and the left side is broken midway by the introduction of the book.

The old writer Pausanias, writing his "Description of Greece," in the second century, says that the people of Cumæ showed a small stone urn in the temple of Apollo containing the ashes of the sibyl. For many centuries her cavern was pointed out to travellers in a rock under the citadel of Cumæ. Finally the fortifications of the city were undermined, but to this day a subterranean passage in the rock on which they were built is still shown as the entrance to the sibyl's cave.

XIII

LORENZO DE' MEDICI

The statue of Lorenzo de' Medici is the central figure on the tomb erected to the memory of this prince. He was the rather unworthy namesake of his illustrious grandfather, who was known as Lorenzo the Magnificent. The Medici family was for many generations the richest and most powerful in Florence. They were originally merchants, and, as the name signifies, physicians, and, accumulating great wealth, they became powerful leaders, and really the rulers of the republic.

Some of them were munificent patrons of art and literature. There was one named Cosimo, who did so much to make his city famous that he was called *Pater Patriae*, the father of the country, as was, centuries afterwards, our own Washington. His grandson Lorenzo won the title of the Magnificent for his lavish generosity and superb plans for the advancement of art and learning. So much power could not safely be in the hands of a single family. The Medici, from being benefactors, finally became tyrants.

The Lorenzo of this statue was one of the more insignificant members of the family. It is said that "he inherited the vices without the genius of the

family, and was ambitious, unscrupulous, and dissipated. His uncle, Pope Leo X., after depriving the Duke of Urbino of his hereditary domains, bestowed them, with the title of duke, on Lorenzo, whom he also made general of the pontifical forces."[1] In 1518 Leo united him in marriage to a French princess, and their daughter was the afterwards celebrated Catharine de' Medici, queen of the French king, Henry II. These are the main facts in the life of a man who is remembered only because he had illustrious ancestors, a famous daughter, and a superb tomb.

It mattered nothing to Michelangelo that he had so poor a subject for a statue. It is supposed that he made no attempt at correct portraiture in the figure. The insignificant Lorenzo was transformed by the magic of his genius into a hero.

He wears a suit of Roman armor, in accordance with his career as a general in the wars with the Duke of Urbino, whose title he took. His helmet is pulled well forward over the brow, the head is bent, the cheek rests upon the left hand, the elbow supported on a casket placed on the knee. With finger laid thoughtfully upon the lips, he is thinking intently. The right hand rests, palm out, against the knee in a characteristic position of inaction.

His mood is not that of a dreamer lost to his present surroundings. Rather he seems to be keenly aware of what is going on; his meditations have to do with the present. It is as if, having given an order, he awaits its execution, his mind still intent

[1] Susan and Joanna Horner's *Walks in Florence*, vol. i. p. 125.



Alinari, Photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

LORENZO DE' MEDICI

Church of S. Lorenzo, Florence

upon his purposes, satisfied with his decision, and calmly expectant of its success. His affair is one of serious importance; no trifling matter absorbs the thought of this grave man. "A king sits in this attitude when, in the midst of his army, he orders the execution of some judicial act, like the destruction of a city. Frederic Barbarossa must have appeared thus when he caused Milan to be ploughed up." [1]

The lack of resemblance in the statue to the original duke Lorenzo made it for a long time doubtful whether it was intended to be his tomb. The Florentines, in their poetic way, fell into the habit of calling it *Il Pensiero*, that is, Thought, or Meditation, sometimes *Il Pensieroso*, The Thinker. These are, after all, the best names for the statue, which is allegorical rather than historical in its intention. The great English poet Milton has written a poem, which is like a companion piece to the statue, fitting it as words sometimes fit music. It begins in this way, in words which *Il Pensieroso* himself might speak: —

"Hence, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shape possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail! thou Goddess sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy!"

[1] Taine, *Travels in Italy*.

Lorenzo's statue stands in a niche above the sarcophagus, or stone coffin, in which his body was laid. On the top of the sarcophagus are two reclining figures called Dawn and Twilight. The tomb itself is in a chapel, or sacristy, called the New Sacristy (to distinguish it from one still older), in the Church of S. Lorenzo, Florence. The entire sacristy is devoted to the memory of the Medici family, who had for several generations been benefactors of this church.

Now Michelangelo had a great deal to do with this family first and last, and his work on the tomb has an additional interest on this account. It was to Lorenzo the Magnificent that he owed his first start as a sculptor in an academy founded by this prince. He so pleased his patron that he was received into the duke's own household, and treated almost like a son. Years passed; Lorenzo had long been dead, when, one after another, two members of the same family came to the papal throne, and they desired to honor their name by employing the greatest sculptor of Italy in this monumental work.

So Michelangelo began designs for the sacristy, the entire decoration of which was intrusted to him. The walls of the rooms were panelled with marble, set with niches, in the form of windows, in which the statues were to be placed.

As the work proceeded, it was interrupted by some strange incidents, of which we shall hear later. The whole plan was never fully carried out, but in spite of incompleteness the chapel is a grand and impressive place.

XIV

THE TOMB OF GIULIANO DE' MEDICI

The tomb of Giuliano de' Medici is the companion to the tomb of Lorenzo, and stands on the opposite side of the altar which separates them. Our illustration shows the entire work, the statue being in the niche above, and the sarcophagus standing below with two reclining figures on it.

Giuliano de' Medici, duke of Nemours, was the youngest son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and consequently the uncle of the younger Lorenzo. In reality he was greatly superior to his nephew, but curiously enough his appearance in Michelangelo's statue is more commonplace, though his attitude is graceful. He was a thoughtful man, somewhat melancholy in disposition, and the author of a poem on suicide. He wears the costume of a Roman general, but his small head and slender throat are not those of a warrior.

You will notice that the attitude of the duke Giuliano is somewhat similar to that of Moses. Both sit with left foot drawn back and right knee extended. Both turn the head in profile, looking intently toward the left. In either case it is easy to imagine the figure suddenly springing up.

Now this fact emphasizes the difference we have

already noted between the sculpture of Michelangelo and that of the Greeks. The leading idea in Greek sculpture was that of repose, while, as we have seen in the David and the Cupid, Michelangelo chose for his figures a moment of action. To give this suggestion of motion to a seated figure is even more remarkable than in the case of one standing, for the sitting posture naturally has an effect of stability.

The reclining figures on the sarcophagus of the Duke Giuliano represent Night and Day, and are supposed to be symbolic of death and resurrection. Night is a woman lying with head sunk upon the breast in a deep sleep. She is crowned with a crescent moon and star, and an owl is placed at her feet. The mask beneath her pillow symbolizes the body from which the spirit has departed. Though the figure is not beautiful in the Greek sense, it is grand and queenly. Opposite is Day, an unfinished captive, his head half freed from the stone, the arms rigid, the body contorted.

These two figures, together with Dawn and Twilight on Lorenzo's tomb, have an allegorical meaning which must be read in the light of Michelangelo's own life history. "Life is a dream between two slumbers; sleep is death's twin-brother; night is the shadow of death; death is the gate of life — such is the mysterious mythology wrought by the sculptor."[1]

The work on the Medicean tombs covered a period of about twelve years. During this time the Medici

[1] Symonds, in *Renaissance in Italy: the Fine Arts.*



Alinari, Photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

TOMB OF GIULIANO DE' MEDICI

Church of S. Lorenzo, Florence

family passed through varying fortunes, and in consequence the fate of the tombs, and indeed that of the sculptor himself, hung in the balance. Florence became weary of tyranny and rose in a revolution which drove the Medici from the city in 1527.

Success was of short duration: the republic soon "found herself standing out against a world of foes," the Pope, Clement VII. (himself a Medici), "threatening fire and flame," and all the Medici family "getting ready to return in double force." The Florentines prepared to fight for their liberty, and Michelangelo was found among the patriots. No sense of personal gratitude to the Medici could shake his love of liberty. He forsook the monuments and turned his skill to the fortification of the city.

For eleven months Florence was besieged, and in the end the city was captured. The Medici returned conquerors. Mercenaries now broke into the houses, killing the best citizens. Had not Michelangelo been in hiding, he too would have perished. But the Pope could not afford to lose his best sculptor, and, calling him forth from his hiding-place, again set him to work in the Medici chapel. It is not strange that the sculptor's proud spirit rebelled at having to work on that which was to honor the enemies of his beloved Florence.

Thus it was that his sculpture told the story of "the tragedy of Florence: how hope had departed, how life had become a desert, and how it was hard to struggle with waking consciousness, but good to

sleep and forget — nay, best of all, to be stone and feel no more."

The old writer Vasari, who was once a pupil of Michelangelo, and tells us many anecdotes of the sculptor, relates that when the statue of Night was first shown to the public, it called forth a verse from a contemporary poet (Giovan Battista Strozzi). This is the verse: —

> "Night in so sweet an attitude beheld
> Asleep, was by an angel sculptured
> In this stone; and sleeping, is alive;
> Waken her, doubter; she will speak to thee." [1]

To this Michelangelo replied in the following lines: [2] —

> "Welcome is sleep, more welcome sleep of stone
> Whilst crime and shame continue in the land;
> My happy fortune not to see or hear;
> Waken me not; — in mercy whisper low." [1]

The artist's verse may be taken as a keynote to the solemn tragedy of the work. In fact, the monuments are not really to Lorenzo and Giuliano, but to Florence, to "the great city which had struggled and erred so long, which had gone astray and repented, and suffered and erred again, but always mightily, with full tide of life in her veins and consciousness in her heart, until now the time had come when she was dead and past, chained down by icy oppression in a living grave." [3]

[1] Both translations are from Horners' *Walks in Florence*. Symonds has also translated the verses, but less literally.

[2] Swinburne in his lines, "In San Lorenzo," answers these lines: "Is thine hour come to waken, slumbering Night?"

[3] This and the preceding quotations are from Mrs. Oliphant' *Makers of Florence*.

XV

CENTRAL FIGURES IN THE LAST JUDGMENT

THERE are in the Bible certain references to a great day when the Son of Man shall be seen "coming in the clouds with great power and glory." "And he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other."[1] St. Paul, in a letter which he wrote to the Christians in Corinth, speaks of this as a "mystery," and says:[2] "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."

In the Middle Ages these passages were interpreted very literally and had a great influence over the people. At that time the Christian religion was a religion of fear rather than of love, and men were continually picturing in their minds God's angry separation of the good from the wicked.

How much such thoughts occupied them we may see from Dante's great poem describing a vision of

[1] Matthew, chapter xxiv. verse 31.
[2] 1 Corinthians, chapter xv. verses 51, 52.

the Inferno, Purgatory, and Paradise. This was written in the thirteenth century, and in the same period appeared a short Latin lyric, or hymn, called "Dies Irae," or the Day of Wrath, from an expression used by the old Hebrew prophet Zephaniah. The author was a Franciscan monk named Thomas of Celano, and we may see how deeply he felt from these verses: —

"Ah! what terror is impending
When the Judge is seen descending,
And each secret veil is rending.

"To the throne, the trumpet sounding,
Through the sepulchres resounding,
Summons all, with voice astounding.

"Sits the Judge, the raised arraigning,
Darkest mysteries explaining,
Nothing unavenged remaining."

This vivid word picture forms the subject of many great paintings by the older Italian masters, known under the title of the Last Judgment. Michelangelo's was one of the last of these, and in general arrangement his composition resembles those of his predecessors.

From the upper air a company of angels descends, carrying a cross, a crown of thorns, and other instruments of the Saviour's sufferings. Below them is the Judge himself surrounded by the apostles and other saints. Underneath are the archangels blowing their trumpets. On earth, in the lowest part of the picture at the left, the dead rise from their graves and ascend through the air to the Judge.



Alinari, Photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

CENTRAL FIGURES OF THE LAST JUDGMENT

Sistine Chapel, Rome

At the right, opposite the ascending dead, are the condemned sinners, descending to the boat which will carry them over the river Styx into the Inferno.

Our illustration gives only the central figures in this great multitude, the Divine Judge accompanied by his mother. He is a man of mighty muscular power, young and handsome, with an expression of imperious dignity. Enthroned on the clouds, he seems just rising from a sitting posture to execute his judgments. He lifts his arms in a sweeping motion as if to part the multitudes pressing upon him on both sides. In so doing he shows the wound in his right side made by the soldier's spear at the crucifixion. Neither expression nor gesture manifests anger; those beautiful hands with delicately extended fingers will strike no blow. The gesture itself is a command.

Beneath Christ's upraised arm, on his right side, sits his Mother Mary. Each must interpret for himself her attitude and expression. Some think that because she turns her face away she is shrinking from her son in terror. Yet her expression is so gentle that others say she is nestling close to him for protection. This is certainly as we should imagine the situation. When she was a young mother, she was proud to take care of her child. And now on this great day she is equally proud to let him take care of her. As he clung to her, his mother, so she now clings to him, the Judge.

Looking at the composition of the picture, we see that her figure completes a pyramid, whose apex

is the uplifted hand of the Judge, and whose base lies along the cloud supporting his feet and hers. This gives proper stability to the figures which dominate the whole great picture. Considered in a larger way, the pyramid is itself the upper part of a long oval which keeps the central group apart from the surrounding host.

The picture of the Last Judgment was painted by Michelangelo on the end wall of the Sistine Chapel, over the altar, nearly twenty years after the completion of the ceiling frescoes. There is a great difference between the two works. The figures on the ceiling are strong and powerful, their attitudes spirited and graceful. Those in the Last Judgment are huge and cumbersome, their attitudes strained and violent. The entire effect of the vast company of colossal figures is awe-inspiring, but not pleasing.

It is a relief to fix our eyes upon the central portion. Here the painter expressed an idea at once noble and original. The figure of the Christ has not the delicate beauty of the dead Christ in the Pietà, or the finished elegance of the Christ Triumphant, but he has the splendid vigor of a forceful character. The Mother, less grand and noble than in the bereavement of the Pietà, less proud than in her young motherhood, is a gentle and lovely creature. Thus the intensely masculine is completed by the delicately feminine, and the artist shows us ideal types of manhood and womanhood.

XVI

PORTRAIT

In the pictures of this collection we have learned something of the work of Michelangelo as a sculptor and a painter. He was an artist whose personality was so strongly impressed upon his work that we have come thus to know, to a certain extent, the man himself. His, as we have seen, was not a happy nature, and many of the circumstances of his life conspired against his happiness.

In his early youth he seemed strangely aware of his own superior gifts and was often so overbearing that he made enemies. The story is told of a quarrel he had with a young man named Torrigiano, in whose company he was copying some frescoes in a church in Florence. Stung by some tormenting words of Michelangelo, Torrigiano retaliated with a blow of the fist, which crushed his companion's nose, and disfigured him for life.

Michelangelo's real education began in the palace of Lorenzo the Magnificent, who discovered the lad's talent and made him a favorite. "He sat at the same table with Ficino, Pico, and Poliziano, listening to dialogues on Plato, and drinking in the golden poetry of Greece. Greek literature and philosophy, expounded by the men who had discov-

ered them, first moulded his mind to those lofty thoughts which it became the task of his life to express in form. At the same time he heard the preaching of Savonarola. In the Duomo and the cloister of S. Marco another portion of his soul was touched, and he acquired that deep religious tone which gives its majesty and terror to the Sistine."[1] In the gardens of S. Marco he had Lorenzo's fine collection of antiquities to study, and learned from them the secrets of Greek sculpture.

In all these opportunities it would seem that Michelangelo was a most fortunate person. Nor did he lack proper appreciation; the Pietà placed him at once on a pinnacle of fame, and the David was heartily admired.

It was when he entered the service of the Pope that his troubles began. He was never thereafter a free man. His genius was at the disposition of a series of men, each ambitious for his own fame, and caring little for the artist's personal aspirations. His proud nature was bitterly humiliated by this sacrifice of his independence. Sometimes he openly rebelled, but in the end was always obliged to yield to papal authority.

Michelangelo's sternly upright spirit found also much to sadden him in the corruption of the times. He was a lover of righteousness as well as a lover of liberty, and he greatly mourned the evils which surrounded him.

One of the pleasantest traits in his character was

[1] Symonds, in *Renaissance in Italy: The Fine Arts.*

his warm affection for the members of his family and for the few whom he honored with his friendship. One of the latter was Vittoria Colonna, a woman of strong and beautiful character, who brought much brightness into his life.

Our portrait shows him somewhat past middle life when occupied with many important concerns. We can read in the face something of the character of the man. It is certainly not a handsome face, for any good looks he might once have boasted were destroyed by his broken nose. It is nevertheless a face full of rugged strength, with not a little kindliness in the expression. Here is a man whose enmity we should avoid, but whose friendship we should value above rubies.

It is the face of a lonely man. Michelangelo had to suffer the loneliness of genius. No one could fully understand him. He stood apart, towering like a giant above his fellow men.

On the four hundredth anniversary of Michelangelo's birthday, some verses were written by an American poet, Christopher Cranch, which one should read while looking at this portrait: —

"This is the rugged face
Of him who won a place
Above all kings and lords;
Whose various skill and power
Left Italy a dower
No numbers can compute, no tongue translate in words.

"Patient to train and school
His genius to the rule
Art's sternest laws required;

Yet, by no custom chained,
His daring hand disdained
The academic forms by tamer souls admired.

"In his interior light
Awoke those shapes of might
Once known that never die;
Forms of titanic birth,
The elder brood of earth,
That fill the mind more grandly than they charm the eye.

"Yet when the master chose,
Ideal graces rose
Like flowers on gnarled boughs;
For he was nursed and fed
At beauty's fountain head
And to the goddess pledged his earliest warmest vows."

The poet describes still further the artist's character, and then enumerates some of his great works. Whatever occupied him —

"Still proudly poised, he stepped
The way his vision swept,
And scorned the narrower view.
He touched with glory all
That pope or cardinal,
With lower aim than his, allotted him to do.

. . . . . .

"So stood this Angelo
Four hundred years ago;
So grandly still he stands,
Mid lesser worlds of art,
Colossal and apart,
Like Memnon breathing songs across the desert sands."

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF PROPER NAMES AND FOREIGN WORDS

The Diacritical Marks given are those found in the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary.

EXPLANATION OF DIACRITICAL MARKS.

A Dash (¯) above the vowel denotes the long sound, as in fāte, ēve, tīme, nōte, ūse.
A Dash and a Dot (˙) above the vowel denote the same sound, less prolonged.
A Curve (˘) above the vowel denotes the short sound, as in ădd, ĕnd, ĭll, ŏdd, ŭp.
A Dot (·) above the vowel a denotes the obscure sound of a in påst, åbāte, Amĕricȧ.
A Double Dot (¨)above the vowel a denotes the broad sound of a in fäther, älms.
A Double Dot (¨) below the vowel a denotes the sound of a in a̤ll.
A Wave (˜) above the vowel e denotes the sound of e in hẽr.
A Circumflex Accent (^) above the vowel o denotes the sound of o in bo͂rn.
ç sounds like **s**.
ċ sounds like **k**.
s̱ sounds like **z**.
g̃ is hard as in g̃et.
ġ is soft as in ġem.

Ȧdō′nīs.
Æneas (ē nē′ăs); Æneid (ē nē′ĭd).
Ăm′ȧzŏn.
Ăm′brōse.
Ăn′ȧthŏth.
Anchises (ăn kī′sēz).
Ăn′nō Dŏm′ĭnĭ.
Ȧpŏl′lō.
Ȧp′pĭȧn.
Ȧrĭmȧthē′ȧ.

Babylon (băb′ĭ lŭn); Băbўlō′nĭȧn.
Bärbărōs′sȧ.
Bärġĕl′lō.
Beethoven (bā′tō vŭn).
Bĕlshȧz′zȧr.
Bĕth′lēhĕm.
Bĕth-pē′ôr.
Bramante (brȧ mȧn′tȧ).
Bugiardini (bo͞o jär dē′nē).
Buonarroti (bo͞o ō när rŏt′ē).

Canaan (kā′nȧn *or* kā′nȧ ȧn).
Cärrä′ra.
Celano (chȧ lä′nō).
Cencio, Bernardo (bĕr när′dō chĕn′chē ō).

Chaldean (kăl dē′ȧn).
Colonna, Vittoria (vēt tō′rē ȧ kō lŏn′nȧ).
Condivi (kôn dē′vē).
Cosimo (kō′zē mō).
Cristo Risorto (krēs′tō rē zôr′tō).
Cumæ (kū′mē).
Cyrus (sī′rŭs).

Daniel (dăn′yĕl *or* dăn′ĭ ĕl).
Dăn′tē.
Daphne (dăf′nē).
Dārī′ŭs.
Dē′lĭȧn.
Delphi (dĕl′fī).
Dē′mōs.
Dies Iræ (dē′ās ē′rī *or* dī′ēz ī′rē).
Dionigi, di San (dē sän dē ō nē′jē).
Domine, quo vadis (dō′mē nā, kwō wä′dĭs *or* dŏm′ĭ nē, kwō vā′ dĭs).
Doni, Angelo (än′jȧ lō dō′nē).
Douay (do͞o ā′).
Duomo (do͞o ō′mō).

E′rŏs.

Febbre, della (dĕl′lä fēb′brȧ).

Ficino (fē chē′nō).
Franciscan (frăn sĭs′kăn).
Frizzi, Federigo (frā dā rē′gō frēt′sē).

Giovanni (jō vän′nē).
Giuliano (jōō lē ä′nō).
Göth′áth
Gotti (gŏt′tē).
Gualfonda (gwäl fŏn′dä).

Hĕl′lĕspont.
Huguenot (hū′gē nŏt).

Infĕr′nō.
Isaiah (ī zā′yà).
Israel (ĭz′rā ĕl).

Jameson (jā′mĕ sŭn).
Jêhoi′ákĭm.
Jĕrêmī′áh.
Jerome (jē rōm′ *or* jĕr′ŏm).
Jĕrū′sálĕm.
Jē′thrō.
Jōsī′áh.
Judæa (jū dē′á).
Jū′dáh.
Jū′pĭtĕr.

Kugler (kōōg′lĕr).

Lăz′árŭs.
Lêăn′dĕr.
Lŏm′bárdȥ.

Măg′dálêne.
Mē′dĭán.
Medici (mā′dē chē).
Mĕm′nŏn.
Mē′nē.
Michelangelo (mē kĕl än′jà lō).
Mĭd′ĭán.
Milan (mĭl′án *or* mĭ lăn′).
Milanesi (mē lä nā′zē).
Mō′ăb.
Morpheus (môr′fūs).

Năz′árĕth.
Nē′bō.
Nebuchadnezzar (nĕb ū kăd nĕz′zăr).
Nemour (nĕ mōōr′).
Nē′rō.

Oliphant (ŏl′ĭ fánt).

Palazzo Vecchio (pä lät′sō vĕk′kē ō).
Păl′ĕstīne.
Pater Patriæ (pā′tăr pā′trē ī *or* pā′tĕr pā′trĭ ē).
Pausanias (pą sā′nĭ ăs).
Pensiero, Il (ēl pĕn sē ā′rō); Pensieroso (pĕn sē ā rō′zō).
Pharaoh (fā′rō).
Phĭlĭs′tĭne.
Piazza della Signoria (pē ät′sä dĕl′lä sēn yō rē′ä).
Pico (pē′kō).
Pietà (pē ā tä′).
Pietro in Vincoli (pē ā′trō ēn vēn′kō lē).
Pitti, Bartolommeo (bär tō lŏm mā′ō pēt′tē).
Plā′tō.
Poliziano (pō lēt sē ä′nō)
pȳth′ī à.

Raphael (rä′fā ĕl).
Rucellai (rōō chĕl lä′ē).

Săc′rĭstȳ.
Santarelli (sän tä rĕl′lē).
Savonarola (sä vō nä rō′lä).
Scappuci, Mario (mä′rē ō skäp pōō′chē).
Sĕs′tōs.
Sĭb′ȳl.
Sīm′ĕŏn.
Sistine (sĭs′tēn).
Solari, Cristoforo (krēs tŏf′ō rō sō lä′rē).
Stabat Mater (stā′bät mā′tĕr *or* stä′bät mä′tūr).
Strozzi, Giovan Battista (jō vän′ bät tēs′tä strŏt′sē).
Stȳx.
Swĭn′bŭrne.
Sȳm′ŏndȥ.

Tarquin (tär′kwĭn).
tē′kĕl.
terribilità (tĕr rē bē lē tä′).
Torrigiano (tôr rē jä nō′).

Uffizi (ōōf fēt′sē).
Upharsin (ū fär′sĭn).
Urbano, Pietro (pē ā′trō ōōr bä′nō).
Urbino (ōōr bē′nō).

Varj dei Porcari, Metello (mä tĕl′lō vä′rē dā′ ē pôr kä′rē).
Vasari (vä sä′rē).
Vatican (văt′ĭ kán).
Virgil (vĕr′jĭl).
Vŭl′gāte.

Zĕdĕkī′áh.
Zephaniah (zĕf à nī′à)

TITIAN

1477–1576



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co. John Andrew & Son, Bo.

TITIAN

Prado Gallery, Madrid

I

THE PHYSICIAN PARMA

We are about to study a few pictures reproduced from the works of a great Venetian painter of the sixteenth century, — Titian. The span of this man's life covered nearly a hundred years, from 1477 to 1576, a period when Venice was a rich and powerful city. The Venetians were a pleasure-loving people, fond of pomp and display. They delighted in sumptuous entertainments, and were particularly given to pageants. We read of the picturesque processions that paraded the square of St. Mark's, or floated in gondolas along the grand canal. The city was full of fine buildings, palaces, churches, and public halls. Their richly ornamented fronts of colored marbles, bordering the blue water of the canals, made a brilliant panorama of color. The buildings were no less beautiful within than without, being filled with the splendid paintings of the Venetian masters.

The pictures in the churches and monasteries illustrated sacred story and the lives of the saints; those in the public halls depicted historical and allegorical themes, while the private palaces were adorned with mythological scenes and portraits.

Titian engaged in works of all these kinds, and seemed equally skilful in each. The great number

and variety of his pictures bring vividly before us the manners and customs of his times. His art is like a great mirror in which Venice of the sixteenth century is clearly reflected in all her magnificence. As we study our little prints, we must bear in mind that the original paintings glow with rich and harmonious color. As far as possible let us try to supply this lost color from our imagination.

Nearly all the notable personages of the time sat to Titian for their portraits, — emperors, queens, and princes, popes, and cardinals, the doges, or dukes, of Venice, noblemen, poets, and fair women. Wearing the costumes of a bygone age, these men and women look out of their canvases as if they were still living, breathing human beings. The painter endowed them with the magic gift of immortality. Though the names of many of the sitters are now forgotten, and we know little or nothing of their lives, they are still real persons to us, with their life history written on their faces.

Such is the man called Parma, who is believed to have been a physician of Titian's time, but whose only biography is this portrait. If we were told that it was the portrait of some eminent physician now practising in New York or London, we should perhaps be equally ready to believe it. We might meet such a figure in our streets to-morrow. There is nothing in the costume to mark it as peculiar to any century or country. The black gown is such as is still worn by clergymen and university men. The man would not have to be pointed out to us as a



Fr. Hanfstaengl, photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE PHYSICIAN PARMA

Vienna Gallery

celebrity; we should know him at once as a person of distinction.

The science of medicine was making great progress during the sixteenth century. It was then that the subject of anatomy was first developed by the celebrated Fleming, Vesalius, court physician to Charles V.[1] In this period, also, the science of chemistry first came to be separated from alchemy, and progressive physicians applied the new learning to their practice.

We may be sure that our Doctor Parma belonged to the most enlightened class of his profession. His strong intellectual face shows him to be one who would have little patience with quackery or superstition. He has a high, noble forehead, keen, penetrating eyes, and a firm mouth. His beautiful white hair gives him a venerable aspect, though he is not of great age. It blows about his face as fine and light as gossamer. He is an ideal "family physician," of a generation ago. We can imagine how children would learn to look upon him with love and respect, perhaps also with a little wholesome fear.

The hand which holds the folds of the long, black gown has a character of its own as definite as that of the face. It is a strong, firm hand, which looks capable of guiding skilfully a surgeon's knife.

[1] As the various so-called portraits of Vesalius are said to have little in common upon which to base a resemblance, one is almost tempted to set up a theory that this portrait may be that of the great anatomist.

Two fine seal rings ornament it. Such rings, sometimes of curious design and workmanship, were often bestowed as gifts by wealthy noblemen upon those who had done them some service.

The doctor Parma looks as good as he is wise. This benign face would grace an assembly of notable clergymen. Indeed, the picture suggests a well-known portrait of the great John Wesley, whose features were cast in the same strong mould, and who also had an abundance of bushy white hair.

By another play of the fancy we could imagine this a portrait of some eminent judge. There is that in the face which indicates the calm, impartial, deliberate mind that belongs to the character. He might now be about to charge the jury, or perhaps even to pronounce sentence.

Still another opinion is that here we have a Venetian senator in his official robes. The man is in any case an ideal professional man, a person of brains and character, who could fill equally well a position of responsibility in medicine, law, administrative affairs, or divinity. With a strict sense of justice, a stern contempt for anything mean and base, and a fatherly tenderness for the weak and oppressed, he is one in whom we could safely put confidence.

II

THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN

(Detail)

In the town of Nazareth many centuries ago lived a pious old couple, named Joachim and Anna. It is said that they "divided all their substance in three parts:" one part "for the temple," another for "the poor and pilgrims," and the third for themselves. The delight of their old age was their only child Mary, who afterwards became the mother of Jesus. She had been born, as they believed, in answer to their prayers, and they cherished her with peculiar devotion.

That Mary was a good and lovable child beyond common measure we can have no doubt: she was set apart for a strange and holy service. The beautiful story of her early life is told in an old Latin book called the "Legenda Aurea," or the "Golden Legend." This was a collection of old legends written out for the first time by Jacopo de Voragine, an Italian archbishop of the thirteenth century. The early English translation by Caxton, in which we still read the book, preserves the quaint flavor of the original. There is one portion of it describing the dedication, or presentation, of the Virgin in the

temple. Before Mary was born, the mother, Anna, had promised the angel of the Lord that she would present the coming child as an offering to the Lord. Long before her day, a certain Hannah had made a like vow under similar circumstances. Her son Samuel, a "child obtained by petition," was "returned," or "lent," to the Lord as long as he lived.[1] A child thus dedicated was early carried to the temple to be educated within its precincts for special service to God.

The presentation of Mary was on this wise: "And then when she had accomplished the time of three years . . . they brought her to the temple with offerings. And there was about the temple, after the fifteen psalms of degrees, fifteen steps or grees to ascend up to the temple, because the temple was high set. And nobody might go to the altar of sacrifices that was without, but by the degrees. And then our Lady was set on the lowest step; and mounted up without any help as she had been of perfect age, and when they had performed their offering, they left their daughter in the temple with the other virgins, and they returned into their place. And the Virgin Mary profited every day in all holiness, and was visited daily by angels, and had every day divine visions."[2] We see at once the picture there is in the story, the little girl ascending alone

[1] 1 Samuel, chapter i., verses 11, 24–28.

[2] *The Golden Legend*, in Caxton's translation, edited by F. S. Ellis (Temple Classics, vol. v., pp. 101, 102). The story is retold in Mrs. Jameson's *Legends of the Madonna*, p. 197.



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN (DETAIL)

Venice Academy

the long flight of steps, with the fond parents gazing after her in wonder. Many artists have put the subject on canvas, and among them our Venetian painter Titian. His is an immense picture, from which the central figure only is reproduced in our illustration.

We must imagine ourselves standing with a great throng of people in the public square in front of the temple. Men, women and children jostle one another near the steps. The old man Joachim and his wife Anna are easily singled out among the number. The windows of the adjoining palaces are full of faces looking into the square. A group of senators stand somewhat apart, looking on. An old peasant woman with a basket of eggs sits in the shadow of the steps. All eyes are turned towards the little child who is walking alone up the great stone staircase. On the topmost step the high priest advances to meet her, resplendent in his rich priestly garments.

The figure of the little Virgin is very quaint in a long gown made of some shimmering blue stuff. The golden hair is brushed back primly and woven into a heavy braid, whence it at last escapes in beautiful profusion. It would be hard to guess the child's age, for her demeanor is that of a little woman as she gathers her long skirt daintily in her right hand. She carries herself erect in the new dignity of the great moment, and advances with perfect self-confidence. The face, however, is quite childlike and innocent, and is lifted to the priest's

with a happy smile. The left arm is raised in a gesture of wonder and delight.

The whole figure is surrounded by a halo of golden light. This is the oval-shaped glory which the Italians call the *mandorla*, from the word meaning "almond." It is of course the symbol of the virgin's peculiar sanctity. The painter has not tried to make the little girl particularly pretty, but he gives her the indescribable charm which we call winsomeness. She is perhaps one of the most lovable children art has ever produced.

As we study the artist's method of work in the picture we see how very simply the figure is drawn. Titian was fond of rich and voluminous draperies, as we shall learn from several examples which are to follow. Here, however, he draws a dress with tight sleeves and scanty skirt absolutely without decoration of any sort. It is this simplicity which gives the childlike appearance to the figure.

There is a pathos in the little figure which we cannot altogether appreciate in our illustration. We have to remember that the whole picture measures twenty-five feet in width by eleven in height, and then imagine how tiny the child looks ascending alone the great staircase in the centre of this vast panorama. The isolation of the figure suggests the singular destiny of Mary, set apart from others in the loneliness of a unique service.

III

THE EMPRESS ISABELLA

The most illustrious of Titian's many patrons was the Emperor Charles V., whose wife was the Empress Isabella of our portrait. This powerful monarch had inherited from one grandfather, Ferdinand, the kingdom of Spain, and from another, Maximilian, the empire of Germany. His marriage was arranged chiefly for political reasons, but proved to be a happy one.

Isabella was the daughter of Emmanuel the Great, late King of Portugal, and the sister of John III., the reigning king. She was a princess of uncommon beauty and accomplishments. The Portuguese government bestowed a superb dowry of nine hundred thousand crowns upon her, and the marriage was celebrated in Seville in 1526. The ceremony was splendid, and there were great festivities following.

Soon after, the emperor travelled with his bride through Andalusia and Granada that he might see his new kingdom. Called at last to other parts of his dominion, he left Isabella as regent in Spain, and went to Italy, where in 1532 he first called Titian into service to paint his portrait. In the years that followed the painter found the emperor a constant and generous patron, and was frequently summoned

to meet the court at various places. In the meantime, however, the lovely empress never had had a sitting to the first painter of the day. She stayed quietly at home and had her portrait painted by such inferior artists as were at hand.

When she died in 1539 Charles was left disconsolate, without any satisfactory portrait of her beloved face. He accordingly sent to Titian a portrait of her painted at the age of twenty-four, and required him to use it as the basis of a picture. The painter obeyed, and soon sent his royal patron two canvases, begging him to return them with criticisms if he wished any changes made. As they were never sent back we infer that Charles found them as much like the original as could have been expected. The fame of Isabella's beauty and goodness had of course come to the painter's knowledge, and this was perhaps a better inspiration than the old portrait which was his guide. Certainly the picture he produced shows a winning personality.

The empress is seated near a window, holding a little book open in one hand, probably a prayer-book or Book of Hours. The lady is not reading, but gazes somewhat pensively before her, as if thinking over the familiar words. The face is gentle and refined, and has an innocent purity of expression like that of a child.

The features are small, and modelled with an almost doll-like regularity. Yet the mouth is set firmly enough to indicate a strong will behind it. Isabella was indeed a woman of remarkable self-control. A



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE EMPRESS ISABELLA

Prado Gallery, Madrid

story is told that once when ill and in great pain she turned her face in the shadow that none might see her suffer, and uttered no sound of complaining. Her nurses remonstrated, but she replied firmly, "Die I may, but wail I will not."

The costume of a Spanish queen of the sixteenth century naturally interests us. Apparently Spanish Court etiquette of the period dictated a dress made with high neck and long sleeves. The bodice is of red velvet, the loose sleeves lined with satin. The under bodice, which we should call a *guimpe*, is of white muslin with gold fillets. A jewel adorns the red hair, and a long necklace of pearls is caught on the bosom with a pendant of rubies and emeralds. The careful dressing of the hair, the strict propriety of the gown, and the attitude of the queen herself suggest the regard of conventionality which governed the great lady.

What the portrait lacks is the quality of lifelikeness which makes other pictures by Titian so wonderful.[1] Naturally the painter could not so easily impart vitality to the picture when not working directly from the living model. To make up, as it were, for this defect, he painted the various textures of the dress with marvellous skill. Satin, velvet, and muslin, each is distinguished by its own peculiar lustre.

The bit of landscape seen through the window is another beautiful part of the picture. The distance gives depth to the composition and avoids the

[1] For instance, Lavinia, Flora, and the Man with the Glove.

crowded effect it might otherwise have. We shall see a similar setting again in the portrait of Lavinia.

The Emperor had been very fond of his wife, and an old historian says that "he treated her on all occasions with much distinction and regard." If this seems nothing surprising to note, we must remember that at the same period Henry VIII. of England was treating his queens quite differently.

In the last years of his life Charles V., weary of the cares of government, relinquished his kingdom to his son. He retired to the convent of Yuste to end his days, taking with him this portrait of his wife. When he lay on his death-bed he asked to see the picture, and when at last he died his body was laid to rest beside Isabella. Their son, Philip II., whose portrait we are presently to study, succeeded to a portion of his father's dominion.

IV

MADONNA AND CHILD WITH SAINTS

There was never a child so longed for as the Child Jesus, and none whose infancy has been held in such loving remembrance. Centuries before his birth the prophets of Israel preached to the people of his coming. Year after year men waited eagerly for One who would teach them the way of righteousness. On the night when he was born the angels of heaven appeared in the sky with the glad tidings. His birthday ushered in a new era.

We all know the story of his infancy in the Bethlehem manger, of his boyhood in the little town of Nazareth, of the years of his ministry throughout Judea, and of his crucifixion on Calvary. The narrative of his life was written by the four evangelists, and has been told in nearly every part of the world.

Many of the great painters have drawn the subjects of their best pictures from the story in the Gospels. A favorite subject has been the mother Mary holding the Babe in her arms, as in our illustration. To understand why the other figures are included in the scene, a few words of explanation are necessary.

In the early days of Christianity the followers of

the new faith had to endure great persecutions, and many laid down their lives for their Master. The religious liberty we enjoy to-day is due to the courage and loyalty of these early saints and martyrs. Much, too, is due to the work of those teachers who are called the Fathers of the church. These saints and heroes of the olden time have been honored in art and song and story. It is fitting to associate their memory with that of him to whom they gave their lives. This is the reason why in pictures of the Mother and Child Jesus we often see them standing by.

Such pictures do not represent any actual historical event. The various persons represented may not even be contemporaries. It is in a devotional and not a literal sense that they worship the Christ child together.

In our picture the Mother tends her Babe at one side while three saints form an attendant company. The nearest is St. Stephen, the young man "full of faith and power," who did "great wonders and miracles among the people" of Jerusalem in the apostolic days. When false witnesses accused him of blasphemy his face was like "the face of an angel." Nevertheless, when his accusers heard his defence they were angry at his frank denunciations, and casting him out of the city, stoned him to death.[1]

The old man standing next is St. Jerome, one of the Latin fathers of the fourth century. He was both a preacher and a writer, and his greatest service

[1] See the Acts of the Apostles, chapters vi. and vii.



Fr. Hanfstaengl, photo.

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

MADONNA AND CHILD WITH SAINTS

Vienna Gallery

to the world was his translation of the Bible into Latin (the Vulgate). This is the book from which he is now reading, and St. George seems to look over his shoulder. St. George is the hero saint who rescued the princess Cleodolinda from the dragon. He suffered many tortures at the orders of the Emperor Diocletian, and was finally beheaded for his faith.[1]

We learn to identify these and other saints in the old pictures by certain features which the masters long ago agreed upon as appropriate to the characters. St. Stephen we recognize here because he is young, and carries a palm as the symbol of his martyrdom. St. Jerome is always an old man and is known here by his book, and St. George is distinguished by his armor.

The three make an interesting group as they represent three ages of man, — youth, maturity, and old age. They stand, too, for distinctly different temperaments. St. Stephen has the ardent imaginative nature of a dreamer, St. George the active prosaic temper of the warrior, and St. Jerome the grave contemplative mind of the scholar. Each serves the Christ with his own gift.

In the picture the three seem to be reading together some passage referring to the birth of Christ,

[1] The lives of St. Jerome and St. George are related in detail in *The Golden Legend*. See Caxton's translation edited by F. S. Ellis (Temple Classics), vol. v., pages 199–208, for St. Jerome, vol. iii., pages 125–134, for St. George. Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art* contains condensed accounts of the same two saints. See page 280 for St. Jerome and page 391 for St. George.

perhaps that glorious verse from the prophet Isaiah, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given." Coming to the words "Wonderful, Counsellor," St. Stephen lifts his face adoringly.

The Child is innocently unconscious of his grave guests. He lies across his mother's lap kicking his feet gleefully and looking up to her with a playful, appealing gesture. She bends over him smiling, and the two seem to talk together in the mystic language of babyhood. The artist, we see, painted the mother as beautiful and the child as winsome as he could well imagine them. He did not try to discover how a woman of Judea was likely to have looked centuries before. He preferred to think of Mary as one of the beautiful Venetian women of his own day. He may have seen some real mother and babe who suggested the picture to him, but in that case he painted them largely according to his own fancy. The Madonna's dress is not according to any Venetian fashions, but in the simple style chosen as most appropriate by old masters. Red and blue were the colors always used in her draperies, and it was also an ancient custom to represent her as wearing a veil over her head as befitting her modesty.

The mother has the fresh comely look of perfect health, yet with much delicacy and refinement in her gentle face. Both she and the babe seem to rejoice in abounding health and vitality. The picture is full of the joy of life.

V

PHILIP II

Philip II. was the son of the Emperor Charles V. and the Empress Isabella, whose portrait we have seen. He had therefore, like most princes, a union of several nationalities in his lineage. Upon his birth in 1527, all Spain rejoiced that there was now an heir to the throne. Charles himself counted eagerly upon the help his son would give him in the administration of his vast dominions.

From the first Philip was a grave and thoughtful child, pursuing his studies first with his mother and then with a tutor. When he was twelve years old his mother died; and two years later his father, who had scarcely seen the boy, returned to Spain, and devoted himself for a while to teaching him the principles of government. Philip was an apt pupil, and showed great fondness for statesmanship.

At the age of sixteen a great responsibility fell upon the young prince. Charles was called to Germany and left Philip as regent of Spain. A marriage had already been arranged between the youth and his cousin Mary of Portugal, and this took place soon after the Emperor's departure. Philip's regency was eminently successful, and he won the lasting affection and loyalty of the Spanish people.

The Emperor now planned that the prince should make a journey through the empire to become acquainted with his future subjects. The Spanish parted with him reluctantly, and he set forth accompanied by a great train of courtiers. Six months he was on his way, everywhere greeted by festivals, banquets and tourneys. Philip, being of a reticent and sombre nature, had little taste for these festivities, but having political ambition, submitted as gracefully as possible. At length he made a state entry into Brussels. This was in 1548; and in the two years that followed, the emperor and prince were together, planning their future policy of government. The lessons which Charles most deeply impressed upon Philip were those of self-repression, patience and distrust. The leading element in his policy was to be absolute ruler.

It was at the close of these two years, that is, in 1550, that the emperor, attending a diet in Augsburg, summoned thither Titian to paint the portrait of Philip. The prince was now in his twenty-fourth year, and stood, as it were, on the threshold of his great career. There could scarcely be a more unattractive subject for a portrait. Philip had a poor figure, with narrow chest and large ungainly feet, and his features were exceedingly ill-formed. His eyes were large and bulging, he had a projecting jaw and full fleshy lips which his scanty beard could not conceal. Titian, however, had the great artist's gift of making the most of a subject. We forget all Philip's defects when we look at this magnificent portrait.



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

PHILIP II.
Prado Gallery, Madrid

The skill with which the splendid costume is painted would alone make the picture a great work of art. Philip wears a breastplate and hip pieces of armor, richly inlaid with gold, slashed embroidered hose, as the short trousers are called, white silk tights and white slippers. The collar of the Golden Fleece is the crowning ornament.

The attitude of the prince is full of dignity. He stands in front of a table on which his helmet and gauntlets are laid. The right hand rests on the helmet, and the left holds the hilt of the rapier which hangs at his side.

The most remarkable quality in the portrait is the impression of royalty it conveys. Though Philip has little to boast of in good looks, he has inherited from generations of royal ancestors that indefinable air of distinction which belongs to his station. It is this which the painter has expressed in his attitude and bearing.

Young as the face is, with little of life's experience to give it individuality, the painter makes it a revelation of the leading elements in Philip's character. The seriousness of the boy has developed into the habitual gravity of the man. Already we see how well the father's lessons have been learned, how self-contained and cautious the prince has become. The affairs of state seem to weigh heavily upon him.

The proportions of the figure to the size and shape of the canvas add something to the apparent height of Philip. Titian has done everything a painter could do to give an ill-favored prince an

appearance befitting his royal prestige: it is a kingly portrait.

Three years after it was painted, the picture was sent to England to be shown to Queen Mary. Philip, now a widower, had become a suitor of the English queen. The report came that Mary was "greatly enamoured" of the portrait, and the marriage was soon after effected. Philip, however, did not win great favor with the English, and after Mary's death he chose a French princess for his next wife, and spent his life in Spain.

Upon the abdication of his father, he became the most powerful monarch in Europe, and had the best armies of his time. He was constantly at war with other nations, usually two or more at a time, and by undertaking too many schemes often failed. It was during his reign that the Netherlands were lost to Spain, and the famous Spanish Armada was destroyed by the English.

VI

SAINT CHRISTOPHER

THERE was once in the land of Canaan a giant named Offero, which means "the bearer." His colossal size and tremendous strength made him an object of terror to all beholders, and he determined to serve none but the most powerful being in the world.

He accordingly joined the retinue of a great king, and for a while all went well. One day while listening to a minstrel's song, the king trembled and crossed himself every time the singer mentioned the Devil. "Then," thought Offero, "there is one more powerful than the King; and he it is whom I should serve." So he went in search of the Devil, and soon entered the ranks of his army.

One day as they came to a wayside cross he noticed his master tremble and turn aside. "Then," thought Offero, "there is one more powerful than the Devil, and he it is whom I should serve." He now learned that this greater being whom the Devil feared was Jesus, who died on the cross, and he earnestly sought to know the new Master.

An old hermit undertook to instruct him in the faith. "You must fast," said he. "That I will not," said Offero, "lest I lose my strength." "You

must pray," said the hermit. "That I cannot," said Offero. "Then," said the hermit, "go to the river side and save those who perish in the stream." "That I will," said Offero joyfully.

The giant built him a hut on the bank and rooted up a palm tree from the forest to use as a staff. Day and night he guided strangers across the ford and carried the weak on his shoulders. He never wearied of his labor.

One night as he rested in his hut he heard a child's voice calling to him from the shore, "Offero, come forth, and carry me over." He arose and went out, but seeing nothing returned and lay down. Again the voice called, "Offero, come forth and carry me over." Again he went out and saw no one. A third time the voice came, "Offero, come forth, and carry me over."

The giant now took a lantern, and by its light found a little child sitting on the bank, repeating the cry, "Offero, carry me over." Offero lifted the child to his great shoulders, and taking his staff strode into the river. The wind blew, the waves roared, and the water rose higher and higher, yet the giant pushed bravely on. The burden which had at first seemed so light grew heavier and heavier. Offero's strong knees bent under him, and it seemed as if he would sink beneath the load. Yet on he pressed with tottering steps, never complaining, until at last the farther bank was reached. Here he set his precious burden gently down, and looking with wonder at the child, asked, "Who art thou, child? The



Titian — *Doge's Palace, Venice*

SAINT CHRISTOPHER

burden of the world had not been heavier." "Wonder not," said the Child, "for thou hast borne on thy shoulders him who made the world." Then a bright light shone about the little face, and in another moment the mysterious stranger had vanished. Thus was it made known to Offero that he had been taken into the service of the most powerful being in the world. From this time forth he was known as Christ-offero, or Christopher, the Christ-bearer.[1]

With this story in mind we readily see the meaning of our picture. The giant has reached midstream, with his tiny passenger perched astride his shoulders. Already the burden has become mysteriously heavy, and Offero bends forward to support the strain, staying himself with his great staff. He lifts his face to the child's with an expression of mingled anguish and wonder.

The situation is full of strange pathos. The babe seems so small and helpless beside the splendid muscular strength of the brawny giant. Yet he is here the leader. With uplifted hand he seems to be cheering his bearer on the toilsome way.

The figures in the picture seem to be taken from common every-day life. Some Venetian boatman may have been the painter's model for St. Christopher, whose attitude is similar to that of a gondolier plying his oar. The child, too, is a child of the people, a sturdy little fellow, quite at ease in his perilous position. We shall understand better the range

[1] See the story as related in Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art*, page 433, and in H. E. Scudder's *Book of Legends*.

of Titian's art by contrasting these more commonplace figures with the refined and elegant types we see in some of our other illustrations.

The picture of St. Christopher is a fresco painting on the walls of the palace of the doges or dukes in Venice. It was originally designed to celebrate the arrival of the French army in 1523, at an Italian town called San Cristoforo. It is so placed that it might be the first object seen every morning when the doge left his bed-chamber. This was on account of an old tradition that the sight of St. Christopher always gives courage to the beholder. "Whoever shall behold the image of St. Christopher, on that day shall not faint or fail," runs an old Latin inscription.

As fresco painting was a method of art comparatively unfamiliar to Titian, it is interesting to know than an eminent critic pronounces our picture "broad and solid in execution, rich and brilliant in color."[1] We see from our reproduction that the paint has flaked from the wall in a few places.

[1] Claude Phillips.

VII

LAVINIA

Something of the home life of Titian must be known in order to understand the loving care which he bestowed upon this portrait of his daughter Lavinia. The painter's works were in such demand that he could afford to live in a costly manner. He had a true Venetian's love of luxury, and liked to surround himself with elegant things. His society was sought by rich noblemen, and he himself lived like a prince.

When somewhat over fifty years of age Titian removed to a spot just outside Venice in the district of Biri, where he laid out a beautiful garden. The view from Casa Grande, as the house was called, was very extensive, looking across the lagoon to the island of Murano and the hills of Ceneda. Here Titian entertained his guests with lavish hospitality. A distinguished scholar of that time, one Priscianese, who had come to Venice in 1540 to publish a grammar, describes how he was entertained there: "Before the tables were set out," he writes, . . . "we spent the time in looking at the lively figures in the excellent pictures, of which the house was full, and in discussing the real beauty and charm of the garden. . . . In the meanwhile came the hour for supper, which was no less beautiful and well

arranged than copious and well provided. Besides the most delicate viands and precious wines, there were all those pleasures and amusements that are suited to the season, the guests and the feast. . . . The sea, as soon as the sun went down, swarmed with gondolas, adorned with beautiful women, and resounded with the varied harmony of music of voices and instruments, which till midnight accompanied our delightful supper."

The darling of this beautiful home at Casa Grande was the painter's daughter Lavinia, and the portrait shows how she looked in 1549. Her mother had died before the removal of the family to Biri, and the aunt, who had since tried to fill the vacant place, died about the time this portrait was painted. A new responsibility had therefore fallen upon the young girl, and she was now her father's chief consolation. It is thought that the picture was painted for Titian's friend Argentina Pallavicino of Reggio. As a guest at her father's house this gentleman must often have seen and admired the charming girl, and the portrait was a pleasant souvenir of his visits.

Lavinia is seen carrying a silver salver of fruit, turning, as she goes, to look over her shoulder. The open country stretches before her, and it is as if she were stepping from a portico of the house to the garden terrace to bring the fruit to some guest. She is handsomely dressed, as her father would like to see his daughter. The gown is of yellow flowered brocade, the bodice edged with jewelled cording. Over



Fr. Hanfstaengl, photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

LAVINIA

Berlin Gallery

the neck is thrown a delicate scarf of some gauzy stuff, the ends floating down in front. An ornamental gold tiara is set on the wavy auburn hair, an ear-ring hangs from the pretty ear, and a string of pearls encircles the neck. Imagine the figure against a deep red curtain, and you have in mind the whole color scheme of this richly decorative picture.

Lavinia, however, would be attractive in any dress, with her fresh young beauty and simple unconscious grace. Her features are not modelled in classic lines: the charm of the face is its fresh color, the pretty curves of the plump cheek, and, above all, the sweet open expression. The hands are delicate and shapely, as of one well born and gently reared. Lavinia is perhaps not a very intellectual person, but she has a sweet sunny nature and is full of life and spirits. It would seem impossible to be sad or lonely in her cheery company. She holds her precious burden high, with an air of triumph, and turns with a smile to see it duly admired. The delicious fruit certainly makes a tempting display. The girl's innocent round face and arch pose remind one of a playful kitten.

The painter has chosen a graceful and unusual attitude. The curves of the outstretched arms serve as counterbalancing lines to the main lines of the figure. The artist himself was so pleased with the pose that he repeated it in another picture, where Lavinia assumes the gruesome rôle of Salome, and carries in her salver, in place of the fruit, the head of St. John the Baptist!

A few years after our portrait was painted, Lavinia

was betrothed to Cornelio Sarcinelli, of Serravalle, and a new portrait was painted in honor of the event. When the marriage settlement was signed Lavinia brought her husband a dowry of fourteen hundred ducats, a royal sum in those days. The wedding was on the 19th of June, 1555.

Some years after her marriage Lavinia again sat to her father for her portrait. Her beauty, as we have noted, was not of a lasting kind, and in the passing years her fresh color faded, and she became far too stout for grace. Yet the frank nature always made her attractive, and it is pleasant to see in the kindly face the fulfilment of the happy promise of her girlhood.

VIII

CHRIST OF THE TRIBUTE MONEY

During the three years of Christ's ministry, his words and actions were closely watched by his enemies, who hoped to find some fault of which they could accuse him. Not a flaw could be seen in that blameless life, and it was only by some trick that they could get him into their power.

One plan that they devised was very cunning. Palestine was at that time a province of the Roman empire, and the popular party among the Jews chafed at having to pay tribute to the emperor Cæsar. On the other hand the presence of the Roman governor in Jerusalem made it dangerous to express any open rebellion. Jesus was the friend of the people, and many of his followers believed that he would eventually lead them to throw off the Roman yoke. As a matter of fact, however, he had taken no part in political discussions.

His enemies now determined to make him commit himself to one party or the other. If he declared himself for Rome, his popularity was lost; if against Rome he was liable to arrest. The evangelists relate how shrewdly their question was framed to force a compromising reply, and how completely he

silenced them with his twofold answer. This is the story:—

"Then went the Pharisees, and took counsel how they might entangle him in his talk. And they sent out unto him their disciples with the Herodians, saying, Master, we know that thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth, neither carest thou for any man: for thou regardest not the person of men. Tell us therefore, What thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar, or not?

"But Jesus perceived their wickedness, and said, Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites? Shew me the tribute money. And they brought unto him a penny. And he saith unto them, Whose is this image and superscription? They say unto him, Cæsar's. Then saith he unto them, Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's. When they had heard these words, they marvelled and left him, and went their way."[1]

That was indeed a wonderful scene, and it is made quite real to us in our picture: Christ and the Pharisee stand face to face, engaged in conversation. A wily old fellow has been chosen spokesman for his party. His bronzed skin and hairy muscular arm show him to be of a common class of laborers. The face is seamed with toil, and he has the hooked, aquiline nose of his race. As he peers into the face of his supposed dupe, his expression is full of low cunning and hypocrisy. He holds between thumb

[1] Matthew, chapter xxii., verses 34–40.



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

CHRIST OF THE TRIBUTE MONEY

Dresden Gallery

and forefinger the Roman coin which Christ has called for, and looks up as if wondering what that has to do with the question.

Christ turns upon him a searching glance which seems to read his motives as an open page. There is no indignation in the expression, only sorrowful rebuke. His answer is ready, and he points quietly to the coin with the words which so astonish his listeners.

The character of Christ is so many-sided that any painter who tries to represent him has the difficult task of uniting in a single face all noble qualities of manhood. Let us notice what elements of character Titian has made most prominent, and we shall see how much more nearly he satisfies our ideal than other painters.

Refinement and intellectual power impress us first in this countenance: the noble forehead is that of a thinker. The eyes show penetration and insight: we feel how impossible it would be to deceive this man. It is a gentle face, too, but without weakness. Here is one who would sympathize with the sorrowing and have compassion on the erring, but who would not forget to be just. Strength of character and firmness of purpose are indicated in his expression. The highest quality in the face is its moral earnestness. Its calm purity contrasts with the coarse, evil face of the questioner as light shining in the darkness. There is, perhaps, only one other head of Christ in art with which it can properly be compared, and this is by Leonardo da

Vinci, in the Last Supper at Milan. The two painters have expressed, as no others have been able to, a spiritual majesty worthy of the subject.

The early painters used to surround the head of Christ with a circle of gold, which was called a nimbus, a halo, or a glory. The custom had been given up by Titian's time, but we see in our picture the remnant of the old symbol in the three tiny points of light which shine over the top and sides of the Saviour's hair. They are a mystic emblem of the Trinity.

The artistic qualities of the picture are above praise. There are few, if any, of Titian's works executed with so much care and delicacy of finish, but without sacrificing anything in the breadth. We recognize the painter's characteristic touch in the disposition of the draperies, in the delicacy of the hair, the modelling of the hands, and the pose of Christ's head. The figures have that quality of vitality which we observe in Titian's great portraits. The color of Christ's robe is red, and his mantle a deep blue.

IX

THE BELLA

Among Titian's wealthy patrons was a certain Duke of Urbino, Francesco Maria della Rovere, who, as the general-in-chief of the Venetian forces, came to Venice to live when our artist was at the height of his fame. From this time till the Duke's death the painter was brought into relations with this noble family. This was the period when the Bella was painted, and the picture has, as we shall see, an intimate connection with these patrons.

The Duke's wife was Eleanora Gonzaga, sister of the Duke of Mantua, celebrated for her beauty and refinement. A contemporary (Baldassare Castiglione) writing of the lady, says: "If ever there were united wisdom, grace, beauty, genius, courtesy, gentleness, and refined manners, it was in her person, where these combined qualities form a chain adorning her every movement."

The Duke himself was deeply in love with his wife. A week after his marriage he wrote that "he had never met a more comely, merry, or sweet girl, who to a most amiable disposition added a surprisingly precocious judgment, which gained for her general admiration." Eleanora, on her part, showed

an undeviating affection for her husband, and they lived together happily.

From the date of her marriage, we can reckon that the Duchess must have been well into her thirties when she came to Venice to live. From a portrait Titian painted of her, when she was about forty, we see that much of the fresh beauty of her girlhood had faded. She had, however, good features, with large, fine eyes and arching brows. Her figure was graceful and her neck beautiful: the head was particularly well set.

All these qualities kindled the artistic imagination of Titian. In the matron of forty his inner eye caught a vision of the belle of twenty. Thereupon, he wrought an artist's miracle: he painted pictures of Eleanora as she had looked twenty years before. One of these, and perhaps the most famous, is the Bella of our illustration.[1] The identity of the original is hidden under this simple title, which is an Italian word, meaning the Beauty. An ancient legend tells of a wonderful fountain, by drinking of which a man, though old, might renew his youth and be, like the gods, immortal. There were some who went in quest of these waters, among them, as we remember, the Spanish knight, Ponce de Leon, who, thinking to find them north of Cuba, discovered our Florida. The Duchess of Urbino found such a fountain of youth in the art of Titian. Comparing her actual portrait with the Bella, painted within a

[1] Others are the Venus of the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, and the Girl in the Fur Cloak in the Belvedere, Vienna.



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE BELLA

Pitti Gallery, Florence

few years, it seems as if the lady of the former had quaffed the magic draught which had restored her to her youthful beauty.

The Bella is what is called a half length portrait, the figure standing, tall, slender, and perfectly proportioned. The lady turns her face to meet ours, and whether we move to the right or the left, the eyes of the enchantress seem to follow us. We fall under their spell at the first glance; there is a delightful witchery about them.

The small head is exquisitely modelled, and the hair is coiled about it in close braids to preserve the round contours corresponding to the faultless curves of cheek and chin. The hair is of golden auburn, waving prettily about the face, and escaping here and there in little tendrils. Over the forehead it forms the same perfect arch which is repeated in the brows. The slender throat is long and round, like the stalk of a flower; the neck and shoulders are white and firm, and shaped in beautiful curves.

The rich costume interests us as indicating the fashions in the best Venetian society of the early 16th century. Comparing it with that of the Empress Isabella in our other picture,[1] we notice that at the same period the Venetian styles differed considerably from the Spanish, to the advantage of the former. Instead of the stiff Spanish corset which destroyed the natural grace of the figure, the Bella wears a comfortably fitting bodice, from which the skirt falls in full straight folds. The dress is of brownish

[1] See page 15.

purple velvet, combined with peacock blue brocade. The sleeves are ornamented with small knots pulled through slashes. A long chain falls across the neck, and jewelled ear-rings hang in the ears.[1]

It is pleasant to analyze the details of the figure and costume, but after all the charm of the picture is in the total impression it conveys. Applied to this lovely vision of womanhood the words of Castiglione seem no flattery. In her are united "grace, beauty, courtesy, gentleness, and refined manners." The essence of aristocracy is expressed in her bearing: the pose of the head is that of a princess. There is no trace of haughtiness in her manner, and no approach to familiarity: she has the perfect equipoise of good breeding.

The picture gives us that sense of a real presence which it was the crowning glory of Titian's art to achieve. The canvas is much injured, but the Bella is still immortally young and beautiful.

[1] In the later Venetian art, as in the pictures by Veronese, we see more elaborate costumes.

X

MEDEA AND VENUS

(*Formerly called Sacred and Profane Love*)

A CHARMING story is told in Ovid's "Metamorphoses" of Jason's adventures in search of the golden fleece, and of his love for Medea.[1] Jason was a Greek prince, young, handsome, brave, and withal of noble heart. He had journeyed over seas in his good ship Argo, and had at last come to Colchis to win the coveted treasure.

The King Æëtes had no mind to give up the fleece without a struggle, and he set the young hero a hard task. He was ordered to tame two bulls which had feet of brass and breath of flame. When he had yoked these, he was to plough a field and sow it with serpent's teeth which would yield a crop of armed men to attack him. While Jason turned over in his mind how he should perform these feats, he chanced to meet the king's beautiful daughter Medea. At once the two fell in love with each other, and Jason's fortunes took a new turn. Medea possessed certain secrets of enchantment which might

[1] See Book VII. in Henry King's translation, from which the quotations here are drawn. The same story is delightfully modernized in Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales* and Kingsley's *Greek Heroes*.

be of practical service to her lover in his adventure. She had a magic salve which protected the body from fire and steel. She also knew the charm — and it was merely the throwing of a stone — which would turn the "earth-born crop of foes" from attacking an enemy to attack one another. Finally she had drugs which would put to sleep the dragon guarding the fleece.

To impart these secrets to Jason might seem an easy matter, but Medea did not find it so. She was a loyal daughter, and Jason had come to take her father's prized possession. She would be a traitor to aid a stranger against her own people. The poet tells how in her trouble the princess sought a quiet spot where she might take counsel with herself.

"In vain," she cried,
"Medea! dost thou strive! Some deity
Resists thee! Ah, this passion sure, or one
Resembling this, must be what men call love!
Why should my sire's conditions seem too hard?
And yet too hard they are! Why should I shake
And tremble for the fate of one whom scarce
These eyes have looked on twice? Whence comes this fear
I cannot quell? Unhappy! from thy breast
Dash out these new-lit fires! — Ah! wiser far
If so I could! — But some new power constrains,
And reason this way points, and that way, love."

The struggle goes on for some time, and the maiden's heart is torn with conflicting impulses. Summoning up "all images of right and faith and shame and natural duty," she fancies that her love is conquered. A moment later Jason crosses her path and the day is lost. Together they pledge their vows at



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co.

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

MEDEA AND VENUS

Borghese Gallery, Rome

the shrine of Hecate, and in due time they sail away in the Argo with the golden fleece.

Our picture illustrates the scene of Medea's temptation at the fountain. The tempter is love, in the form of Venus, the Greek goddess represented in the old mythology as the inspirer of the tender passion. She is accompanied by the little love-god Cupid, the mischievous fellow whose bow and arrow work so much havoc in human hearts. The perplexed princess sits beside the fountain, holding her head in the attitude of one listening. Venus leans towards her from the other side and softly pleads the lover's cause. Cupid paddles in the water as if quite unconcerned in the affair, but none can tell what mischief he is plotting.

We notice a distinct resemblance between the faces of the two maidens, and perhaps this is the painter's way of telling us that Venus is only Medea's other self: the voice of the tempter speaks from her own heart. The expression is quite different on the two faces, tender and persuasive in Venus, dreamy and preoccupied in Medea. If we turn again to Ovid for the interpretation of the picture, we may fancy that Venus is describing the proud days when, as Jason's bride, Medea would journey with him through the cities of Greece. "My head will touch the very stars with rapture," thought the princess.

The dress of Medea is rich and elegant, but quite simply made; the heavy folds of the skirt describe long, beautiful lines. In one gloved hand she holds a bunch of herbs, and the other rests upon a casket.

The figure of Venus is conceived according to classic tradition, undraped, as the goddess emerged from the sea-foam at her birth. In the Greek religion the human body was honored as a fit incarnation for the deities. Sculptors delighted in the long flowing lines and beautiful curves which could be developed in different poses. Titian's picture translates the spirit of Greek sculpture, so to speak, into the art of painting. The figure of Venus may well be compared with the marble Venus of Milo, in the pure beauty of the face, the exquisite modelling of the figure, and the sweeping lines of grace described in the attitude.[1] The painter contrasts the delicate tint of the flesh with the rich crimson of the mantle which falls from the shoulder.

The landscape is a charming part of the picture, stretching on either side in sunny vistas, pleasantly diversified with woods and waters, hills and pasture lands, church and castle.[2] Sunset lights the sky, and lends its color to the glowing harmonies of the composition.

[1] See the volume on *Greek Sculpture* in the Riverside Art Series, chap. xiii.

[2] In our reproduction a small portion of the landscape is cut off at each end.

XI

THE MAN WITH THE GLOVE

The Man with the Glove is so called for lack of a more definite name. Nothing is told by Titian's biographers about the original of the portrait, and the mystery gives a certain romantic interest to the picture. Not being limited by any actual facts we can invent a story of our own about the person, or as many stories as we like, each according to his fancy.

The sitter certainly makes a good figure for the hero of a romance. He is young and handsome, well dressed, with an unmistakable air of breeding, and singularly expressive eyes. Such eyes usually belong to a shy, sensitive nature, and have a haunting quality like those of some woodland creature.

The title of The Man with the Glove is appropriate in emphasizing an important feature of the costume. In the days of this portrait, gloves were worn only by persons of wealth and distinction, and were a distinguishing mark of elegance. Though somewhat clumsily made, according to our modern notions, they were large enough to preserve the characteristic shape of the hand, and give easy play to the fingers. They formed, too, a poetic element in the social life of the age of chivalry. It was by throwing down

his glove (or gauntlet) that one knight challenged another; while a glove was also sometimes a love-token between a knight and his lady.

The glove has its artistic purpose in the picture, casting the left hand into shadow, to contrast with the ungloved right hand. The texture of the leather is skilfully rendered, and harmonizes pleasantly with the serious color scheme of the composition.

Besides the gloves, the daintily ruffled shirt, the seal ring, and the long neck chain, show the sitter to be a young man of fashion. Not that he is in the least a fop, but he belongs to that station in life where fine raiment is a matter of course, and he wears it as one to the manner born. His hands are delicately modelled, but they are not the plump hands of an idler. They are rather flexible and sensitive, with long fingers like the hands of an artist.

The glossy hair falls over the ears, and is brushed forward and cut in a straight line across the forehead. The style suits well the open frankness of the countenance. We must note Titian's rendering of both hair and hands as points of excellence in the portrait. There is a great deal of individuality in the texture of a person's hair and the shape of his hands, but many artists have apparently overlooked this fact. Van Dyck, for instance, used a model who furnished the hands for his portraits, irrespective of the sitter. Titian, in his best work, counted nothing too trivial for faithful artistic treatment.

If we were to try to explain why The Man with the Glove is a great work of art we should find the



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE MAN WITH THE GLOVE

The Louvre, Paris

first reason, perhaps, in the fact that the man seems actually alive. The portrait has what the critics call vitality, in a remarkable degree. Again, the painter has revealed in the face the inner life of the man himself; the portrait is a revelation of his personality.

It has been said that every man wears an habitual mask in the presence of his fellows. It is only when he is taken unaware that the mask drops, and the man's real self looks out of his face. The portrait painter's art must catch the sitter's expression in such a moment of unconsciousness. The great artist must be a seer as well as a painter, to penetrate the secrets of human character.

The young man of our picture is one of those reticent natures capable of intense feeling. In this moment of unconsciousness his very soul seems to look forth from his eyes. It is the soul of a poet, though he may not possess the gift of song. He has the poet's imagination as a dreamer of noble dreams.

The time seems to have come when he is just awakening to the possibilities of life. He faces the future seriously, but with no shrinking. One recalls the words of Gareth, in Tennyson's Idyll:

> "Man am I grown, a man's work must I do.
> . . . . . .
> Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the king —
> Else wherefore born?" [1]

The lofty ideals of the knights of King Arthur's

[1] From *Gareth and Lynette.*

Round Table are such as we feel sure this gentle spirit would make his own: —

> "To reverence the king as if he were
> Their conscience, and their conscience as their king,
> To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
> To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
> To speak no slander, no nor listen to it,
> To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
> To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
> And worship her by years of noble deeds
> Until they won her." [1]

It may be of these "noble deeds" of chivalry that our young man is dreaming, or it may be of that "one maiden" for whose sake they are to be done. Certainly these candid eyes see visions which we should be glad to see, and show us the depths of a knightly soul.

[1] From *Guinevere.*

XII

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN

(Detail)

The Virgin Mary, mother of Jesus, has for over nineteen centuries represented to Christendom all the ideal qualities of womanhood. In her character, as revealed in St. Luke's gospel, we read of her noble, trustful humility in accepting the message of the Annunciation; of her decision and prudence shown in her visit to Elizabeth; of her intellectual power as manifested in the song of the Magnificat; of the contemplative nature with which she watched the growth of Jesus; of her maternal devotion throughout her son's ministry, — and of her sublime fortitude and faith at his crucifixion.[1] Such was the woman so highly favored of God, she whom the angel called "blessed among women."

Art has pictured for us many imaginary scenes from the life of Mary. The most familiar and best loved subject is that of her motherhood, where she is seen with her babe in her arms. There are other subjects, less common, showing her as a glorified figure in mid-air as in a vision. One such is that

[1] This analysis of Mary's character is suggested in the Introduction to Mrs. Jameson's *Legends of the Madonna*, p. 28.

called the Immaculate Conception, which the Spanish painter Murillo so frequently repeated.[1] Another is the Assumption, representing her at her death as borne by angels to heaven.

The "Golden Legend" relates how "the right fair among the daughters of Jerusalem . . . full of charity and dilection" was "joyously received" into glory. "The angels were glad, the archangels enjoyed, the thrones sang, the dominations made melody, the principalities harmonized, the potestates harped, cherubim and seraphim sang laudings and praisings." Also, "the angels were with the apostles singing, and replenished all the land with marvelous sweetness."[2]

The Assumption of the Virgin is the subject of a noble painting by Titian, one of the most celebrated pictures in the world. A group of apostles stand on the earth gazing after the receding figure of the Virgin as she soars into the air on a wreath of cloud-borne angels. From the upper air the Heavenly Father floats downward with his angels to receive her. As the canvas is very large, over twenty-two feet in height, a small reproduction of the entire picture is unsatisfactory, and our illustration gives us the heart of the composition for careful study.

The Virgin rises buoyantly through the air, and the figure is so full of life and motion that it seems

[1] See the volume on *Murillo* in the Riverside Art Series, Chapter I.

[2] See *The Golden Legend*, in Caxton's translation, edited by F. S. Ellis (Temple Classics), vol. iv., pages 238, 239, 245.



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN (DETAIL)

Venice Academy

as if it would presently soar beyond our sight. The heavy folds of the skirt swirl about the body in the swiftness of the ascent. The rushing air fills the mantle like the sail of a ship. Yet the source of motion is not within the figure itself, for we see the feet resting firmly on the cloud. It is as if she were borne aloft in a celestial chariot composed of an angelic host.

The face is lifted with a look of rapture; the arms are extended in a gesture of exultation. The pose of the head displays the beautiful throat, strong and full like that of a singer. The features are cast in a large, majestic mould. The hands, turned palm outward, are large and flexible, but with delicate, tapering fingers.

We have already seen in other pictures what was Titian's conception of the Virgin in her girlhood and motherhood. We find little of the ethereal and spiritual in his ideal, and nothing that would in any way suggest that true piety is morbid or sentimental. Other painters have erred in this direction, but not Titian. To him the Virgin was no angel in disguise, but a strong, happy, healthy woman, rejoicing in life. But though a woman, she was in the poet's phrase "a woman above all women glorified." She possessed in perfection all the good gifts of human nature. Titian's ideal coincided with the old Greek formula, "A sound mind in a sound body." The Virgin of the Assumption is in fact not unlike a Greek goddess in her magnificently developed physique and glorious beauty.

Our illustration includes a few of the baby angels from the wreath supporting the Madonna. They are packed so closely together in the picture that their little limbs interlace like interwoven stems in a garland of flowers. Yet the figures are cunningly arranged to bring into prominence a series of radiating lines which flow towards a centre in the Madonna's face. We see in the corner of our print a little arm pointing to the Virgin, and above it is a cherub's wing drawn in the same oblique line.

Frolicsome as is this whole company of angels, they are of an almost unearthly beauty. A poetic critic has told of standing before the picture contemplating these lovely spirits one after another, until, as she expresses it, "A thrill came over me like that which I felt when Mendelssohn played the organ and I became music while I listened." She sums up the effect of the picture as "mind and music and love, kneaded, as it were, into form and color." [1]

When we analyze the drawing of the Madonna's figure we see that it is drawn in an outline of long, beautiful curves. The principle of repetition is skilfully worked into the composition. The outer sleeve falls away from the right arm in an oval which exactly duplicates that made by the lower portion of the mantle sweeping out at one side. By tracing the main lines of the drapery one will find them running in parallels.

[1] Mrs. Jameson in *Sacred and Legendary Art*, page 74.

XIII

FLORA

Besides the portraits intended as actual likenesses of the sitters, Titian was fond of painting what may be called ideal portraits, or fancy pictures. While real persons furnished the original models for these, the painter let his imagination have free play in modifying and perfecting form and feature. We have seen an illustration of this process in the picture called the Bella, an idealized portrait of Eleanora Gonzaga. The Flora is another example.

We do not know the name of the original, but we may be sure that it represents an actual person. There is a tradition that she was the daughter of one of Titian's fellow-painters, Palma, with whom he was in love. As a matter of fact, Palma had no daughter, and the young woman was doubtless only a favorite Venetian model whom both painters employed. Apparently it was she who posed for both figures in the picture of Medea and Venus which we have studied.[1]

Flora's hair is of that auburn tint which the Venetians loved, and which, it is believed, was artificially produced. It is looped into soft, waving puffs over the ears, and gathered back by a silken cord, below

[1] See page 57.

which it falls like a delicate veil thinly spread over the shoulders. The skin is exquisitely white and soft, and the thin garment has been allowed to slip from one shoulder so that we may see the full, beautiful neck.

We notice with what art the painter has arranged the draperies. From the right shoulder the garment falls in delicate, radiating folds across the figure. Over the garment is thrown a stiff, rose-colored brocade mantle, contrasting pleasantly with the former both in color and texture. A glimpse of this mantle is seen at the right side and above the left shoulder and arm, over which the hand gathers it up to prevent it from slipping. This action of the left hand introduces a new set of lines into the picture, breaking the folds of the drapery into eddying circles which offset the more sweeping lines of the composition.[1]

The drawing here is well worth studying, and we may give it more attention since we must lose the lovely color of the painting in the reproduction. The main lines flow in diagonals in two opposite directions. There is the long line of the right arm and shoulder drawn in a fine, strong curve across the canvas. Parallel with it is the edge of the brocade mantle as it is held in the left hand. The counter lines are the curve of the neck and left shoulder, with which the upper edge of the undergarment runs parallel. The wide spaces between these enclosing lines are broken by sprays of radiating lines,

[1] This feature of the picture is pointed out by John Van Dyke in his notes on Clossou's engraving of the subject.



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

FLORA

Uffizi Gallery, Florence

one formed by the folds of the undergarment, and the other smaller one by the locks of hair on the left shoulder.

The graceful pose of the head, inclined to one side, suggests the soft languor of a southern temperament. It was often adopted by Titian, and we see another instance in the attitude of the Venus. We fancy that the painters liked particularly the long curve thus obtained along the neck and shoulder. The angle made on the other side between head and shoulder is filled in with the falling hair.

The title of Flora is given to the picture after the fashion of Titian's time for drawing subjects from mythology. The revival of classic learning had opened to Italian art a delightful new field of illustration. We see how Titian took advantage of it in such pictures as Medea and Venus. In England the love of the classics was seen in the poetry which took much the same place there that painting held in Italy. Flora was the ancient goddess of flowers and is made much of in Elizabethan verse.[1] Some pretty lines by Richard Carlton describe

> "When Flora fair the pleasant tidings bringeth
> Of summer sweet with herbs and flowers adorned."

In our picture the goddess holds a handful of flowers, roses, jessamine and violets, as a sign of her identity. We confess that her type of beauty hardly corresponds to our ideal of Flora. She is a gentle, amiable creature, but not ethereal and poetic enough

[1] It should be remembered that a portion of Elizabeth's reign (1538–1603) fell within Titian's lifetime.

for the goddess of flowers. Were we to choose a character for her from mythology it would be Juno, the matronly "ox-eyed" goddess, who presided over marriage and whose emblem was the productive pomegranate.

As we compare Flora with the other fair women of our collection, we see that her beauty is of a less elegant and aristocratic type than that of the Bella, and less delicate and refined than that of the Empress Isabella. Her face is perhaps too broad to satisfy a connoisseur of beauty, and she is quite plainly of plebeian caste. Like Lavinia her charm is in the healthy vitality which was the special characteristic of the Venetian beauties of the time. The figure glows with warm pulsing life.

XIV

THE PESARO MADONNA

High on a great marble pedestal, between the stately pillars of a temple, sits the mother Mary with her child Jesus, receiving worshippers. Beyond the pillars is seen the blue sky veiled with fleecy clouds. A tiny cloud has floated within the enclosure, bearing two winged cherubs, who hold a cross between them, hovering over the group below.

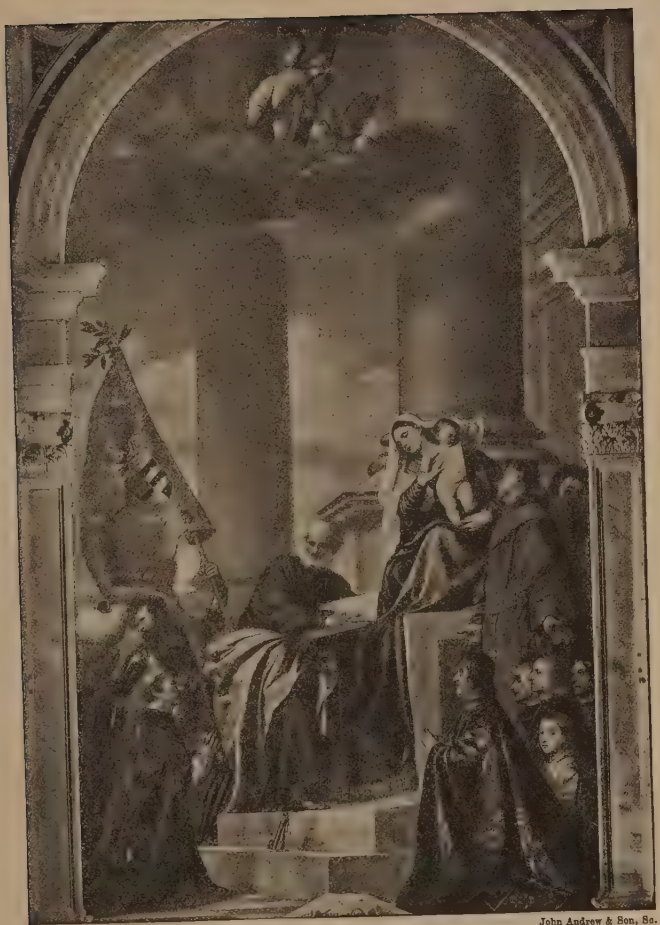
The company of worshippers kneel on the tessellated pavement: we see from their dress that they are wealthy Venetians of the sixteenth century. It is the family group of a certain Jacopo Pesaro, who was at that time bishop of Paphos. He is known by the familiar nickname of "Baffo," and played an important part in Venetian history.

When the Venetians went forth in the New Crusade to attack the Turks, Pesaro or "Baffo" was the commander of the galleys sent by the Borgia pope Alexander VI. The expedition being successful, the bishop wished to show his gratitude for the divine favor. Accordingly, in the course of time, he ordered this picture as a thank-offering commemorative of his victory. He comes with his kinsman Benedetto and other members of his family to consecrate the standards taken from the enemy.

The bishop himself has the most prominent place among the worshippers at the foot of the throne steps, while Benedetto, with a group behind him, kneels opposite. The victorious commander is accompanied by St. George, who carries the banner inscribed with the papal arms and the Pesaro escutcheon. He leads forward two Turkish captives to whom he turns to speak. St. George was a warrior saint, and being besides the patron of Venice his appearance in this capacity is very appropriate here.

There are other saints to lend their august presence to the ceremony. As the picture was to be given to a church dedicated to the Franciscan friars or "Frari," two of the most celebrated members of this order are represented. They are St. Francis, the founder, and St. Anthony, of Padua, the great preacher, and they stand in the habits of their order beside the throne. Midway on the steps St. Peter is seated reading a book from which he turns to look down upon Jacopo. The key, which is the symbol of his authority in the church, stands on the step below. The saints, we see, form a connecting link between the exalted height of the Madonna and Child and the worshippers. St. Peter introduces the bishop, and St. Francis seems to ask favor for the group with Benedetto.

The scene is full of pomp and grandeur. The superb architecture of the temple, the rich draperies of the sacred group, the splendid dresses of the worshippers, the red and gold banner, all contribute to the impression of magnificence which the picture



D. Anderson, photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE PESARO MADONNA

Church of the Frari, Venice

conveys. The colossal scale of the composition gives us an exhilarating sense of spaciousness. The color harmony is described as glorious.

Though the bishop of Paphos comes to render thanks, his attitude is far from humble. There are no bowed heads in the kneeling company. These proud Pesari all hold themselves erect in conscious self-importance. It is as if they were taking part in some pageant. Only the face of the youth in the corner relaxes from dignified impassivity and looks wistfully out at us.

The Madonna leans graciously from her high throne and looks into the face of the bishop. She, too, has the proud aspect and demeanor which these haughty Venetians would demand of one whom they were to honor. Her splendid vitality is what impresses us most forcibly. The child is a merry little fellow who does not concern himself at all with the ceremony. He has caught up his mother's veil in the left hand, drawing it over his head as if in a game of hide and seek with St. Francis. The little foot is kicked out playfully as he looks down into the good saint's face.

Let us consider a moment the skill with which Titian has united the various parts of his picture. The canvas was of an awkward shape, being of so great height. To fill the space proportionately, the Virgin's throne is placed at a height which divides the picture. The little cloud-borne cherubs break the otherwise undue length of the temple pillars. The composition of the group is outlined in a rather

odd-shaped triangle. All its main lines flow diagonally toward a focus in the face of the Virgin, who is of course the dominant figure in the company.

Notice the continuous line extending from the top to the bottom of the group. The folds of the Madonna's drapery are ingeniously carried on in the rich velvet throne hanging; and St. Peter's yellow mantle falls well below, where the bishop's robe takes up the lines and carries them to the pavement. There is a veritable cascade of draperies flowing diagonally through the centre of the picture. The staff of the banner describes a line cutting this main diagonal at exactly the same angle, and thus avoiding any one-sided effect in the picture. In the right of the composition the outline of the Christchild's figure, the arm of St. Francis, and the stiff robe of Benedetto make a series of lines which enclose the triangle on that side.

The critic Ruskin has enunciated a set of laws of composition nearly all of which find illustration in this painting.[1] *Principality* is well exemplified in the prominence of the Virgin's position and the flow of the lines toward her. *Repetition*, *Contrast*, and *Continuity*, are seen in the drawing of the compositional lines, as has been indicated. Finally, the picture is perfect in *Unity*, which is the result of masterly composition, its many diverse parts being bound closely together to form a harmonious whole.

[1] See *Elements of Drawing*, Lecture III.

XV

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

St. John the Baptist was the cousin of Jesus, and was the elder of the two by about six months. Before his birth the angel Gabriel appeared to his father, Zacharias, and predicted for the coming child a great mission as a prophet. His special work was to prepare the way for the advent of the Messiah.

Zacharias was a priest and a good man, and both he and his wife Elizabeth were deeply impressed with the angel's message. Not long after, their cousin Mary came from Nazareth to bring them news of the wonderful babe Jesus promised her by the same angel. He was to be the Messiah whom John was to proclaim. The two women talked earnestly together of the future of their children, and no doubt planned to do all in their power to further the angel's prediction. The time came when all these strange prophecies were fulfilled. As John grew to manhood he showed himself quite different from other men. He took up his abode in the wilderness, where he lived almost as a hermit. His raiment was of camel's hair fastened about him with a leathern girdle; his food was locusts and wild honey. At length "the word of God came unto

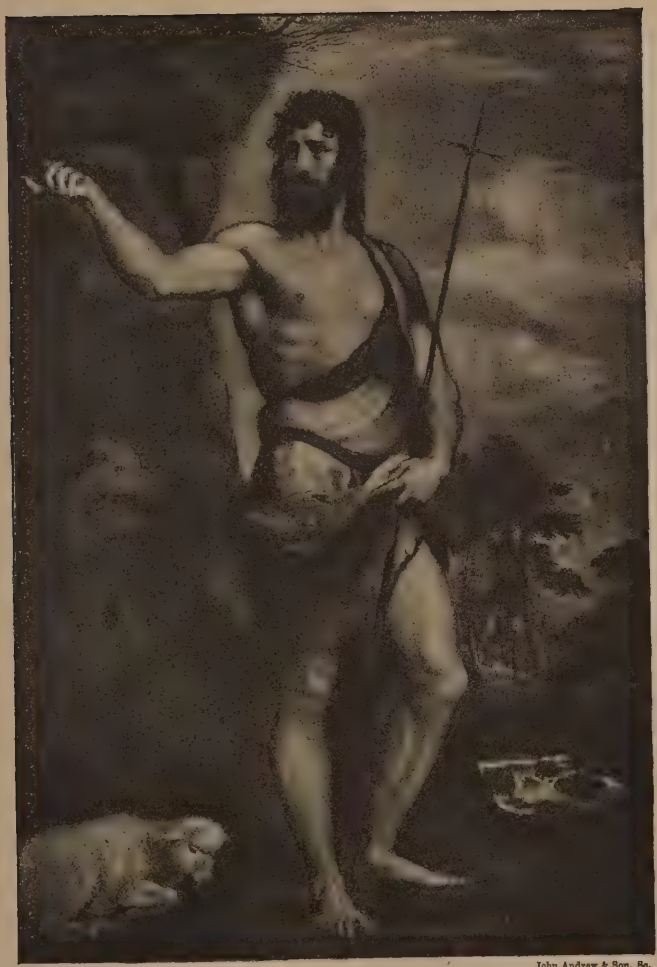
him," and he began to go about the country preaching. His speech was as simple and rugged as his manner of life. He boldly denounced the Pharisees and Sadducees as "a generation of vipers," and warned sinners "to flee from the wrath to come." The burden of all his sermons was, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

The fame of his preaching reached Jerusalem, and the Jews sent priests and Levites to ask him, "Who art thou?" His reply was in the mystic language of the old Hebrew prophet Isaiah, "I am the Voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord."

It was a part of John's work to baptize his converts in the river Jordan. He explained, however, that this baptism by water was only a symbol of the spiritual baptism which they were to receive at the hands of the coming Messiah. "One mightier than I cometh," he said, "the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." [1]

At last Jesus himself sought to be baptized by John. The Baptist protested his unworthiness, but Jesus insisted, and the ceremony was performed. And "it came to pass that . . . the heaven was opened, and the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a dove upon him, and a voice came from heaven, which said, Thou art my beloved son; in thee I am well pleased." [2] This was the promised

[1] Luke, chapter iii., verse 6.
[2] Luke, chapter iii., verses 21, 22.



D. Anderson, photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

Venice Academy

sign by which John knew Jesus as the Messiah, and he straightway proclaimed him to his disciples.

His life work was now consummated, but he was not permitted to see the fruits of his labors. For his open denunciation of King Herod he was cast into prison, and was soon after beheaded.

In our picture St. John stands in a mountain glen preaching. As his glance is directed out of the picture it is as if his audience were in front, and we among their number. His pointing finger seems to single out some one to whom he directs attention, and we know well who it is. This must be that day when seeing Jesus approach the prophet exclaimed, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. This is he of whom I said, After me cometh a man which is preferred before me; for he was before me." [1] The lamb which lies on the ground beside him is the outward symbol of his words. The slender reed cross he carries is an emblem of his mission as the prophet of the crucified one.

From head to feet the Baptist impresses us with his muscular power. There is no hint of fastings and vigils in this strong athletic figure. Here, as elsewhere, Titian will have nothing of that piety which is associated with a delicate and puny physique. He is the art apostle of that "muscular Christianity" of which Charles Kingsley used to preach. The Baptist's skin is bronzed and weather-beaten from his active out-of-door life. Yet the face shows the stern

[1] John, chapter i., verses 29–30.

and sombre character of the prophet. There are traces of suffering in the expression, as of one who mourns profoundly the evil in the world. Something of the fanatic gleams in the eyes, and the effect is heightened by the wild masses of unkempt hair which frame the countenance.

Nature too seems to be in a somewhat wild and sombre mood in this spot. A dark bank rises abruptly at the side, and St. John stands in its shadow, just under a tuft of coarse grass and bushes jutting from its upper edge. The sky is overcast with clouds. A narrow stream falls over a rocky bed, and in the distance slender trees lift their feathery branches in the air. In Titian's time landscape painting had not developed into an independent art, but was an important part of figure compositions. Our painter always took great pains with his landscapes, making them harmonize, as does this, with the character of the figures.

The picture reminds us of the St. Christopher which we have examined, being, like it, a study direct from the life of some athletic model. Yet here we see to better advantage Titian's work in modelling the nude figure. We can understand that one reason why he could make a draped figure so lifelike was because he studied the anatomy of the human body in undraped models. The figure here stands out almost as if it were done in sculpture.

XVI

PORTRAIT OF TITIAN

Probably no other painter in the world's history was ever granted so long a life in which to develop his art as was Titian. He was a mere boy when he began to paint, and he was still busy with his brush when stricken with plague at the age of ninety-nine.

The years between were full of activity, and every decade was marked by some specially notable work as by a golden milestone. The Assumption of the Virgin was painted at the age of forty, the Pesaro Madonna at fifty, the Presentation of the Virgin in his early sixties, the portrait of Philip II. at about seventy, and St. John the Baptist at eighty. How interesting it would be if we could have a portrait of the man himself painted at each decade!

Titian, however, seems to have been quite lacking in personal vanity. Though a handsome and distinguished-looking man, a fine subject for a portrait, he seldom painted his own likeness. We value the more the fine portrait of our frontispiece painted at the age of eighty-five. The years have dealt so gently with him that we may still call him a handsome man. Yet the face has the shrunken look of old age, there are deep hollows about the eyes, and the features are sharpened under the withered skin.

There is an expression which seems almost like awe in the eyes. The painter gazes absently into space as if piercing beyond the veil which separates this world from the next. The mood does not seem to be one of reminiscence, but rather of grave anticipation.

As we study the face we are interested to read in it what we know of the man's character and history. Titian was, as we have seen, a man who enjoyed very much the good things of life, and passed most of his days in luxurious surroundings. He was thoroughly a man of the world, at ease in the society of princes and noblemen, and a princely host in his own house. Our portrait shows that his courtly bearing did not fail him in his old age: we can fancy the ceremonious courtesy of his manner. The figure is extended well below the waist, perhaps that we may see how erect the old man is.

Titian, too, had not a little taste for literature and the society of the learned. His fine high brow and keen eyes are sufficient evidence that he was a man of intellect. That he was a fond father we have no doubt, and we like to trace the lines of kindliness in the fine old face.

Age cannot quench the old man's ardor for his art. The brush is still his familiar companion, and will go with him to the end. He holds it here in his right hand, in the attitude of a painter pausing to get the effect of his work. It may be from this that he would have us think that his glance is directed toward his canvas. In that case, the serious expres-

sion would indicate that the subject is a solemn one, perhaps the Ecce Homo, or the Pieta, which he painted in his later years.

We see that his hand had not lost its cunning in summoning before us the real presence of a sitter, and that he could paint his own likeness as readily as that of another. The portrait shows us the best elements in a man of a many-sided nature. This is Titian the master, whom the world honors as one of the greatest of his kind.

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF PROPER NAMES AND FOREIGN WORDS

The Diacritical Marks given are those found in the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary.

EXPLANATION OF DIACRITICAL MARKS.

A Dash (¯) above the vowel denotes the long sound, as in fāte, ēve, tīme, nōte, ūse.
A Dash and a Dot (˙) above the vowel denote the same sound, less prolonged.
A Curve (˘) above the vowel denotes the short sound, as in ădd, ĕnd, Ill, ŏdd, ŭp.
A Dot (˙) above the vowel a denotes the obscure sound of a in pást, àbāte, Américȧ.
A Double Dot (¨) above the vowel a denotes the broad sound of a in fäther, älms.
A Double Dot (¨) below the vowel a denotes the sound of a in b̤all.
A Wave (˜) above the vowel e denotes the sound of e in hẽr.
A Circumflex Accent (^) above the vowel o denotes the sound of o in bôrn.
A dot (.) below the vowel u denotes the sound of u in the French language.
n indicates that the preceding vowel has the French nasal tone.
th denotes the sound of th in the, this.
ç sounds like s.
c sounds like k.
g sounds like z.
g̃ is hard as in g̃et.
ġ is soft as in ġem.

Æëtes (ê-ē′tēz).
Andalusia (ăn-dȧ-lo͞o′zĭ-ȧ *or* än-dä-lo͞o-thē′ä).
Anthony (ăn′tō-nĭ).
Argo (är′g̃ō).
Armada (är-mä′dä *or* är-mā′dȧ).
Augsburg (owgs′bo͞org).

Baffo (bäf′fô).
Bäldässä′rĕ.
Bĕl′lä.
Belvedere (bĕl-vĕ-dā′rĕ *or* -dēr′).
Benedetto (bā-nā-dĕt′tō).
Bĕth′lēhĕm.
Biri (bē′rē).
Borgia (bôr′jä).
Brussels (brŭs′ĕlz).

Cæsar (sē′zȧr).
Calvary (kăl′vȧ-rĭ).
Canaan (kā′nȧn *or* kā′nȧ-ȧn).
Carlton (kärl′tŭn).
Casa Grande (kä′sä grän′dȧ).
Castiglione (käs-tēl-yō′nä).
Caxton (kăks′tŭn).
Ceneda (chā-nā′dä).
Christopher (krĭs′tô-fẽr).
Cleodolinda (klȧ-ô-dô-lĭn′dä).
Clŏs′sŏn.
Colchis (kŏl′kĭs).
Cornelio (kôr-nā′lė-ô).
Cristoforo (krês-tō′fô-rō).
Cū′pĭd.

Diocletian (dī-ŏ-klē′shĭ-ȧn).

Ecce Homo (ĕk′kĕ. *or* ĕk′sē, hō′mō).
Eleanora (ȧ-lȧ-ô-nō′rä).
Elizabeth (ê-lĭz′ȧ-bĕth).
Emmanuel (ĕm-măn′ū-ĕl).

Fĕr′dĭnănd.
Flĕm′ĭng.
Flôr′ĕnce.
Francesco (frän-chĕs′kō).
Franciscan (frăn-sĭs′kăn).
Frari (frä′rē).

Gā′brĭĕl.
Gā′rĕth.
Giorgione (jôr-jō′nā).
Gŏnzä′gä.
Grănä′dä.
guimpe (gĭmp).
Guinevere (gwĭn′ĕ-vēr).

Hebrew (hē′brōō).
Hecate (hĕk′ā-tē).
Herod (hĕr′ŭd).
Herodians (hĕr-ō′dĭ-ănz).

Isabella (ĭz-ā-bĕl′ā).
Isaiah (ī-zā′yā).
Israel (ĭz′rā-ĕl).

Jacopo (yä′kō-pō).
Jameson (jā′mĕ-sŭn).
Jason (jā′sŭn).
Jerome (jĕ-rōm′ *or* jĕr′ŭm).
Jĕrū′sālĕm.
Joachim (jō′ä-kĭm).
Jôr′dän.
Judē′ä.
Jū′nō.

Kingsley (kĭngz′lĭ).

Lävĭn′ĭä.
Legenda Aurea (lĕg-ĕn′dä ow′rĕ-ä *or* lē-jĕn′dä ą′rē-ä).
Leon, Ponce de (pōn′thä dā lā-ōn′).
Leonardo (lā-ō-när′dō).
Levites (lē′vīts).
Lŏt′tō.
Lynette (lĭ-nĕt′).

Mädŏn′nä.
Măgnĭ′fĭcăt.
mandola (män-dō′lä).
Măn′tùä.
Maximilian (măk-sĭ-mĭl′ĭ-án).
Mēdē′ä.
Mĕn′dĕlssōhn.
Mĕssī′äh.
Mĕtâmôr′phōsēş.
Milan (mĭl′án *or* mĭ-lăn′).
Mī′lō.
Murano (mōō-rä′nō).
Murillo (mōō-rēl′yō).

Năz′ărĕth.
Netherlands (nĕth′ĕr-lândz).

Offero (ŏf′fē-rō).
Ovid (ŏv′ĭd).

Păd′ùä.
Päl′ĕstīne.
Pallavicino, Argentina (är-ǧĕn-tē′nä päl-lä-vē-chē′nō).
Päl′mä.
Pā′phŏs.
Pär′mä.
Pesari (pā-sä′rē).
Pesaro, Jacopo (yä′kō-pō pā-sä′rō).
Pharisee (făr′ĭ-sē).
Pieta (pē-ā′tä).
Portugal (pōr′tŭ-gál).
Portuguese (pōr′tu-gēz).
Priscianese (prĭs-chē-ä-nā′sä).

Reggio (rĕd′jō).
Rovere, Francesco Maria della (frän-chĕs′kō mä-rē′ä dĕl′lä rō-vā′rā).
Rŭs′kĭn.

Sadducees (săd′ŭ-sēz).
Salome (să-lō′mē).
Sarcinelli, Cornelio (kōr-nā′lē-ō sär chē-nĕl′lē).
Serravalle (sĕr-rä-väl′lä).
Seville (sē-vĭl′).

Titian (tĭsh′án).

Uffizi (o͝of-fē′tsē).
Urbino (o͝or-bē′nō).

Van Dyck (văn dīk′).

Vasari (vä-sä′rē).
Velasquez (vā-läs′kāth).
Venetian (vē-nē′shăn).
Venice (vĕn′ĭs).
Vē′nŭs.
Veronese (vā-rō-nā′zā).
Vĕsā′lĭŭs.
Viĕn′nā.
Vinci, Leonardo da (lā-ō-när′dō dä vĭn′chē).
Voragine, Jacopo de (yä′kō-pō dā vō-rä-jē′nā).
Vŭl′gāte.

Wesley (wĕs′lĭ).

Yuste (yōōs′tā).

Zacharias (zăk-ā-rī′ăs).

RAPHAEL

1483–1520



Alinari, Photo.

RAPHAEL SANZIO D' URBINO (BY HIMSELF)

Uffizi Gallery, Florence

I

THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR

In early days an Italian in addressing a lady used the word Madonna, which, like the French word Madame, means My Lady. Now he says Signora; Madonna would have to him an old-fashioned sound. To the rest of the world this word Madonna has come to be applied almost wholly to the Virgin Mary, with or without the child Jesus; and as Raphael painted a great many pictures of the Madonna for churches or other sacred places, a name has been given to each, drawn usually from some circumstance about it.

The Madonna of the Chair is so called because in this picture the Virgin is seated. She is sitting in a low chair, holding her child on her knee, and encircling him with her arms. Her head is laid tenderly against the child's, and she looks out of the picture with a tranquil, happy sense of motherly love.

The child has the rounded limbs and playful action of the feet of a healthy, warm-blooded infant, and he nestles into his mother's embrace as snugly as a young bird in its nest. But as he leans against the mother's bosom and follows her gaze, there is a serious and even grand expression in his eyes

which Raphael and other painters always sought to give to the child Jesus to mark the difference between him and common children.

By the side of the Madonna is the child who is to grow up as St. John the Baptist. He carries a reed cross, as if to herald the death of the Saviour; his hands are clasped in prayer, and though the other two look out of the picture at us, he fixes his steadfast look on the child, in ardent worship.

Around each of the heads is very faintly seen a nimbus, as it is called; that is, the old painters were wont to distinguish sacred persons by a circle about the head. Sometimes, as here, the circle is a golden line only; sometimes it is a gold band almost like a plate against which the head is set. This circular form took the name Nimbus from the Latin word for a cloud, as if the heads of sacred persons were in an unearthly surrounding. It is also called a halo. Such a representation is a symbol or sign to indicate those higher and more mysterious qualities which are beyond the artist's power to portray.

This simple composition is a perfect round, and if one studies it attentively one will see how curved and flowing are all the lines within the circle; even the back of the chair, though perpendicular, swells and curves into roundness. It is by such simple means as this that the painter gives pleasure to the eye. The harmony of the lines of the composition makes a perfect expression of the peaceful group centred thus about the divine child.

It is a home scene and one such as Raphael might



Alinari, Photo.

MADONNA OF THE CHAIR

Pitti Gallery, Florence

have seen in Rome in his own time. Not unlikely he saw a mother enfolding her child thus when he was taking a walk at the quiet end of day, and caught at once a suggestion from the scene for a Madonna. There is indeed an old legend which grew up about this picture, relating the supposed circumstances under which Raphael found a charming family group which served him as a model, and which he rapidly sketched upon the head of a cask; the circular form of the picture is thus accounted for. Whether or not this pretty story is true, it is certain that the Madonna of the Chair is a true picture of home life either in Raphael's time or even in our own day. The mother wears a handkerchief of many colors over her shoulders, and another on her head like the Roman scarf one still sees nowadays.

We may see what delight and reverence Madonna pictures like this have awakened as we read the words of an old chant. In quaint diction and with fanciful imagery the writer tried to express his feelings in the presence of a painting which, if not this veritable Madonna of the Chair, was certainly very like it.

"When I view the mother holding
In her arms the heavenly boy,
Thousand blissful thoughts unfolding
Melt my heart with sweetest joy.

"As the sun his radiance flinging
Shines upon the bright expanse,
So the child to Mary clinging
Doth her gentle heart entrance

"See the Virgin Mother beaming!
Jesus by her arms embraced,
Dew on softest roses gleaming,
Violet with lily chaste!

"Each round other fondly twining,
Pour the shafts of mutual love,
Thick as flowers in meadow shining,
Countless as the stars above.

"Oh, may one such arrow glowing,
Sweetest Child, which thou dost dart
Thro' thy mother's bosom going,
Blessed Jesus, pierce my heart."

II

ABRAHAM AND THE THREE ANGELS

In the story of Abraham, as related in our Bible, we read of the wandering and adventurous life of the patriarch as he moved from place to place. In process of time he became "very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold." He was as brave as he was industrious. When Lot, his brother's son, who dwelt in Sodom, was taken captive by some foreign kings who had conquered the king of Sodom, Abraham armed his large company of servants and went to the rescue. He recovered not only his nephew, but all the booty which the victors had taken. Moreover, Abraham was a man of vision as well as of action, a man who feared God and sought righteousness.

In his old age he was living with his aged wife Sarah on the plains of Mamre. "He sat in the tent door in the heat of the day," the story goes on,[1] "and he lifted up his eyes and looked, and lo, three men stood by him: and when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself toward the ground, and said, 'My Lord, if now I have found favour in thy sight, pass not away, I pray thee, from thy servant: let a little

[1] Genesis, chapter xviii., verses 1–8.

water, I pray you, be fetched, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under the tree: and I will fetch a morsel of bread, and comfort ye your hearts; after that ye shall pass on: for therefore are ye come to your servant.' And they said, 'So do, as thou hast said.'

"And Abraham hastened into the tent unto Sarah, and said, 'Make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth.' And Abraham ran unto the herd, and fetcht a calf tender and good, and gave it unto a young man; and he hasted to dress it. And he took butter, and milk, and the calf which he had dressed, and set it before them; and he stood by them under the tree, and they did eat."

In the picture we see Abraham welcoming his strange visitors in front of his simple dwelling-place. He is dressed in Oriental robes and bows himself to the ground after the custom of the Eastern people, who are noted for their courtesy. He offers hospitality not as a favor to his guests, but as a privilege which he craves from them. His, not theirs, is the honor, he seems to say.

The three angels have a mysterious air. They are in human form, and yet they are unlike ordinary visitors. Their attitudes, the flowing of the robes, their gestures, all denote something unusual. While the three stand with outstretched hands as if encouraging and blessing their host, Sarah peeps through the open door and listens to the talk. A country landscape, such as may be seen in the



From carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co.

ABRAHAM AND THE THREE ANGELS
Vatican Palace, Rome

vineyards of Italy, stretches away in the distance. Raphael never traveled outside his own country, and painted only such landscapes as were familiar to him.

The picture was intended as an illustration of the Bible. In the days when Raphael was painting, though the art of printing had been invented, only scholars and learned men could read books, and those which were printed were rarely in the language which the people spoke. Men and women did indeed hear stories read out of the Bible, but they knew these stories chiefly from paintings, and from carvings in wood and stone. Churches and monasteries, palaces and public halls, were adorned with fresco paintings, and these storied walls formed the people's literature.

Now the Pope, Leo the Tenth, employed Raphael to decorate parts of the Vatican. The Vatican was the palace of the Popes in Rome, and one of the open courts of the palace had a gallery or Loggia, as it is called, built about its three sides. Raphael caused to be painted on the walls of this gallery festoons of flowers and fruit and sometimes animals, all surrounded and entwined with graceful ornaments. But it was the vaulted ceiling of the gallery that he treated with the greatest care. He made a great series of pictures from scenes in the Old Testament, and some from the New, and his pupils painted these upon the ceiling, so that it came to be known popularly as "Raphael's Bible."

The ceiling is not flat, and it does not stretch

without break, but the gallery is like a succession of arched porches, and the ceiling of each is divided into panels, sloping in four directions, with a flat panel in the centre. These panels are filled with charming pictures which you can see by standing with your head thrown back.

Raphael's Bible begins with the creation of the world; then follow the history of Adam and Eve, and Noah and the deluge; in the fourth section is the story of Abraham told in four compositions. Thus, besides this picture of Abraham and the Three Angels, there is the scene where Lot and his family are fleeing from Sodom, and his wife is turned into a pillar of salt. There is also the meeting of Abraham and Melchisedec (after Abraham's rescue of Lot), and a picture of God promising a long line of descendants to Abraham.

In this open gallery the people of Rome could walk and read the Bible in a succession of pictures. Since these and similar pictures and statues and carvings were everywhere, men, women, and children read them as they would read books, and a popular painter was like a popular story-teller nowadays.

III

THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES

ANOTHER of the Bible scenes which Raphael painted was one which is told in the New Testament concerning the Lord Jesus and his Apostles. Some of these, as Peter and Andrew, James and John, were fishermen who lived near the lake of Gennesaret in Galilee, and had spent most of their lives in their boats. They had been much with their Master, and sometimes left their boats to go with him through the country, when he talked with them and healed the sick, and told the glad tidings, for that is what the word Gospel means. One day he had been using Simon Peter's boat as a sort of pulpit from which to speak to the people on the shore.

"Now when he had left speaking, he said unto Simon, 'Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught.' And Simon answering said unto him, 'Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net.' And when they had this done, they inclosed a great multitude of fishes: and their net brake. And they beckoned unto their partners, which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both the ships, so that they began to sink.

"When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus's knees, saying, 'Depart from me: for I am a sinful man, O Lord.' For he was astonished, and all that were with him, at the draught of the fishes which they had taken; and so was also James and John, the sons of Zebedee, which were partners with Simon. And Jesus said unto Simon, 'Fear not: from henceforth thou shalt catch men.'" [1]

In the picture we see the two boats laden with fish, one containing Jesus with Peter and Andrew, and the other containing the partners hauling in the net. The lake stretches away in the distance until it seems to meet the sky in a line of light at the horizon. On the opposite shore are the people to whom Jesus was speaking before the fishermen launched out. Others on the bank are watching to get some of the fish which are not hauled in. There is a boat over there just pushing off. Fishhawks hover overhead, and on the nearer shore are herons.

Just as before in the Madonna of the Chair we saw how all the lines in the picture were drawn as it were in a circle, so here it is the long horizontal line on which the picture is built: the boats extending across the foreground, the distant shore, and the horizon line swelling into the upland. Some one has said that the boats are so placed that it looks as if the figures were slowly passing before the eye of the spectator.

Now this picture is not, like so many, painted on canvas or on wood. Raphael was bidden to make

[1] Luke, chapter v., verses 4–10.



Thurston Thompson, Photo.

THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES

South Kensington Museum, London

designs for some great hangings or tapestries for the chapel in the Vatican palace known as the Sistine Chapel. He made his drawings, cartoons they are called, on a coarse kind of paper, the pieces put together on a great frame, and these cartoons were sent to Arras in Flanders, where they were copied in tapestry by skillful artists.

Raphael intended to represent scenes in the lives of the Apostles, and his series was in two groups of five each, the first centring about the life of St. Peter, the second about the life of St. Paul. The tapestries are in the Vatican palace, but seven of the cartoons are in the South Kensington Museum in London. There they are kept with great care, but they have led a perilous life. When they were sent to Arras, they were cut in strips for the convenience of the weavers, and pricked with holes. Then after they had been copied in the tapestries, they were thrown aside, as so much waste paper, and lay in a cellar, neglected, for a hundred years. Fortunately they were not destroyed, and the fragments were found in 1630, by the great Flemish painter Rubens, who knew their value. He advised King Charles I. of England to buy them, and they were still regarded as patterns for tapestries. The king set up a manufactory at Mortlake, and some tapestries were made from these cartoons.

When the king was put to death, Cromwell bought the cartoons, and put them away in some boxes at Whitehall. When Charles II. came to the throne, he tried to sell them to France, but was stopped,

and finally they found a home at Hampton Court Palace. A few years ago they were removed to their present place of keeping.

The original tapestries, as we have said, were designed for the Sistine Chapel, but they were long ago removed from that place and are now preserved in the Gallery of Tapestries in the Vatican.

The colors of the tapestries have faded, but color never formed the chief attraction of these compositions. What one always admired, and can still admire in engravings and other copies, is what we call the dramatic character of the picture, the way in which the painter has so arranged his figures as to make them tell a story in a lively, graphic fashion.

He can also, as his eye is more and more trained, discover the beauty which lies in the drawing of forms, in masses and in lines. For an engraving or a pencil drawing in black and white can give a great deal of pleasure, and some painters make better pictures with pen and ink than they can with a paint-box and brushes.

IV

THE SACRIFICE AT LYSTRA

THE Sacrifice at Lystra was another of the great tapestries, and was in the second series of five which had to do with the life of St. Paul as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. The apostle was on a journey with his companion Barnabas, and they were teaching and healing as they went. At Lystra they had performed a wonderful cure in healing a man who had been a cripple from his birth.

"And when the people saw what Paul had done, they lifted up their voices, saying in the speech of Lycaonia, 'The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men.' And they called Barnabas Jupiter, and Paul Mercurius, because he was the chief speaker.

"Then the priest of Jupiter, which was before their city, brought oxen and garlands unto the gates, and would have done sacrifice with the people. Which, when the apostles, Barnabas and Paul, heard of, they rent their clothes, and ran in among the people, crying out, and saying, 'Sirs, why do ye these things? We also are men of like passions with you, and preach unto you that ye should turn from these vanities unto the living God.' . . .

"And with these sayings scarce restrained they the people, that they had not done sacrifice unto them." [1]

In the picture we see the two apostles standing on a platform at the left, by the steps of a temple, just as the crowd sweeps along from the other side with two oxen in the midst of them. It was just such a sacrificial procession as was formed on the days when they honored their gods in the temples. Paul and Barnabas receive the demonstration with dismay, the former rending his garments, and the latter clasping his hands in perplexity.

In the tumult of many figures we pick out five principal persons. At the right is the restored cripple whose recovery is the origin of the excitement. His folded hands, raised in adoration, come against the back of a youth who, quick to see the apostles' displeasure, reaches out an arm to stay the sacrifice. His hand nearly touches the shoulder of the sturdy priest in front, who is lifting his axe to deal the deathblow to the sacrificial ox. The priest's upraised hand is brought near the elbow of Paul, behind whom stands his fellow apostle. Thus there is a continuous chain extending across the picture to link together those who make up the plot of the story. The most attractive face in the company is that of the youth in the centre, eager and handsome among the stolid countenances surrounding him. The apostles themselves are presently to join him in his efforts to restrain the people, but for the

[1] Acts of the Apostles, chapter xiv., verses 11–15, 18.



Thurston Thompson, Photo.

THE SACRIFICE AT LYSTRA
South Kensington Museum, London

moment, single-handed among so many, he springs forward fearlessly to oppose the purpose of the mob.

These five figures thus linked together carry the story, but how abundantly the scene is enriched by the minor characters! There are not a great many figures, and each head is seen perfectly, so that one can count the actual number of persons present; but the first impression made on the eye is of a hurrying, eager crowd. As one looks more closely, he discovers particular persons who help to fill out the story. There are two priestesses kneeling beside the ox that is to be sacrificed. One figure, other than the cripple who has been healed, is shown in the attitude of prayer. Perhaps the old man at the extreme right is drawing aside the robe of the cripple, curious to see if there are any signs of the miracle, or if that really was the leg which was helpless.

The two children who stand by the altar, one playing the pipes, the other with a book of music, are very characteristic of Raphael, who loved thus to introduce a playful, innocent element. The singing child has his eyes bent on the ram which is led up for sacrifice.

Raphael, like other illustrators of the Bible, does not always follow exactly the text which he is to illustrate. The people called Barnabas Jupiter, and Paul Mercury. This would seem to show that Barnabas was a great, imposing figure, and Paul, according to tradition, was a small, undersized man; but there is no such contrast to be seen here.

By a happy suggestion, the painter has placed in the background on a pedestal a statue of Mercury. We know it by the winged staff which Mercury is supposed to carry as a sign of his office of messenger of the gods.

Raphael painted at a time when scholars and artists were enthusiastic over the rediscovery of the literature and art of the ancient world. Such a scene as this, therefore, appealed to him; for he could not only depict a Biblical incident, but he could make his picture a study of ancient life. The architecture, the altar, the figure of Mercury, the wreath-bound heads, the sacrificial act itself, were all such as he could imagine from ancient Greece. Indeed, the whole picture is like a copy of an antique bas-relief; and in the original cartoon there is, below the picture, a decorative border studied from antique sculpture, and below that still an ornamental edge which was very common in Greek work.

And yet, though Raphael thus made much of the Greek spirit in his design, he was like all great painters of his day. He did not try minutely to repeat Greek life as he imagined it. The men and women and children were like those he was wont to see in Rome or Florence, or Urbino, where he was born, and the headdresses were such as the women of his time wore.

V

HELIODORUS DRIVEN FROM THE TEMPLE

In the Vatican palace there is one chamber in a series of chambers decorated with Raphael's paintings which is called in Italian Stanza d' Eliodoro, or the Heliodorus Room. The name is taken from the first of the paintings which cover the walls of the room.

The story which Raphael told in this picture is taken from an incident in the history of Jerusalem, which is related in one of the books of the Apocrypha and in Josephus's History.

It was at a time when Jerusalem was a prosperous city, owing its good government to the upright and honorable character of the high priest Onias. Through his efforts a large fund of money and treasure had been laid up for the relief of widows and orphans. This treasure was stored in the sacred precincts of the temple and carefully guarded for the uses for which it was intended.

Now it came about that a distant king heard of this valuable treasure and set his heart upon it. He called his treasurer Heliodorus, and straightway sent him to Jerusalem to bring back the treasure by fair means or foul. Heliodorus was a bold man ready for his evil task. Arriving at Jerusalem, he sought

out Onias and made his demand, which, as a matter of course, was promptly refused. Heliodorus then prepared to take the treasure by force, and, accompanied by his men, pushed into the temple amid the lamentations of the people and the prayers of the priests. But just as the robbers had laid hands upon the coveted treasure, a strange thing happened; and this is what the old narrative relates: —

"There appeared unto them a horse with a terrible rider upon him, and adorned with a very fair covering, and he ran fiercely and smote at Heliodorus with his forefeet, and it seemed that he that sat upon the horse had complete harness of gold.

"Moreover, two other young men appeared before him, notable in strength, excellent in beauty, and comely in apparel, who stood by him on either side, and scourged him continually and gave him many sore stripes.

"And Heliodorus fell suddenly unto the ground, and was compassed with great darkness." [1]

In the picture the priests still kneel at the distant altar while the temple treasures are being borne away in heavy chests and jars. Meanwhile swift retribution overtakes the despoiler. In gallops the mysterious gold-armored horseman, his prancing steed crushing the prostrate Heliodorus under his forefeet. On rush the two celestial avengers, springing through the air in great flying leaps. Their feet do not touch the ground as, with outspread arms and wind-blown hair, they bound lightly forward,

[1] Maccabees, book ii., chapter iii., verses 25–27.



Alinari, Photo.

HELIODORUS DRIVEN FROM THE TEMPLE
Vatican Palace, Rome

raising their scourges to drive out the enemy. Heliodorus vainly lifts his spear to save himself; his men are panic-stricken; his plot is undone. And yet in all this the angelic avengers do not touch one of the prostrate or falling figures. Even the horse's hoofs are not planted on Heliodorus. The victory is not won by force, but by the mysterious power of celestial spirits.

Here is the way this picture affected a lover of art who stood before it: "The Scourging of Heliodorus is full of energy, power, and movement. The horse and his rider are irresistible, and the scourging youths, terrible as embodied lightning; mortal weapons and mortal muscles are powerless as infancy before such supernatural energies. Like flax before the flame — like leaves before the storm — the strong man and his attendants are consumed and borne away."

There is an interesting contrast in this great picture, for while all this terrible action is going on at one side, one sees in an opposite part a group of women and children, looking on with astonishment and alarm. Near by is a figure carried in a chair on the shoulders of strong men. This figure is Pope Julius II., and the reason why Raphael introduced him into the painting is as follows: —

Julius was a warlike Pope who had expelled the enemies of the church from the Papal territories and enlarged the boundaries of these territories. He was also a great patron of the arts. He called on Raphael to make designs for this chamber which

should represent the miraculous deliverance of the church from her secular foes; and as he was regarded as the chief instrument in the victory, Raphael made him present at this Expulsion of Heliodorus.

Not only the walls of the Heliodorus Room are adorned with pictures, but the ceiling also is covered with designs, illustrating four Old Testament stories of divine promises to the patriarchs: The Promise of God to Abraham of a numerous posterity,[1] The Sacrifice of Isaac, Jacob's Dream, Moses and the Burning Bush.

Probably Raphael, who had friends among the cardinals and other learned men of Rome, consulted them as to the selection of subjects for this room. One can trace the thought which binds them all together. On the ceiling we have God's promises made to his people of old, while the pictures on the walls show how the same watchful Providence delivered the church in later years.

[1] Sometimes interpreted as God appearing to Noah.

VI

THE LIBERATION OF PETER

On the wall below the design of Jacob's Dream, in the ceiling of this same Heliodorus Room, is the Liberation of Peter, painted above and on each side of a window. The story is taken from the Acts of the Apostles. Herod the king, as the narrative says, "stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the church. And he killed James the brother of John with the sword. And because he saw it pleased the Jews, he proceeded further to take Peter also." The story of the imprisonment and liberation of Peter now follows: —

"And when he had apprehended him, he put him in prison, and delivered him to four quarternions of soldiers to keep him; intending after Easter to bring him forth to the people. Peter therefore was kept in prison; but prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him.

"And when Herod would have brought him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains; and the keepers before the door kept the prison. And behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison; and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, 'Arise up quickly.' And his

chains fell off from his hands. And the angel said unto him, 'Gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals.' And so he did. And he saith unto him, 'Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me.' And he went out, and followed him, and wist not that it was true which was done by the angel; but thought he saw a vision."[1]

There is a succession of scenes in this story, and as the window runs up into the wall, it gave Raphael an opportunity to distribute the successive incidents in the three divisions thus formed. Over the window, accordingly, is the scene of the awakening of Peter. The angel, surrounded by a blaze of light, comes and smites the sleeping apostle on the side, but his action also indicates that he raises him and points to the door. Peter is shown bound by two chains, each fastening him to one of the soldiers, who are both asleep at their posts. The bars through which we see the scene are the prison bars.

At the right of the window, the angel is shown leading Peter past the guards, who are asleep on the steps. The prison is indicated by the thick wall and solid masonry, by the side of which the two figures are passing. The soldiers by their attitude show how sound asleep they are, — one stretched out at half length, trying to look as if he were awake, the other with his head fallen forward, and his hands clasped over his shield.

In both of these scenes, the apostle is marked by the sign of the nimbus, which we saw in the first

[1] Acts of the Apostles, chapter xii., verses 4–9.



Alinari, Photo.

THE LIBERATION OF PETER
Vatican Palace, Rome

picture, the Madonna of the Chair. But if you look narrowly, you will see that Raphael has added that other sign by which Peter is distinguished. He carries a great key. The reason is to be found in the words of our Lord to him as recorded in the Gospel of Matthew, the sixteenth chapter and nineteenth verse. The key is a most fitting symbol here, for it seems to imply that the apostle is himself opening the gates of his prison house. The angel holds his hand, as an older person might lead a child in the dark. Peter is too dazed to know what has really happened.

On the left is depicted the moment when the guards are awakened and discover that their prisoner has escaped. It is an animated scene illustrating the simple words of the gospel narrative: "Now as soon as it was day, there was no small stir among the soldiers, what was become of Peter." A man with a torch tells by his gesture that something extraordinary has happened, and the one whom he arouses shows by his face and his uplifted hand how startled he is; the light from the torch is too dazzling for another just awakened, and the last of all appears to be the one whom we saw asleep over his shield.

Even in this very inadequate copy of a great painting, we can see what is the noblest and most pervading beauty. It is the treatment of light. The angel appears in the compartment over the window in a blaze of light, and this light illuminates all the other figures. So it is in the right-hand

division, and Peter especially shows it, for the side away from the angel is scarcely to be made out in the gloom. In the left-hand division, the torch, the moon struggling through the clouds, and the breaking of the dawn diffuse a light over the whole scene.

It is as if Raphael meant to make it clear that the supernatural light from the angel was brighter and more intense than the light which falls from natural means. Thus the Liberation of Peter, like the Expulsion of Heliodorus, keeps in mind the power of the divine over the human. Some have thought, besides, that Raphael had in his thought the recent delivery from captivity of Leo X., the Pope who succeeded Pope Julius II., for the decoration of the Heliodorus Room was done successively under these two popes.

VII

THE HOLY FAMILY OF FRANCIS I

THERE are a great many pictures by the old masters representing what is known as the Holy Family. This is a group consisting of the mother and child, with one or more additional figures. The third figure is sometimes the infant John the Baptist, or it may be Joseph the husband of Mary; a fourth figure is likely to be St. Elizabeth, the mother of John the Baptist, and sometimes all five of these are shown in a group.

That is the case with the painting of The Holy Family by Raphael, which is now in the Louvre gallery in Paris, and is called The Holy Family of Francis the First, because Raphael painted the picture for that king of France. It is not difficult to make out the several figures, for the painter has followed the natural order.

The light falls chiefly on the child Jesus, who is springing up, as Mary lifts him from his cradle. His happy, joyous face is raised with a glad smile to the down-glancing mother. She has eyes only for him, and into her face there has come a look of sweet gravity which helps one to see that this is more than the play of a mother and child.

Eagerly reaching forward to the golden-haired

Jesus is the swarthy John the Baptist, his hands folded in the gesture of prayer, the cross which he carries as the herald of Jesus leaning against his breast, and a look of bright wonder in his face.

Leaning over and holding him is his mother Elizabeth, whom the great painters were wont to figure as an old woman, after the description of her in the gospel as "well stricken in years." She also gazes down at her child with a like expression of deep feeling, as if she always carried about in her mind the wonderful scenes which attended his birth.

Behind the group is Joseph, the husband of Mary, in an attitude which is very common in the old pictures. He rarely seems to be a part of the group. He stands a little way off looking on, with a thoughtful air, as if he were the guardian of this pair. Sometimes he is shown with a staff or crutch, and it may be that here he rests his elbow on it, while his head leans upon his half-closed hand.

All these are distinguished by the nimbus which encircles the head of a sacred person, but the two other figures in the picture have no nimbus, for they are angels, as may be seen by the outstretched wing of one of them, and by the pure unearthly expression on their faces. One of these angels strews flowers over the child; the other, with hands crossed on the breast, is rapt in adoration.

There is an opening which shows the sky, and it almost seems as if the angels with crossed hands were listening to some divine melody that came in with the angelic visitors. The whole scene is bathed



From carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co.

THE HOLY FAMILY OF FRANCIS I.

The Louvre, Paris

in light, and the longer we look the more we see the beauty of the lines which flow in the picture as if to some heavenly music. All is action save in the grave, contemplative figure of Joseph; and his serious, resting attitude by its contrast makes more evident the leaping child, the mother half stooping to lift him, John the Baptist pressing forward and Elizabeth gently restraining him, with the two flying, radiant angels.

The power which a great painting has over us often makes us ask, How did the painter do this? did he think of everything beforehand? did he paint the picture bit by bit, or did he rapidly sketch it all as he meant to have it, and then at leisure fill in the parts, and add this or that?

We know something of how painters work, and of the labor which they sometimes put into their pictures, rubbing out and painting over. A great master like Raphael always gives a sense of ease to his work, as though it cost him nothing. But we know also that he took the greatest pains as he took the greatest delight in his work.

It happens that there exist drawings made by Raphael when he was preparing to paint this very picture, and it is interesting to see how he went to work. He has a young woman in his studio take just the attitude which a mother would take who was about to lift her child. That he may be sure to draw the form correctly, he has her dress not fall below her knee, and she has bare arms. In this way he will know just how the arm and the knee will

bend, and how the muscles will show. Then he makes another drawing with the dress falling to the ground, but with the arm bare. Finally he draws the arm with the sleeve over it.

It was by such studies that he made sure of drawing correctly. They are like exercises in grammar. But when he came to paint his picture, he had not to think much about the correctness of his drawing; his whole mind was intent upon making his peasant girl look as he imagined the Virgin Mary to look.

VIII

ST. CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA

This is the legend of St. Catherine.

She was the daughter of King Costis and his wife Sabinella, who was herself the daughter of the king of Egypt. When she came into the world, a glory of light was seen to play around her head, and when she was yet a little child, she gave such signs of wisdom that she was a wonder to all about the court of Egypt. When she was no more than fourteen years old, she was a marvel of learning. She could have answered all the hard questions the Queen of Sheba asked Solomon, and she knew her Plato by heart.

At this time her father died, and so Catherine became queen; but this did not change her way of living. She read her books and shut herself up in the palace to study. Now this did not please her nobles, and they besought her to take a husband who should help her rule the people, and who should lead them in war. At this the girl asked them: —

"What manner of man is this that I must marry?" And one of the nobles made answer: —

"Madam, you are our sovereign lady and queen, and all the world knows that you have four notable gifts. First, you are come of the most noble blood

in the whole world; second, you have a great inheritance in your kingdom; third, you surpass all persons living in knowledge; and fourth, you are most beautiful. So, then, you must needs take a husband that you may have an heir who shall be the comfort and joy of your people."

"Is it indeed so?" said the young queen. "Then, if God has given me such gifts, I am the more bound to love him and please him, and set small store by my wisdom and beauty and riches and birth. He that shall be my husband must also possess four notable gifts. He must be of so noble blood, that all men shall worship him, and so great that I shall never think I have made him king; so rich, that he will surpass all others in riches; so full of beauty, that the angels of God will desire to behold him; and so benign, that he will gladly forgive all wrong done unto him. Find me such an one, and I will make him lord of my heart."

Now there was a certain hermit who dwelt in the desert about two days' journey from Alexandria, and the Virgin Mary appeared to him and bade him go and tell Catherine to fear not, for she should have a heavenly bridegroom, even her Son, who was greater than any monarch of the world, being himself the King of Glory, and the Lord of all power.

Until now the young queen had been a heathen, but when the hermit showed her a picture of the Lord Christ, she was so filled with wonder and devotion that she forgot her books and her learning and could think only of him. And thus it came about



Franz Hanfstaengl, Photo.

ST. CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA

National Gallery, London

that she had a strange dream, in which she dreamt that she was brought to the Lord, and he said, "She is not fair or beautiful enough for me."

She woke in tears and sent for the hermit, who came and taught her the Christian faith. She was baptized and her mother Sabinella with her. Again she had a dream, and this time the Lord smiled on her, and put a ring on her finger.

So now Catherine despised still more earthly pomp and riches, and being thus plighted to a heavenly bridegroom, she refused more steadfastly all the attempts of her nobles to persuade her to be married. The good Sabinella sustained her in this, but at last died, and Catherine was now left alone.

Then came the great emperor Maximin, who persecuted the Christians. And he came to Alexandria and called the Christians together, and commanded them, on pain of torment, to worship the heathen gods. When Queen Catherine heard the uproar, she came forth of the palace and stood before Maximin. She so used her learning, that she silenced the emperor, and he could make no reply.

Thereupon he ordered fifty of his most famous wise men to dispute with her. But she answered them so convincingly that they themselves became Christians, and Maximin was in such a rage that he burned them to death, yet they did not flinch.

Then did the emperor drag Catherine from her palace and cast her into a dungeon. But the faithful queen prayed, and angels came and ministered to her. At the end of twelve days the empress

came to visit her, and found the dungeon filled with light and fragrant with sweet odors. So she and two hundred of her attendants fell down at the feet of Catherine and declared themselves Christians.

When Maximin found what had taken place he was filled with fury, and put to death the empress and all the converts. But he was so overcome with the beauty of Catherine that he offered to make her empress if she would forsake Christ.

When Catherine exclaimed: "Shall I forsake my glorious heavenly bridegroom to unite myself with thee, who art base-born, wicked, and deformed?" Then Maximin bade his men make four wheels, armed with sharp points and blades, two turning in one direction, two in another, so that the tender body of the beautiful queen should be torn asunder.

So they bound her between the wheels, and at the same moment fire came down from heaven, and the destroying angel broke the wheels in pieces, which flew off and killed the executioner.

Then Maximin, with his heart of stone, commanded that Catherine be carried outside the city, and scourged and then beheaded. So it was done; but when she was dead, angels bore her body over the desert and over the Red Sea, and laid it away on the top of Mt. Sinai. As for the tyrant, he was slain in battle, and the vultures devoured him.

In our picture of St. Catherine, and in others like it, she is shown standing by a wheel. She leans upon it as if ready for martyrdom, and looks upward as if she saw the fire coming down from heaven.

IX

ST. CECILIA

The legend of St. Cecilia is not so tragic as that of St. Catherine. According to the story, Cecilia was a beautiful young girl who belonged to a noble Roman family of the third century.

Her parents were Christians in secret, and they brought her up in the faith. She was a most devout scholar. Night and day she carried about with her a roll containing the Gospel, hidden within her robe. She excelled in music, and turned her good gift to the glory of God; for she composed hymns which she sang with such sweetness, that it was said the very angels descended from heaven to join their voices with hers.

Not only did she sing, but she played also on all instruments; but she could find none which satisfied her desire to breathe forth the harmony which dwelt within her, and so she invented a new one, the forerunner of the organ, and she consecrated it to the service of God.

St. Cecilia like St. Catherine was a martyr, but the executioner who was to put her to death was so affected by her innocence that his hand trembled, and the wounds he made did not immediately cause her death. She lived for three days, and as the story says: —

"She spent (these days) in prayers and exhortations to the converts, distributing to the poor all she possessed; and she called to her St. Urban, and desired that her house, in which she then lay dying, should be converted into a place of worship for the Christians. Thus, full of faith and charity, and singing with her sweet voice praises and hymns to the last moment, she died at the end of three days."

Very naturally, St. Cecilia was taken as the patron saint of musicians, and is sometimes represented as seated at a modern organ. In this picture she is shown holding in her hands an instrument of reeds, which may be taken as the beginning of the organ of later days.

Her eyes are raised, and her head is upturned as she listens to the choir of angels shown above in the clouds, their lips parted as they sing from open books. She holds the instrument, but she is so intent on the music she hears that it seems almost slipping from her hands.

Indeed, some of the tubes are already dropping out of their place; and as the eye follows them, it rests upon a number of other musical instruments lying on the ground, — the pipe, the violin, the tambourine, castanets, and others. It is as if we were shown the various instruments which she had set aside as not satisfying to her, and at last were shown her organ itself falling to pieces and dropping from her hands. So faint and imperfect, the painter seems to say, are all these forms of earthly music when compared with the heavenly.



Alinari, Photo.

ST. CECILIA

Bologna Gallery

St. Cecilia is here in a company of other saints, not indeed of her day and generation, but chosen by Raphael to give expression to various ideas and sentiments. St. Paul, the great apostle to the Gentiles, stands in a thoughtful attitude, one hand carrying a scroll and resting on the hilt of a sword; for in one of his epistles, he speaks of "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." He is listening, and at the same time looks down upon the instruments as if he were thinking how his earthly words, too, were dull beside the voice of the Spirit.

On the opposite side of the picture is Mary Magdalen. She holds the pot of ointment with which she anointed the feet of Christ, and by the movement of her feet she seems just to have come into the scene, and looks out of the picture as if she were bidding us and all other spectators look on the saint and listen to the angels. Perhaps the artist, in choosing her for one of his figures, was mindful of the words of the Lord, who praised her for bringing a precious gift, without thinking of its worth, simply because she loved him, and wished to show her devotion. So St. Cecilia poured out her music, the richest gift she had, not thinking how she could turn it into money and give it to the poor.

Next to St. Paul, behind him and St. Cecilia, stands the evangelist St. John. Painters and scholars alike have always seen in this figure the beloved disciple, the one who leaned on the Lord's breast at the last supper, and they delight to show him as a young man of refined and beautiful coun-

tenance. His hand, with the parted fingers, seems to make a gesture bidding one listen, and his face has a look of rapture. It was natural indeed that Raphael should thus have placed in the company one whose gospel is full of feeling, the life of Christ set to music as it were.

Finally, we have St. Augustine, one of the Fathers of the church, standing in his priestly robe and holding a bishop's crook. He is apparently exchanging glances with St. John. Perhaps he is designed to show that the church makes much of music in its service.

If we could see the painting itself with its beautiful color, we should see even more distinctly not only how Raphael thought out his design, making his figures all have a harmonious relation to one another, but how perfectly the composition, in its lines, its light and color, expresses this musical harmony of heaven and earth.

X

THE TRANSFIGURATION

The Transfiguration is a picture divided into two parts. The lower part is filled with more figures than the upper and contains more action. On one side are nine of the disciples of Jesus; on the other is a crowd of people in company with a father who brings his son to be healed. He gives an account of his boy's sickness in these words: —

"He is mine only child. And lo! a spirit taketh him, and he suddenly crieth out; and it teareth him that he foameth again; and, bruising him, hardly departeth from him." [1]

The father calls upon the disciples, in the absence of Jesus, to heal his son. In the company with him, we can make out two women kneeling by the boy. We think it is the mother who supports him, and looks at the disciples as she points to her son. How quiet and self-possessed she is, in contrast to the poor fellow's violence as shown in his position, and his distorted hands.

She is wholly devoted to him, and the mother shows in her face and bearing. But the other kneeling woman, who may be his sister, carries a different expression as she points to the boy. She looks

[1] Luke, chapter ix., verses 38, 39.

toward the disciples with a severe and scornful air, as if saying: "What! you profess to heal the sick, and you can do nothing for this poor sufferer!"

The figures in the background are crying aloud and stretching out their arms for aid. One can count the persons, but it looks as if there were a crowd behind that we do not see, all pressing forward.

On the other side of the picture are the disciples, all eager, with heads bent forward, and each gesturing to express his meaning. One, younger than the others, with his hand against his breast, looks at the father with a pitying but helpless expression, as if he would gladly help him if he only could. Another has an open book as though he were trying to find some word of comfort. One is pointing out the boy to his neighbor, and two in the background seem to be lost in perplexity.

But, after all, though most of the disciples are thus intent, the eye quickly notes the action of a figure near the centre, full of fire and energy, who is pointing upward, away from the group, and calling upon the father and the women to look that way. And the line of his arm thrust out is continued by that of another disciple behind him, who also points upward.

For these two have seen the Lord, and they are bidding the troubled parents look the same way for help. There, above all this turmoil and confusion, is a scene of dazzling light, of which they alone seem to be aware.



Alinari, Photo.

THE TRANSFIGURATION

Vatican Gallery, Rome

The upper part of the picture discloses the transfiguration of the Saviour. As the evangelist tells us, he had taken Peter and James and John with him, and had gone up into a mountain to pray.

"And as he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistering. And, behold, there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elias, who appeared in glory, and spake of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem. But Peter and they that were with him were heavy with sleep; and when they were awake, they saw his glory, and the two men that stood with him." [1]

The scene shown is at the moment of the awaking of the three disciples, one not daring to look up again, but bowing his head and folding his hands in prayer. They are dazzled with the glory. This glory is a cloud of brightness which envelops the three figures of Christ, Moses, and Elijah, or as the Greeks called him, Elias. The Saviour looks heavenward with rapture in his gaze.

On one side are seen two kneeling figures. They are said to stand for the father and uncle of the Cardinal who ordered the picture from Raphael. It was the fashion of the day thus to introduce a patron into a painting, and Raphael has made them as obscure as he well could.

We must not look at this great picture as if it were a panorama, where a succession of scenes is witnessed, or find fault with it because the Bible

[1] Luke, chapter ix., verses 29–32.

says that the transfiguration took place on one day and the scene below took place the next day, when Jesus and his disciples had come down from the mountain. Nor is anything said in the Bible which would lead us to suppose that Jesus and the prophets were raised above the ground.

No; what Raphael intended was to draw a contrast between an earthly scene of suffering and a heavenly scene of peace and serenity; and he took two scenes which lie next each other in the scripture narrative. That was his thought, and see how wonderfully he has expressed this contrast throughout!

There is the dark confusion and helplessness and grief below; above is a scene of light which is like a vision, and this vision two of the disciples see; and as we have pointed out, a contrast is made evident in various parts of the picture. Indeed, the painting is made up of contrasts; and not the least noticeable is that of the solid mass below, square shaped, and the light, pyramid-shaped composition above.

The Transfiguration was the last painting to which Raphael set his brush, and it was still unfinished when he was suddenly stricken with fever and died. As his body lay in state, in the hall where he had been working, this great picture was hung at the head, and the people who came in fell to weeping when they saw it.

XI

PARNASSUS

Raphael was but twenty-five years old when he was bidden adorn a room in the Vatican palace, and he made the four walls answer to four divisions in the ceiling, just as afterward in the Heliodorus room. The four divisions in the ceiling were filled with four figures, representing Theology, Poetry, Philosophy, and Justice. Beneath Poetry was this large, full design of Parnassus.

Parnassus, in the old Greek myth, was the mountain on which the muses were wont to meet, and here Apollo had his chief seat. Here, in the fancy of the ancients, the poets and historians and dramatists came to draw inspiration. So Raphael has made a great company of gods and goddesses, and ancient and modern poets.

By means of the accompanying diagram, all the figures in the composition can be made out.

As it is an imaginary scene, Raphael was free to bring together poets of different ages and countries, grouping them by the natural association of one with another. In this mythic realm time and space are as nothing, and the poets are united in the higher fellowship of the inspired imagination.

It is interesting to note how the painter has



KEY TO PARNASSUS

1 Apollo	8 Thalia	15 Scribe	22 Terence
2 Calliope	9 Urania	16 Berni	23 Ovid
3 Polymnia	10 Melpomene	17 Petrarch	24 Sannazzaro
4 Clio	11 Unknown	18 Corinna	25 Cornelius Gallus
5 Erato	12 Virgil	19 Alcæus	26 Anacreon
6 Terpsichore	13 Homer	20 Sappho	27 Horace
7. Euterpe	14 Dante	21 Plautus	28 Pindar



Alinari, Photo.

PARNASSUS
Vatican Palace, Rome

brought them together. Apollo, of course, as the god of poetry and music, occupies the central position, seated beneath some laurel trees, near the sacred fountain of Hippocrene, with the nine Muses circling about him. Apollo is always spoken of as playing the lyre, but Raphael gives him a violin, because the action in playing that instrument is so graceful. Some think also he meant to pay a compliment to a famous violinist of that day.

Calliope, the muse of epic poetry, rests for a moment the long trumpet whose epic strains are wont to stir the courage of men. Polymnia, the muse of sacred poetry, leans upon the lyre whose vibrant strings thrill the gentler emotions of faith and love.

Blind old Homer advances chanting the adventures of the Greek heroes, and an eager youth writes down the verses. Behind him are Virgil and Dante, and Virgil seems to be calling on Dante to listen to Apollo.

Another group shows Pindar, a very aged figure, reciting his impassioned odes to Horace and another poet, who listen with admiration. Plautus and Terence, two writers of Latin comedy, walk together in pleasant companionship.

It was not an easy matter to dispose of the many figures and groups in a space cut into, as this wall is, by a window, but how free and how natural is the arrangement! It was among the first great paintings which Raphael executed in the Vatican, and the grace and harmony which mark his later works are here shown.

The picture is interesting also as another illustration of the great revival of learning which took place in Raphael's day. The old literature of Greece and Rome had been rediscovered. For centuries it had lain like a buried city, forgotten under the ignorance and the fighting of the Middle Ages. Now it was brought to light, and the recovered treasure was the common possession of Italy, not indeed so much of the plain people as of the learned men and the artists.

Raphael, as an artist, took delight in the statues which had been found, and the other signs of Greek and Roman art; but it is not to be supposed that he would know Homer and Virgil and Horace and Pindar and Sappho at first hand. He had, however, friends among the learned men, who could tell him of the treasures of classic literature, and his imagination was quick to seize this material and adapt it to artistic purposes.

Note. — The key to Parnassus on page 61 is based on the description of the painting in Cav. E. G. Massi's "Descrizione delle Gallerie di Pittura nel Pontificio Palazzo Vaticano," the authoritative guide-book to the Vatican. Miss Eliza Allen Starr, in her monograph on the frescoes of the Camera della Segnatura, called "The Three Keys," identifies some of the figures differently, following the authority of Dandolo's lectures. The "unknown" figure she calls Sordello.

XII

SOCRATES AND ALCIBIADES

In the same room which holds Parnassus, with Poetry above on the ceiling, there is another wall painting by Raphael, which commonly bears the name of The School of Athens, though that name was not originally applied to it. In the ceiling above is a figure representing Philosophy, and the picture below carries out the idea in its presentation of an assembly of scholars.

Just as in Parnassus Raphael brought together as in a beautiful dream the god of poetry, the nine muses, and famous poets of the ancient and what was to him the modern world, so, in the School of Athens, he has assembled a great company of philosophers, chiefly out of the famous line of Greek scholars. In a general way he has divided the assembly into two groups, one of men who devote themselves to pure thought, the other of those who apply their thought to science, like geometry, arithmetic, astronomy, and music.

There are more than fifty figures in this great painting. Raphael has made it clear whom he meant to represent, in many cases. They were the philosophers, whom his friends among the cardinals and learned men were so enthusiastic about. But he has

also gathered about these teachers those who might be their pupils; they are in many cases young Italians of his own day; indeed, he has even pictured himself coming in with a fellow artist.

What interested him was to paint a great number of persons who should show by their faces and their attitudes that they were busy, in an animated way, over what was worth thinking about. He placed them in a noble hall, with a domed recess at the end, such as a great architect of his day might have built. He showed a noble colonnade of pillars, and he placed in niches statues of the old Greek gods like Apollo and Minerva, who would be supposed to take an interest in what was going on.

The picture is so large and has so many figures that it would not be easy to reproduce it here, and give a good idea of its various parts; so a portion only is shown, depicting what is commonly known as the group of Socrates and Alcibiades. Socrates can surely be distinguished, for he had a singular face and head. Some have thought the companion was not Alcibiades, but Xenophon.

It does not greatly matter. Each was his companion and pupil, when he was living. Xenophon wrote a narrative of his master's life and death. Alcibiades is often mentioned in the dialogues of Plato, who also has preserved for us the great sayings of Socrates. Two or three men stand about, listening to a discussion which Socrates is having with his companion.

The chief interest centres in Socrates, who seems



Giacomo Brogi, Photo.

SOCRATES AND ALCIBIADES
Vatican Palace, Rome

to be explaining his principles, telling them off, one by one, on his fingers. In the old accounts which we have of this philosopher, he is shown to have been a man who had thought deeply about the most important things, but used the plainest, most homely speech when he was trying to make his meaning clear. His plain face and eccentric figure were a familiar sight in the market places, where he used to linger, drawing young men into conversation, by which he tried to show them the better things of life.

Alcibiades was, as Socrates acknowledged, "the fairest and tallest of the citizens;" he was also "among the noblest of them," and the nephew of the powerful Athenian, Pericles. Moreover, he was rich, though this was a smaller matter. All these things, however, had lifted Alcibiades up; and with the vanity of youth, he was ambitious for a great oratorical career, without having in reality any sufficient preparation. It is at this juncture that he falls in with Socrates, who begins to question him kindly about his plans. The young man confesses his ambitions, and the philosopher innocently asks him where and how he has made his preparatory studies. Alcibiades seems to think that the ordinary subjects of oratory, such as questions of war and peace, justice and injustice, need no special knowledge but that learned of the people.

"I cannot say that I have a high opinion of your teachers," says the shrewd old philosopher; "you know that knowledge is the first qualification of any teacher?"

Alcibiades. Certainly.

Socrates. And if they know, they must agree together and not differ?

Alcibiades. Yes.

Socrates. And would you say that they knew the things about which they differ?

Alcibiades. No.

Socrates. Then how can they teach them?

Alcibiades. They cannot.[1]

So little by little, as one question follows another, Alcibiades comes to see that the popular knowledge upon which he depends is a very weak and variable thing. He confesses at last his own folly, and declares his resolution to devote himself to thoughtful study.

[1] From Plato's dialogue, *Alcibiades*, Jowett's translation.

XIII

THE FLIGHT OF ÆNEAS

In the series of rooms in the Vatican palace, of which one contains Parnassus, and another the Expulsion of Heliodorus and the Liberation of Peter, there is a room, the first of the series, which is called the Room of the Great Fire, because it contains a large picture of the Conflagration in the Borgo.

The Borgo is that quarter of Rome where the Vatican stands, and in the ninth century there was, one day, a great fire there. It was said that the fire was put out by the Pope of that time, Leo IV., who stood in a portico connected with the church of St. Peter, and made the sign of the cross.

Raphael was bidden make a painting upon one wall of the room, which should represent the scene, and in his characteristic fashion he made it to be not merely a copy of what he might suppose the scene to have been ; he introduced a poetic element, which at once made the piece a work of great imagination.

A poet, who was describing such an event, might use an illustration from some other great historic fire. He might have said in effect : " In this burning of the Borgo, men could have been seen carrying the aged away on their shoulders, as when in

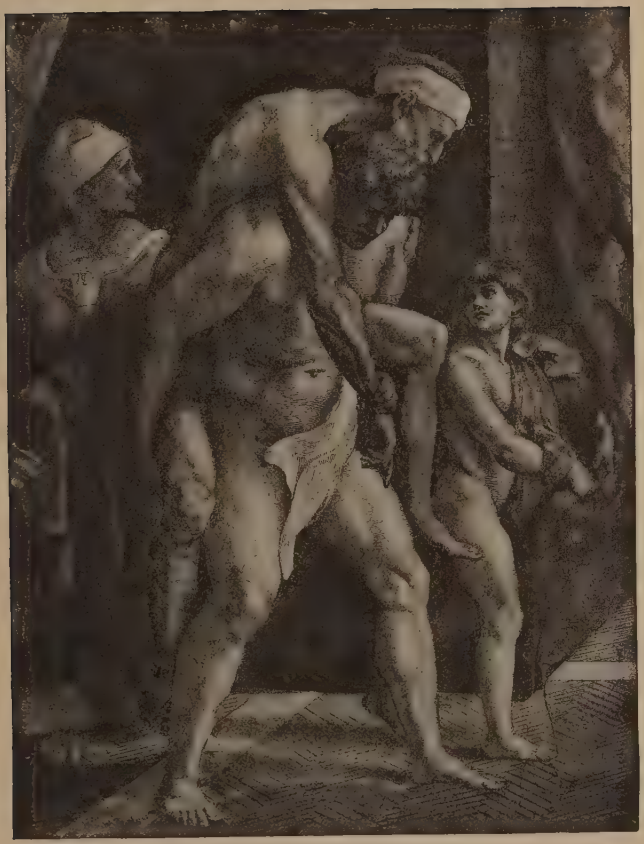
ancient times Troy was burned, and Æneas bore his father Anchises away from the falling timbers."

This is exactly what Raphael did in painting. In the background of the picture is seen Pope Leo IV. with his clergy, in the portico of the old church of St. Peter's. The Pope's hand is raised, making the sign of the cross; on the steps of the church are the people who have fled to it for refuge. On each side of the foreground are burning houses. Men are busy putting out the fire, and women are bringing them water. Other men and women and children are escaping from the flames, and some are heroically saving the weak and helpless.

It is amongst these last that Raphael has placed the group called the Flight of Æneas. The Trojan bears on his shoulders his father, the old, blind Anchises. Behind is Creusa, the wife of Æneas, looking back with terror upon the burning city, and by the side of Æneas is his young son Iulus, looking up into his face with a trusting gaze.

Some one of Raphael's friends had no doubt told him the story, or read it to him out of Virgil's Æneid, which was one of the favorite books in that day, when men were delighting in the recovery of the great poetry of Greece and Rome. Here is a part of the story as told by Virgil in the translation by C. P. Cranch: —

> "But when I reached my old paternal home,
> My father, whom I wished to bear away
> To the high mountains, and who first of all
> I sought, refused to lengthen out his life,
> And suffer exile, now that Troy was lost.



Alinari, Photo.

THE FLIGHT OF ÆNEAS

Vatican Palace, Rome

'O ye,' he said, 'whose blood is full of life,
Whose solid strength in youthful vigor stands, —
Plan ye your flight! But if the heavenly powers
Had destined me to live, they would have kept
For me these seats. Enough, more than enough,
That one destruction I have seen, and I
Survive the captured city. Go ye then,
Bidding this frame farewell — thus, lying thus
Extended on the earth! I shall find death
From some hand.'
. . . . . .
'O father, dost thou think
That I can go and leave thee here alone?
Comes such bad counsel from my father's lips?
If 't is the pleasure of the gods that naught
From the whole city should be left, and this
Is thy determined thought and wish, to add
To perishing Troy thyself and all thy kin, —
The gate lies open for that death desired.'"

So saying, Æneas calls for his arms, resolved to remain with Father Anchises fighting the Greeks to the death. Thereupon Creusa his wife begins to weep, begging him not to leave her and her little boy Iulus to perish in the flames. In the midst of her lamentations a sacred omen is given, in the appearance of lambent flames playing about the head of Iulus. Anchises is convinced of the will of the gods.

"'Now, now,' he cries, 'for us no more delay!
I follow; and wherever ye may lead,
Gods of my country, I will go! Guard ye
My family, my little grandson guard.
This augury is yours; and yours the power
That watches Troy. And now, my son, I yield,
Nor will refuse to go along with thee.'
And now through all the city we can hear
The roaring flames, which nearer roll their heat.
'Come then, dear father! On my shoulders I

Will bear thee, nor will think the task severe.
Whatever lot awaits us, there shall be
One danger and one safety for us both.
Little Iulus my companion be;
And at a distance let my wife observe
Our footsteps.'
. . . . . .
This said, a tawny lion's skin
On my broad shoulders and my stooping neck
I throw, and take my burden. At my side
Little Iulus links his hand in mine,
Following his father with unequal steps.
Behind us steps my wife. Through paths obscure
We wend; and I, who but a moment since
Dreaded no flying weapons of the Greeks,
Nor dense battalions of the adverse hosts,
Now start in terror at each rustling breeze,
And every common sound, held in suspense
With equal fears for those attending me,
And for the burden that I bore along."

XIV

ST. MICHAEL SLAYING THE DRAGON

THERE are many legends about St. Michael, who is also represented as the Archangel, or head of the whole company of angels, and most of these legends spring from a few passages in the Bible, chiefly two. One of these is in the Epistle of Jude, the ninth verse, where the archangel Michael is alluded to as "contending with the Devil." The other is in the Book of Revelation, beginning at the seventh verse of the ninth chapter: —

"And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent called the Devil, and Satan which deceiveth the whole world; he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him."

The Book of Revelation is full of strange imagery; and ever since it was written, men learned and unlearned have tried to turn its impassioned verses into real historical scenes, past or to come. Above all, this figure of a dragon, a monster part man, part brute, puzzled people, and they have all sorts of explanations to make of it.

In our fairy tales we often hear of hobgoblins and dragons and like fearful beings, and we think of them as make-believe creatures, and sometimes are afraid of them, even though if we are questioned we say we know they do not really exist. But in Raphael's day, dragons were by no means unreal things to people. Some thought they had seen them, and there were a great many persons who if they had not seen them themselves were sure others had seen them.

In Raphael's day there were large tracts of the world, dark woods, inaccessible mountains, which had hardly been explored at all, and people fancied them haunted by strange men and stranger animals. As more and more light is let into the world, these dark places disappear, and we have come to know just what kinds of animals and men there are everywhere. Yet still, we are not quite sure there may not be singular beasts lurking out of sight, like the sea serpent for example.

Now, the dragon in early days stood for what was ugly and terrible and a hater of good. The Greeks believed there were dragons, and they had many tales of how Hercules or this or that hero slew a dragon. To the Christian of the Middle Ages the dragon stood at one end of the scale, an archangel at the other; for as the dragon was all darkness and hideousness, the archangel was all light and beauty and gloriousness. It thrilled every one to think of the angel of light fighting with and overcoming the beast of darkness; for every one knew that sort



From carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co.

ST. MICHAEL SLAYING THE DRAGON

The Louvre, Paris

of struggle was going on in the world, even in himself.

Raphael's picture gives a fine contrast between the beautiful, strong, young archangel and his ugly foe. St. Michael hovers in mid air as light and graceful as a bird, while Satan squirms beneath his feet, a loathsome creature scorched by the flames and sulphurous fumes, which pour from the clefts of the rock.

In the artist's imagination both are spirits, and so both are winged; for wings, which carry one through the air, naturally are symbols of spiritual existence. But the wings of the archangel are the wings of some great, glorious bird like the eagle, which soars upward toward the sun; the wings of the dragon are more like the wings of a bat, which flies only in darkness and clings to the roofs of caves.

After all, the first and last impression which we get from the picture is the lightning-like movement of the archangel. He darts at the dragon as if he had come from heaven with the swiftness of light, his robe flying like the wind away from him, his wings not spread in flight, but lifted in his poise, and his face bearing the serenity of an assured victory as he lifts his spear for its final thrust.

The great English poet Milton has made use of this same subject in "Paradise Lost." Here is a portion of the story in the sixth book, lines 316–330: —

"Together both, with next to almighty arm
Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aimed
That might determine, and not need repeat

As not of power, at once; nor odds appeared
In might or swift prevention.
But the sword of Michael from the armory of God
Was given him, tempered so that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stayed
But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering, shared
All his right side.
Then Satan first knew pain,
And writhed him to and fro convolved; so sore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Passed through him."

XV

THE SISTINE MADONNA

As we turn to the picture, famous the world over as the Sistine Madonna, we seem to be looking through a window opening into heaven. Faint in the background, yet filling the whole space, is a cloud of innumerable cherubs; out of this cloud, and enveloped by it, appear the Mother and Child.

They are taking their way seemingly from heaven to earth. A curtain has been drawn aside that we may see them, and two figures are on either side, as if to await their passing, one gazing into their faces while he points outward, the other also kneeling in devotion yet looking intently down. The mother's robes are blown back by the wind as she moves steadily forward.

Underneath is a parapet, as if this were indeed a window, and two beautiful boy-angels lean upon it, adoration on their faces and rest in their position, as if they were everlastingly praising, and were the very embodiments of cheerful innocence.

It is worth while to look at this picture for a moment, without thinking of its meaning, and indeed without paying much attention to the beauty of the figures, just to see how this great painter has managed the lines and masses of the work. In art, lines

and masses and color are not unlike what words and sentences and what we call style are in literature. Even if a writer has good and beautiful ideas, much of the pleasure we might derive is lost when the words are ill chosen, the sentences are bungling, perhaps even ungrammatical, and the whole expression is commonplace or confusing.

We cannot get any notion of Raphael's color from our little print, but it is not difficult to trace the lines and to see something of the effect of the masses, and of light and shade. The shape of the whole is a combination of pyramids. When you see the great base of a pyramid and observe how the sides taper upward, you are aware that nothing could stand more securely and at the same time suggest lightness, by the rising and receding of the sides.

Now here you see that lines drawn from the shoulders of the two attendant figures would meet at the Virgin's head, as at the apex of a pyramid. The curtains even help this effect, by being drawn aside in such a way as to make these lines more evident.

In the lower half of the picture the lines in the draperies of the kneeling saints taper to an imaginary point between the heads of the cherubs, forming a second inverted pyramid or triangle. Thus the composition is inclosed in a harmonious figure whose outlines suggest what we call a diamond.

Perhaps one reason why a triangular arrangement satisfies the eye, lies in the simple fact that the most important and yet familiar object in nature is thus



Franz Hanfstaengl, Photo.

SISTINE MADONNA

Dresden Gallery

arranged. Thus in this picture, the three principal persons form the upper triangle, and the body of each person repeats the figure, — that is, the head rises from the shoulders in such a way that the lines inclosing them produce a triangle. Further, in each face, the line formed by the eyes is connected by two imaginary lines meeting at the mouth.

In the picture the central figure illustrates this very noticeably. The arm of the Virgin forms by its position, along with the body of the child, a base, from which two other lines rise, tapering to the top of the head ; the child's head lies right in the course of one of these lines. Thus mother and child together form a single figure, the two united in one.

But when we have studied this simple principle of composition, we go back with delight to the picture itself for what it tells us : the deep mystery of the mother's face, as if she were lifted above the ordinary plane of human life ; the blended loveliness of childhood with the consciousness of a holy calling ; the lowly devotion yet dignity of St. Barbara ; the grandeur and forgetfulness of self of the Pope, whose triple crown rests on the parapet ; the perpetual childhood of the angelic figures.

The picture takes its name from the Pope, who had been canonized as St. Sixtus. It was painted for the convent of St. Sixtus at Piacenza, but early in the eighteenth century it was bought by the Elector of Saxony, and now hangs in the gallery at Dresden. It is a pleasant thing to know that when Frederick the Great bombarded Dresden, he ordered

his cannon to keep clear of the Picture Gallery. Napoleon, too, though he took many pictures to Paris, did not take any from the Dresden gallery.

When we compare the Sistine Madonna with the Madonna of the Chair, we see what a wide variety of pictures there may be on the single subject of the Mother and Child. The Madonna of the Chair is, as we have said, a home scene, like a picture from real life. The Sistine Madonna is a vision; the figures are lifted above the actual surroundings of earth into a purely ideal and heavenly atmosphere. In the Madonna of the Chair, the Mother and Child are all in all to each other, and what attracts us most in the picture is the mother's love. In the other picture both mother and boy seem to forget themselves in the thought of some glorious service to others.

XVI

PORTRAIT OF RAPHAEL

We have been looking at fifteen pictures designed by Raphael. They are but a few of the great number painted either wholly or in part by the master, or painted by his pupils from designs and sketches made by him. He was thirty-seven years old when he died, and it was said that he died on his birthday. His life was brimful of activity as a painter.

The portrait which stands at the beginning of this little book was painted by himself at the age of twenty-three, for his mother's brother, whom he was wont to call his "second father." An English poet, Samuel Rogers, in his poem "Italy," has these lines which describe it prettily: —

> "His heavenly face a mirror of his mind,
> His mind a temple for all lovely things
> To flock to and inhabit."

One of his contemporaries, Vasari, wrote a book of "Lives of the Painters," and thus he speaks of Raphael: "All confessed the influence of his sweet and gracious nature, which was so replete with excellence, and so perfect in all the charities, that not only was he honored by men, but even by the very animals, who would constantly follow his steps, and always loved him."

If we think of what was happening to Raphael in the year 1506, when he painted this portrait, perhaps we shall read more truthfully the expression in his face. Seven years before he had entered the studio of Perugino, and had begun to learn from that master and to show something of his own power. Two years before he had made his first visit to Florence, and there he saw some of the great pictures by Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo, and had a new conception of what art could do.

He had already shown the effect upon him in some of his greatest Madonnas, and he stood now on the threshold of a great career. New ambitions awoke within him; new ideals flashed upon his inner vision. Modest and gentle though he was, he felt a growing consciousness of his own power.

So he holds his head high; not haughtily, but with a dignified self-confidence. His eyes seem to see the visions of which he dreams; his mouth is half parted as if in expectancy. Happy and lovable, there is a sweet thoughtfulness in his air which gives promise of his wonderful performance.

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF PROPER NAMES AND FOREIGN WORDS.

The Diacritical Marks given are those found in the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary.

EXPLANATION OF DIACRITICAL MARKS.

A Dash (¯) above the vowel denotes the long sound, as in fāte, ēve, tīme, nōte, ūse.
A Curve (˘) above the vowel denotes the short sound, as in ădd, ĕnd, Ill, ŏdd, ŭp.
A Dot (˙) above the vowel a denotes the obscure sound of a in pȧst, ȧbāte, Amĕricȧ
A Double Dot (¨) above the vowel a denotes the broad sound of a in fäther, älms.
A Double Dot (¨) below the vowel a denotes the sound of a in b̤all.
A Wave (˜) above the vowel e denotes the sound of e in hẽr.
A Circumflex Accent (ˆ) above the vowel o denotes the sound of o in bôrn.
ê̑ sounds like **e** in dêpĕnd.
ô̑ sounds like **o** in prôpōse.
ç sounds like **s**.
€ soun is like **k**.
g̱ sounds like **z**.
g̃ is hard as in g̃et.
ǧ is soft as in ǧem.

Aeneas (ē nēē′ȧs).
Alçĭbī′ȧdēz.
Anchises (ăn kī′sēēz).
Apocrypha (ȧ pŏk′rĭ fȧ).
Ȧpŏl′lō.
Ärräs′.
Augustine (ą′gŭs tēēn).

Bär′nȧbȧs.
Bôr′g̃ō.

€ăllĭ′ôpê.
€ŏs′tĭs.
€rēū′sȧ.

Dăn′tē.

Êlĭ′ȧs.
Êli′jah.

G̃ăl′ĭlēē.
Ǧĕn·ĕs′ȧrĕt.
Ǧĕn′·ĭles.

Hēlĭōdō′rŭs.
Hẽr′eūlēg̱.
Hẽr′ŏd.
Hĭppō·erē′nē.

Ĭū′lŭs.

Josephus (jō sēē′fŭs).

Leonardo da Vinci (lā ō när′dō dȧ vĭn′chēē).
Loggia (lŏd′jȧ).
Louvre (lōō′vr).
Lycaonia (lĭk ȧ ō′nĭ ȧ).
Lŷs′trȧ.

Maccabees (măk′ȧ bēēz).
Mădäme′.
Măg′dâlĕn.
Măm′rē.
Măx′ĭmĭn.
Melchisedec (mĕl kĭz′ē dĕk).

Mĕrcū′rĭŭs.
Mĭnĕr′vȧ.

Ōnī′ȧs.

Părnăs′sŭs.
Pĕr′ĭeleş.
Perugino (pā rōō jēē′nō).
Piacenza (pē ä chĕn′dzä).
Pĭn′dăr.
Plā′tō.
Plautus (plą′tŭs).
Pōlўm′nĭȧ.

Raphael (rä′fā ĕl).

Săbĭnĕl′lȧ.
Sappho (săf fō).
Shē′bȧ.
Signora (sēēn yō′rȧ).
Sinai (sīn′ī).
Sistine (sĭs′tēēn).
Sŏc′rătēş.
Sŏd′ŏm.
Stanza d'Eliodoro (stän′dzä dā lē ō dō′rō).

Ur′bȧn.
Urbino (ōōr bēē′nō).

Vasari (vä sä′rēē).
Văt′ĭcăn.

Xenophon (zĕn′ō fŏn).

Zĕb′ĕdēē.

CORREGGIO

1494–1534



From a photograph of the original painting. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

A SUPPOSED PORTRAIT OF CORREGGIO

Parma Gallery

I

THE HOLY NIGHT (LA NOTTE)

(Detail)

In the northern part of Italy is the little town of Correggio, which gave its name to the painter whose works we are to study. His real name was Antonio Allegri, but in the sixteenth century a man would often be called by a nickname referring to some peculiarity, or to his birthplace. When Allegri went to Parma he was known as Antonio da Correggio, that is, Antonio from Correggio, and the name was then shortened to Correggio.

A large part of Correggio's work was mural decoration, painted on the surface of the plastered wall. Besides such frescoes he painted many separate pictures, mostly of sacred subjects to be hung over the altars of churches. The choice of subjects was much more limited in his day than now, and, with the exception of a few mythological paintings, all Correggio's themes were religious. The subject most often called for was that of the Madonna and Child. Madonna is the word, meaning literally My Lady, used by the Italians when speaking of Mary, the mother of Jesus. The Madonna and Child is then a picture of the mother Mary holding the Christ-child.

Our illustration is from such a picture called "La Notte," the Italian for The Night. The night meant by the title is that on which Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa. It was at a time known in history as the Augustan Age, when Rome was the great world-power. Judæa was only an obscure province of the vast Roman Empire, but here was the origin of the influence which was to shape later history. The coming of Jesus brought a new force into the world.

The story of his infancy has been made familiar by the four Evangelists. He was born in surroundings which, in Roman eyes, were fit only for slaves. Mary and Joseph had come up from their own home to Bethlehem to pay the taxes exacted at Rome. The town was full of people on the same errand, and "there was no room for them in the inn." So it came about that the new-born babe was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger used for feeding cattle.

While he lay in this strange cradle his birth was made known by a vision of angels to some shepherds on the neighboring hillsides. At once they betook themselves joyfully to Bethlehem, the first to do honor to the new-born king. These homely visitors are gathered about the manger in Correggio's picture. The dark night is without, but a dazzling white light shines from the Holy Child.

Our illustration shows only the centre of the picture, where the mother leans over her babe. The little form lies on a bundle of hay, completely encircled by her arms. The bend of her elbow makes



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE HOLY NIGHT (DETAIL)

Dresden Gallery

a soft pillow for his head; her hands hold him fast in the snug nest. With brooding tenderness she regards the sleeping child.

A white cloth is wrapped loosely about the baby's body — the swaddling band, which, when tightly drawn, is to hold the figure straight. The fingers of one hand peep out from the folds, and one little foot is free. For the rest we see only the downy top of the baby's head and one plump shoulder. The little figure glows like an incandescent body, and the mother's face is lighted as if she were bending over a fire. It is a girlish face, for we are told that Mary was a very young mother. The cares of life have not yet touched the smooth brow. In her happiness she smiles fondly upon her new treasure.

We have no authentic description of Mary, the mother of Jesus, but it is pleasant to try to picture her in imagination. As her character was a model of womanliness, it is natural to believe her face correspondingly beautiful. The old masters spent their lives in seeking an ideal worthy of the subject, and each one conceived her according to his own standards of beauty. Correggio's chief care was for the hair and hands, which he painted, as we see here, with exquisite skill. He was usually less interested in the other features, and the Madonna of our picture is exceptionally lovely among his works of this kind.

The picture of La Notte illustrates very strikingly an artistic quality for which Correggio is famous. This is *chiaroscuro*, or the art of light and shadow, — the art by which the objects and figures of a

picture are made to seem enveloped in light and air, as in the actual world. The contrast between the bright light in the centre and the surrounding darkness gives vivid reality to the figures. There is also a symbolic meaning in the lighting of the picture. Christ is "the light of the world;" hence his form is the source of illumination.

Our picture was originally called by the simple title of The Nativity. Then the Italians, struck by the power with which the effect of midnight was produced, called it "La Notte," The Night. When it came to a German gallery the Germans called it "Die Heilige Nacht," The Holy Night. An old German Christmas carol interprets it so perfectly that it seems as if the author must have known the picture. These are the verses: —

"Silent night! Holy Night!
All is calm, all is bright
Round you, virgin mother and child;
Holy infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

"Silent Night! Holy Night!
Shepherds quake at the sight.
Glories stream from Heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing allĕluia.
Christ the Saviour is born!
Christ the Saviour is born!

"Silent Night! Holy Night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.

II

ST. CATHERINE READING

THE story of St. Catherine is very quaintly told in the old legend.[1] She was the daughter of "a noble and prudent king," named Costus, "who reigned in Cyprus at the beginning of the third century," and "had to his wife a queen like to himself in virtuous governance." Though good people according to their light, they were pagans and worshippers of idols.

Even in her babyhood the child Catherine was "so fair of visage" that all the people rejoiced at her beauty. At seven years of age she was sent to school, where "she drank plenteously of the well of wisdom." Her father was so delighted with her precocity that he had built a tower containing divers chambers where she might pursue her studies. Seven masters were engaged to teach her, the best and "wisest in conning" that could be found. So rapid was their pupil's progress that she soon outstripped them in knowledge, and from being her masters they became her disciples.

When the princess was fourteen, her father died,

[1] The life of St. Catherine is related in the *Golden Legend*. See Caxton's translation in the *Temple Classics*, volume vii., page 1. Mrs. Jameson also gives an outline of the story in *Sacred and Legendary Art*, p. 459.

leaving her heir to his kingdom. A parliament was convened, and the young queen was crowned with great solemnity. Then arose a committee of lords and commons, petitioning her to allow them to seek some noble knight or prince to marry her and defend the kingdom. Now Catherine had secretly resolved not to marry, but she answered with a wisdom not learned altogether from books. She agreed to marry if they would bring her a bridegroom possessing certain qualifications which she knew were impossible to fulfil. This silenced the counsellors, and she continued to reign alone.

In the course of time Queen Catherine became a Christian and devoted herself to works of religion and charity. Under her teaching many of her people were converted to the faith. It was a happy kingdom until the Emperor Maxentius chanced to visit the royal city. He was a tyrant who persecuted Christians. Upon his arrival he ordered public sacrifices to idols, and all who would not join in the heathen ceremony were slain. Then Catherine went boldly to meet the emperor and set forth to him the errors of paganism. Though confounded by her eloquence he was not to be convinced by the words of a mere woman. Accordingly he summoned from divers provinces fifty masters "which surmounted all mortal men in worldly wisdom." They were to hold a discussion with the queen and put her to confusion. For all their arguments, however, Catherine had an answer. So complete was her victory that the entire company declared themselves Christians. The angry emperor



Francis Ellis and W. Hayward, London, photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

ST. CATHERINE READING

Hampton Court Gallery, London

caused them all to be burned and cast Catherine into prison.

Even here she continued her good works, converting the empress and a prince who came to visit her. A new torment was then devised for her. Iron wheels were made, bound with sharp razors, and she was placed between these while they were turned in opposite directions. "And anon as this blessed virgin was set in this torment, the angel of the Lord brake the wheels by so great force that it slew four thousand paynims." Maxentius then commanded that she should be beheaded, and St. Catherine went cheerfully to her death.

Other virgin martyrs may have been as good and as beautiful as St. Catherine, but none were so wise. We know her in our picture by the book she holds. Eager to acquire all the treasures of knowledge, she fixes her eyes on the page, absorbed in her occupation. Already she has read more than half the thick volume, smiling with quiet enjoyment as she reads. There is little in the face to suggest the scholar or the bookworm. Were this a modern picture, we should fancy it a young lady reading her favorite poet. As it is, however, we must believe that the book is some work by Plato or another of the ancient writers whom St. Catherine could quote so readily. We need not wonder that she does not knit her brow over any difficult passages. What might be hard for another to grasp is perfectly clear to her understanding.

The beautiful hair coiled over her head is the only

coronet the princess wears. There is no sign of her royalty, and we may infer that the picture represents her in those early days of girlhood before the cares of government were laid on the young shoulders. As we study the position of the figure we see that the left arm rests on the rim of a wheel, making a support for the hand holding the book. The wheel is the emblem most frequently associated with St. Catherine, as the reminder of the tortures inflicted by Maxentius. The palm branch caught in the fingers of the left hand is the symbol used alike for all the martyrs. The reference is to that passage in the book of Revelation which describes the saints standing before the throne "with palms in their hands." [1]

It is pleasant to believe that Correggio took unusual pains with this picture of St. Catherine. The story of the lovely young princess seems to have appealed to his imagination, and he has conceived an ideal figure for her character. The exquisite oval of the face, the delicate features, and the beautiful hair make this one of the most attractive faces in his works.

The light falls over the right shoulder, casting one side of the face in shadow. The modulations of light on the chin and neck, and the gradation in the shadow cast by the book on the hand, show Correggio's mastery of chiaroscuro.

[1] Revelation vii. 9.

III

THE MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE

At the time of her coronation, St. Catherine knew nothing of the Christian faith, but she had set for herself an ideal of life she was determined to carry out. It was her firm resolve not to marry. Her counsellors argued that, as she was endowed with certain qualities above all creatures, she ought to marry and transmit these gifts to posterity. The attributes they enumerated were, first, that she came of the most noble blood in the world; second, that she was the richest living heiress; third, that she was the wisest, and, fourth, the most beautiful of all human beings.

The young queen replied that she would marry only one who possessed corresponding qualities. "He must be," she said, "so noble that all men shall do him worship," so rich that "he pass all others in riches," so full of beauty "that angels have joy to behold him;" and finally, he must be absolutely pure in character, "so meek that he can gladly forgive all offences." "If ye can find such an one," she declared, "I will be his wife with all mine heart, if he will vouchsafe to have me."

Of course all agreed that there never was and never would be a man such as she described, and

the matter was at an end. To Catherine, however, there came a strange conviction that her ideal was not an impossible one. All her mind and heart were filled with the image of the perfect husband she had conceived. She continually mused how she might find him.

While she thought on these things, an old hermit came to her one day saying that he had had a vision, and had been sent with the message that her chosen bridegroom awaited her. Catherine at once arose and followed the hermit into the desert. Here it was revealed to her that the perfect man she had dreamed of was Jesus, the Christ, and to this heavenly bridegroom she was united in mystic marriage. Returning to her palace she wore a marriage ring, as the perpetual token of this spiritual union.

The story explains the subject of our picture. The Christ-child, seated on his mother's knee, is about to place a ring on St. Catherine's finger, while St. Sebastian looks on as a wedding guest. The infant bridegroom performs his part with delight. He holds the precious circlet between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand, and with his left singles out St. Catherine's ring finger. The bride's hand rests on the mother's open palm, held beneath as a support.

All are watching the child's motions intently; the mother with quiet pleasure, St. Sebastian with boyish curiosity, and St. Catherine herself with sweet seriousness. Any comparison of the scene with a human marriage is set aside by the fact that the



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc

THE MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE

The Louvre, Paris

bridegroom is an infant. The ceremony is of purely spiritual significance, a true sacrament. St. Catherine's expression and manner are full of humility, as in a religious service.

The Christ-child is a robust little fellow whose chief beauty is his curls. He has the large head which usually shows an active temperament, and we fancy that he is somewhat masterful in his ways. We shall see the same boy again in the picture called The Madonna of St. Jerome.

The mother, too, has a face which soon becomes familiar to the student of Correggio's works. The eyes are full, the nose is rather prominent, the mouth large and smiling, and the chin small. Even St. Catherine is of the same type, except that her face is cast in a smaller and more delicate mould. Her hair is arranged precisely like that of the Madonna, the braids bound about the head, preserving the pretty round contour. Both women wear dresses cut with round low necks, showing their full throats. St. Catherine's left hand rests upon a wheel with spiked rim, which, as we have seen, is her usual emblem. Another emblem is the sword, whose hilt projects from behind the wheel. This was the instrument of her execution.

Special prominence is given in the picture to three sets of hands. The skill with which they are painted is noted by critics as one of the many artistic merits of the work. One of Browning's poems[1] describes an artist's meditations while trying to draw a hand.

[1] *Beside the Drawing Board.*

His failure teaches him to realize that he must study the

> "Flesh and bone and nerve that make
> The poorest coarsest human hand
> An object worthy to be scanned
> A whole life long for their sole sake."

Such must have been Correggio's study to enable him to produce the beautiful hands we see here.

St. Sebastian is a figure not to be overlooked. We may find his like among the genii of the Parma Cathedral, which we are to study. He is a joyous being to whom it is good merely to be alive. The elfin locks falling about his face make him look like some creature of the woods. We are reminded most of the faun of the Greek mythology. The arrows in his hand suggest some sylvan sport, but in reality they are the emblem of his martyrdom. According to tradition the young saint was bound by his enemies to a tree, and shot with arrows.

Behind the group stretches a bit of open country, and if we look closely we can discern here two groups of small figures. One represents the martyrdom of St. Sebastian, and the other, the execution of St. Catherine. We may suppose that such gruesome subjects were not the choice of the painter. It is probable that they were dictated by his patrons, and in obeying orders he made the figures as inconspicuous as possible.

IV

CEILING DECORATION IN THE SALA DEL PERGOLATO (HALL OF THE VINE TRELLIS)

(S. Paolo, Parma)

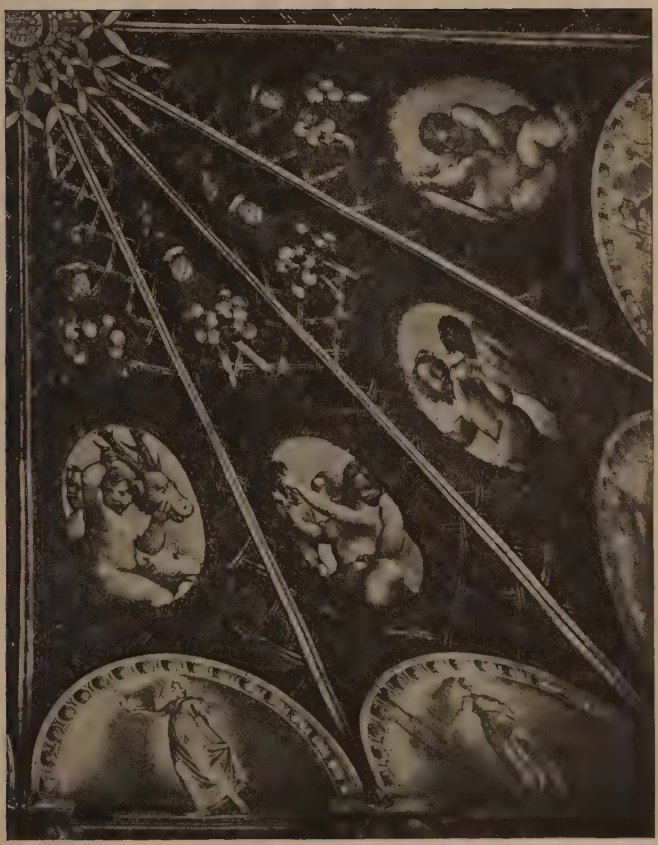
In the time of Correggio the convent of S. Paolo (St. Paul) in Parma was in charge of the abbess Giovanna da Piacenza, who had succeeded an aunt in this office in 1507. She was a woman of liberal opinions, who did not let the duties of her position entirely absorb her. She still retained some social connections and was a patroness of art and culture. The daughter of a nobleman, she was a person of consequence, whose private apartments were such as a princess might have. Already a well known painter of the day had decorated one of her rooms when she heard of the rising artist Correggio. Probably advised by her relative the Cavaliere Scipione Montino, she commissioned the young painter to fresco a second room.

The decorative scheme he designed is very beautiful and elaborate. The square ceiling is completely covered with a simulated trellis, embowered in foliage and flowers, and pierced by oval windows through which children are seen at play. A circle in the centre contains the family arms of the abbess, a shield on which three crescent moons are set diag-

onally. From this centre, as from the hub of a wheel, a series of gilded ribs radiate towards the sides, cutting the whole space into triangular sections whose surfaces are slightly hollowed. The oval windows of the trellis open in these sections, one in each triangle, and sixteen in all. Above every window hangs a bunch of fruit, seemingly suspended from the centre by ribbons fancifully braided about the ribs. The outer edge of the design, where the ceiling joins the walls, is finished by a series of sixteen lunettes or semicircles running around the square, one in each section. The frieze around the side walls simulates a narrow scarf caught up in festoons between ornamented capitals formed of rams' heads. The remaining decoration of the room is on the cap of the chimney, and represents the goddess Diana setting forth for the chase.

This picture furnishes the subject of the children's games in the lattice bower. The little sprites are attendants of the goddess, playing in a mimic hunt. Two or three may be seen through every window, busy and happy in their innocent sport. One is the delighted possessor of a quiver of arrows, from which he draws a shaft. Others play with the hounds, pulling them hither and thither at their will. A group of five find the hunting-horn an amusing plaything, and good-humoredly strive together over the treasure.

Our illustration shows a quarter section of the ceiling, from which we can in imagination recon-



Alinari, photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

CEILING DECORATION IN THE SALA DEL PERGOLATO

Convent of S. Paolo, Parma

struct the whole diagram.[1] Let us see what the children are doing in this corner of the lattice. At the window directly in front of us a little fellow proudly exhibits a stag's head as a trophy of the chase. Just behind his shoulder a merry companion peeps out, and lower down, on the other side, appears the head of an animal like a doe. In the next window is a boy with a wreath of flowers with which he and a companion apparently mean to crown the head of the stag. The third boy of the group has for the moment lost interest in the play, his attention being attracted by something going on outside. Now comes a boy passing by the next window, who hastens to join the party we have just seen. His playfellow wants to go the other way, and tries to detain him. "Come," he says, seizing him by the arm, "there 's no fun over there. See what I have found."

We are somewhat at a loss to know just what mischief the baby in the next window has been plotting. He grasps with both hands a tall staff, which may be a hunting-spear, or perhaps a pole with which he hopes to reach the fruit. In some way he has managed to get both feet through the window, and is now in a precarious position, half in and half out. His companion tries to draw him in; but whether he is alarmed at the danger, or is himself eager to get the pole, we cannot tell.

The lunettes of the ceiling are painted in gray,

[1] A quarter section, mathematically exact, is of course, square in shape. In our illustration the lower part of two lunettes is cut off.

framed in borders of sea-shells. They are made to simulate niches containing sculptured figures with some allegorical or mythological meaning. In our illustration we see first the figure of Chastity, holding in her right hand the dove, which is the emblem of innocence. The dress is the long, plain tunic seen in Greek sculpture, and the thin stuff of which it is made flows in graceful lines about the form. We are reminded of Milton's lines in "Comus:" —

> "So dear to Heav'n is saintly Chastity,
> That when a soul is found sincerely so,
> A thousand liveried angels lacky her,
> Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
> And in clear dream and solemn vision,
> Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear."

The next figure is similar in character and meaning. It is Virginity, holding in her right hand the lily, which is the symbol of purity. The other two figures, of which we see only the upper portion, are Fortune, with a cornucopia, and the helmeted Athena, with spear and torch.

At the death of the abbess Giovanna in 1574, the convent of S. Paolo entered upon a period of severe ecclesiastical discipline. For more than two centuries it was impossible for outsiders to gain admittance, and the "Sala del Pergolato" was a sealed treasure. Finally, in 1794, the Academy of Parma gained permission to examine Correggio's paintings. After the suppression of the convent the room was thrown open to the public, and the building is now used for a school.

V

DIANA

In classic mythology, Diana, the Greek Artemis, was the goddess of the moon, twin sister of the sun-god Apollo. As the rays of moonlight seem to pierce the air like arrows, Diana, like Apollo, was said to carry a quiver of darts; the slender arc of the crescent moon was her bow. Thence it was natural to consider her fond of hunting, and she became the special patroness of the chase and other sylvan sports. Her favorite haunts were groves and lakes, and she blessed the increase of field and meadow. She was mistress of the brute creation, and showed special favor to the bear, the boar, the dog, the goat, and the hind. The poet Wordsworth has described how the ancient huntsman regarded the goddess: —

"The nightly hunter lifting up his eyes
Towards the crescent moon, with grateful heart
Called on the lovely wanderer who bestowed
That timely light to share his joyous sport;
And hence a beaming goddess with her nymphs
Across the lawn and through the darksome grove
(Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes
By echo multiplied from rock or cave)
Swept in the storm of chase, as moon and stars
Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven
When winds are blowing." [1]

[1] In *The Excursion.*

There were other pleasant beliefs about Diana such as might be connected with the thought of the moon. As the moonlight cheers the traveller on his way and enters the chamber of the sick and lonely, so Diana was said to watch with the sick and help the unfortunate. The pale, white light of the moon is a natural symbol of purity, hence Diana was a maiden goddess above all allurements of love. Her worship was conducted with splendid rites in various ancient cities. The temple built in her honor at Ephesus was famous as one of the seven wonders of the world.

The ancients naturally liked to fancy the goddess very beautiful. The Greek poet Anacreon called her "the goddess of the sun bright hair." The English Keats, who delighted in the old Greek myths, has also described the charms of "the haunter chaste of river sides, and woods and heathy waste." [1] She had "pearl round ears, white neck, orbed brow, blush tinted cheeks," and "a paradise of lips and eyes."

In our picture the moon goddess is mounting her car for the nightly course across the sky.[2] Though she seems to be but just springing to her place, with bending knee, she is already speeding on her way.

> "How tremulous-dazzlingly the wheels sweep
> Around their axle."

Her quiver, well filled with the bow and arrows,

[1] In *Endymion*. See also Lowell's *Endymion* for a description of Diana.

[2] As Apollo drives the sun chariot across the sky by day. Compare Guido Reni's Aurora.



Alinari, photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

DIANA

Convent of S. Paolo, Parma

hangs at her back, held by the strap bound over her breast.[1] The crescent moon gleams above her brow. The vehicle is the small two-wheeled chariot used among the Romans, scarcely larger than a chair. Only the hind legs of the steeds may be seen, but we fancy them to be two white does.

The huntress turns her face earthward, lifting a fluttering veil high in her left hand. It is as if the face of the moon had been hidden behind a cloud which the goddess suddenly draws aside and shows "her fulgent head uncovered, dazzling the beholder's sight." It is with a bright, cheerful countenance that she beams upon her worshippers. A sense of courage and exhilaration is expressed in her spirited bearing. With her right hand she points forward, as if calling us to join in the sport. In the swiftness of her motion her unbound hair and filmy garments blow out behind her.

She is a country-bred maiden, with plump neck and round arms, and her chief charm is her buoyant vitality. Her open face, with eyes set rather far apart, is the index of her nature. Her free life in the woods has developed a well poised womanhood. Fear is unknown to her; pain and disease come not near her. Rejoicing in immortal youth and strength, she speeds nightly through the sky, the messenger of light and comfort.

As we have seen in the preceding chapter, the picture of Diana is painted in fresco on the chimney

[1] It seems odd that with this full quiver the subject should be called by some "Diana's Return from the Chase."

cap, or hood, over the great fireplace in the Hall of the Vine Trellis. We may well believe that the decoration went far towards furnishing the stately apartment. Underneath runs the Latin inscription, "*Ignem gladio ne fodias*," stir not the fire with the sword.

It will be remembered that the arms of the abbess, for whom the room was decorated, bore the device of the crescent moon. This fact may have suggested to Correggio, or his patrons, the subject of the moon goddess. Diana, as a virgin divinity, was an especially appropriate choice for the apartment of a nun.

The legends of Greek mythology were at that time very popular among people of culture, having been recently brought to notice in the revival of classic learning. In Italy they furnished themes for the painter; in England, for the poet. The English Ben Jonson, living a half a century later than Correggio,[1] but representing in a certain measure the same love of classic allusion, wrote a "Hymn to Diana," which might have been inspired by this picture. The first stanza may be quoted for its interpretation: —

> "Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
> Now the sun is laid to sleep,
> Seated in thy silver chair,
> State in wonted manner keep.
> Hesperus entreats thy light,
> Goddess excellently bright."

[1] That is, from 1573 to 1637.

VI

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST

It seemed understood among the twelve disciples of Jesus that John was the one of their number especially beloved by the Master. He and his brother, James, were the sons of the fisherman Zebedee, and all three men earned their living in their fishing-boats on the sea of Galilee. It was while they were busy with their nets that Jesus one day called the two brothers to be fishers of men. "And they straightway left their nets and followed him."[1]

Under the teachings of Jesus, John grew in knowledge of spiritual things. He was one of the three accompanying their Master to the Mount of Transfiguration, where they witnessed a sacred scene withheld from the others. His nature was affectionate and poetic, and he was a deep thinker. Often when the meaning of Jesus' words was beyond his hearers, John treasured the sayings in his memory. On the evening when Jesus sat at table with his disciples for the last time, John was near him, leaning on his Master's breast. When, on the next day, Jesus hung upon the cross, it was John to whom he commended his mother as to a son. "And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home."

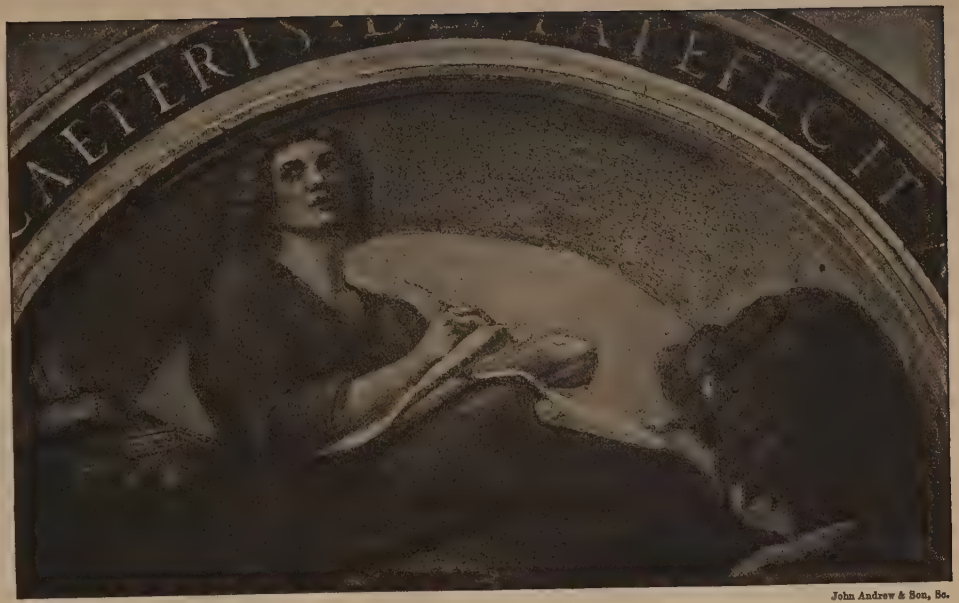
[1] St. Matthew, chapter iv., verse 20.

In the years that followed, John pursued his Christian service with the zeal of an ardent nature. He remained awhile in Judæa and, in company with Peter, added many converts to the faith. He then carried the work into Asia Minor, where he founded seven churches. Not only was he a preacher and organizer, but a voluminous writer as well. The fourth Gospel is believed to be his work, in which he records many words and deeds of Jesus overlooked by the other Evangelists. He was also the writer of the three Epistles which bear his name. Finally, he is supposed to be the author of the book of Revelation, in which he described his visions during his exile in the isle of Patmos. According to tradition, he lived to a great age, and died at Ephesus in Asia Minor.

The love with which Christians cherish the memory of St. John is seen in the number of churches bearing his name. One such is that in Parma which was newly built at the time when Correggio was winning his first laurels. The most important portions of the interior decorations were executed by our painter.

Before considering the frescoes of the cupola, the visitor to the church likes to pause before the lunette over the door of the left transept. The subject is St. John, seated with his writing materials on his lap. There is a pile of books behind him and a volume beside him. At his feet stands the symbolic eagle pluming his wing.

The emblems of the Evangelists are drawn from



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ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST

Church of S. Giovanni Evangelista, Parma

Ezekiel's vision of the "four living creatures," whose faces were those of a man, a lion, an ox, and an eagle. Applied respectively to the writers of the four Gospels, each emblem suggests some characteristic trait. The eagle is especially appropriate to St. John. As the bird soars into the upper regions of the sky and looks directly at the sun, so St. John's inspiration raised him into the highest realms of thought, where he seemed to gaze directly upon the divine glory. It is for this that he is called St. John, "the divine." As the Latin inscription over the lunette reads, "More deeply than the others he disclosed the mysteries of God." [1]

In our picture the Evangelist lifts his eyes heavenward as if beholding a vision. His lips are parted, and he has the rapt expression of one absorbed in meditation. His right hand still holds the pen as he pauses for inspiration.

In trying to do honor to the beloved disciple, the painters have always represented him as the most beautiful of the twelve. As the most Christ-like in character, he is made to resemble the typical figure of Christ. So in this fresco by Correggio, he is a beautiful youth, with the curling hair, the oval face and the regular features we associate with the person of Jesus. Though the beardless face is so refined, there is nothing weak or effeminate about it. The whole figure is indeed very manly. The head is well set on a full throat and the shoulders are broad. Rising to his feet St. John would be a

[1] "*Altius cæteris Dei patefecit arcana.*"

tall, athletic young man, capable of lending a strong hand at his father's fishing-nets. The union of strength and refinement makes the picture one of the most attractive ideals of St. John ever painted.

The keynote of St. John's Gospel is the love of God; his ardent nature never wearied of the theme; the wonder in his lifted face shows him still intent upon the mystery. Were we to seek some characteristic utterance which should appropriately interpret his thoughts, it might well be the words of Jesus to Nicodemus, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." [1]

[1] St. John, chapter iii., verse 16.

VII

ST. JOHN AND ST. AUGUSTINE

The church of S. Giovanni Evangelista (St. John the Evangelist), in Parma, is built with a dome-shaped cupola which Correggio filled with a fresco decoration. The subject is drawn from the life of the apostle whose name is given to the church : it is the vision of St. John on the isle of Patmos. Looking up into the dome, one seems to be looking directly into the open sky, upon the figure of Christ ascending into heaven. The apostles sit in a circle on the clouds, and beneath them the aged St. John kneels on the mountain top, gazing upwards upon the vision. The heavenly spaces are alive with angels, for, as Browning writes : —

> "Correggio loves to mass, in rifts
> Of heaven, his angel faces, orb on orb."

The little creatures are sporting among the clouds and, in the poet's phrase, "waiting to see some wonder momently grow out."

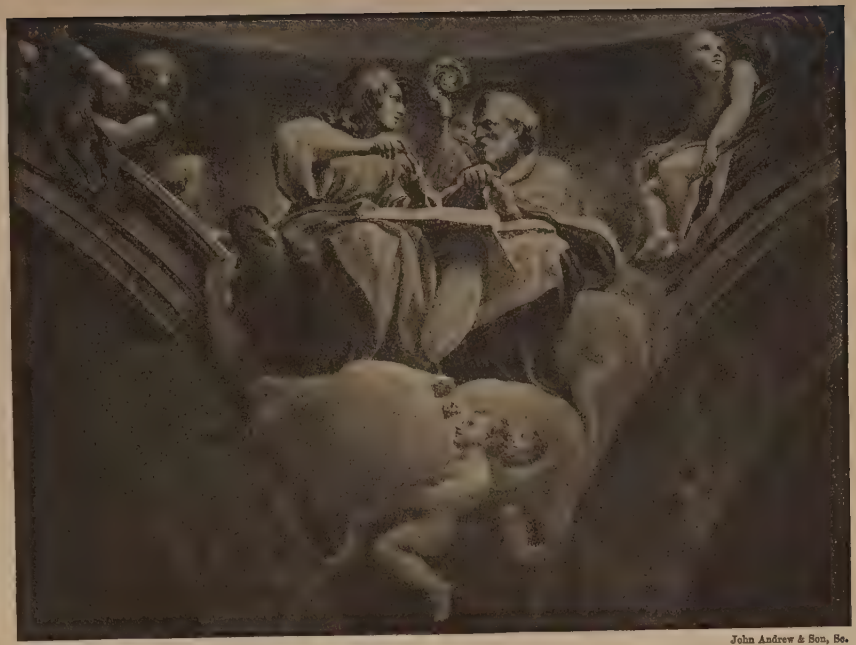
Where the dome rests upon the four arches which support it, are four triangular corner-pieces called pendentives, which also belong to Correggio's decorative plan. They are devoted respectively to the figures of the four Evangelists, each one accompanied by one of the four Fathers of the Church. The

Christian Fathers were the men whose writings and teachings shaped the doctrines of the faith in the early centuries of our era. They interpreted for the people the meaning of the Scriptures and the Gospels.

The pendentive of our illustration contains St. John with St. Augustine. The two sit side by side, engaged in a discussion over the book which they hold together. St. John is young and beautiful, as the painters always represent him, except in the subject of the vision of Patmos. The face is perhaps less strong and the expression less exalted than in the lunette we have studied. There is a boyish eagerness in his manner. The symbolic eagle is beside him, peeping out from the folds of the drapery. St. Augustine is a handsome old man with finely cut features. To understand how well the figure fits his character, we must know something of his life.[1]

He was born in Numidia near the middle of the fourth century, and showed in his boyhood brilliant powers of mind. Without the help of any teacher he read and mastered all the books necessary to an education in the liberal arts. His mother, Monica, was a devout Christian, and sought to lead her son to a godly life. For a long time her efforts seemed in vain. Augustine would make no profession of the Christian faith, but rather indulged in youthful

[1] The life of St. Augustine, also called St. Austin, is related in the *Golden Legend*. See Caxton's translation in the *Temple Classics*, vol. 5, page 44. Mrs. Jameson gives a condensed account of the life in *Sacred and Legendary Art*, p. 303.



D. Anderson, photo.

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

ST. JOHN AND ST. AUGUSTINE

Church of S. Giovanni Evangelista, Parma

dissipations. His best quality was his love of study. He became a teacher of rhetoric, and pursued his vocation in one city and another, always dissatisfied with his life. At length, in his thirtieth year, he came to Milan, where he fell under the influence of Bishop Ambrose. Then followed a mighty struggle in his soul, and in the end he yielded himself joyfully as a disciple of Christ. On the occasion of his baptism was composed the hymn called the "Te Deum" which is still used in churches.

Henceforth the life of Augustine was filled with Christian labors. After some ten years of devout living he became the bishop of Hippo (near Carthage) where he resided for thirty-five years, until his death in 430. All his stores of learning were devoted to the explanation of Christian theology. He wrote a great number of treatises refuting what he believed to be heresies, and setting forth what he considered the true doctrines of the faith. An old writer pronounced him "sweet in speech, wise in letters, and a noble worker in the labours of the church." In a book of "Confessions" he laid bare all his faults with great humility.

In our picture the good bishop is learning the truths of the faith from St. John, while a child-angel behind him holds his crosier and mitre. Allowing for the difference of ages, there is a certain resemblance between the two men, showing that they have in common a refined and sensitive nature, and an ardent temperament. The older man's face shows lines of thought and character.

St. John seems to be counting off the points of the discussion on his fingers: it may be that he is unfolding the doctrine of the Trinity. The bishop follows the argument slowly, imitating St. John's gesture with hesitating hands. What seems so clear to the eager young teacher requires much deliberation on the part of the learner. The old man knits his brows with an intent expression, striving to understand the mystery. The two earnest faces turned towards each other make an interesting contrast.

The angel figures of the pendentive are worthy of notice. Three little creatures are frolicking on the clouds below the saints' feet, and two are perched on the upper part of the arches. They are wingless sprites, playful as human children, but with a grace and beauty not of earth. Two seem to be emerging from a hiding-place in the clouds, and gaily hail their comrade on the arch above. The lovely sprite on the opposite arch is thinking of other things, and looks over his shoulder across the church. The tiny fellow in charge of the mitre and crosier peeps out with a mischievous countenance.

Our reproduction shows a portion of the soffits, or under sides of the arches, decorated with figures from Old Testament history, painted in monochrome.

VIII

ST. MATTHEW AND ST. JEROME

The apostle Matthew was employed as a tax-gatherer in Jerusalem when he became a disciple of Jesus. He was sitting one day at the receipt of customs, when Jesus passed by and said unto him, "Follow me." "And he left all, rose up and followed him."[1] Soon after, the new disciple made a great feast for the Master, scandalizing the scribes and Pharisees by inviting guests of doubtful reputation. Matthew, however, had rightly judged the spirit of Jesus, who had come "not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Throughout the ministry of Jesus, Matthew remained a faithful disciple, but without distinguishing himself in any way. Evidently he had a thoughtful mind and a good memory. In his Gospel he reported very fully the Sermon on the Mount and many of the parables.

One of the pendentives of the cupola in the church of S. Giovanni Evangelista is devoted to St. Matthew in company with St. Jerome. The Evangelist turns from the open Gospel before him to speak to St. Jerome, who is occupied with his writing. A winged cherub, sitting on a cloud in front of him, supports his book with both outstretched arms.

[1] St. Luke, chapter v., verse 28.

The cherub is St. Matthew's emblem, as the eagle is that of St. John. It is by this charming figure that the old masters represented the face of "a man," that is, the human face, in the "living creature" of Ezekiel's vision.[1] The symbol is appropriately applied to the first Evangelist because his Gospel emphasizes the humanity of Jesus.

The token of St. Jerome's identity is the cardinal's hat, held by an angel on the arch beside him. The two volumes on his lap, in addition to the scroll upon which he is engaged, show how busy has been the pen of this learned Father. As the old chronicler relates, "he never rested day ne night, but always read or wrote." [2]

He came of a rich family, and received at Rome the best education afforded by his times. Like his contemporary, St. Augustine, he devoted all his scholarship to the service of the Christian faith. While St. Augustine's tastes were more philosophical, St. Jerome's were perhaps more for pure learning and the study of the classics. He made himself master of Hebrew and Greek, and his most valuable work was his translations. He rendered into Latin, which was the literary language of his day, the various books of the Old and New Testament, and this version became the authorized Bible or Vulgate.

St. Jerome was a Dalmatian by birth, but in the

[1] See also pages 34, 35.

[2] The life of St. Jerome is related in the *Golden Legend*. See Caxton's translation, in the *Temple Classics*, vol. v., page 199. Mrs. Jameson gives a condensed account of the same in *Sacred and Legendary Art*, page 280.



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ST. MATTHEW AND ST. JEROME

Church of S. Giovanni Evangelista, Parma

course of his life he journeyed to many countries. Soon after his baptism, he visited Syria, to retrace the scenes of the life of Christ. He then retired to a desert, where he passed four years in penance and fasting, living in the companionship of wild beasts. Clothed in sackcloth, he spent his days in torture, struggling with temptation, and haunted by visions of demons.

At a later period of his life he was in Rome, where he gained an immense influence over fashionable women. Two of his converts here were Paula and Marcella, whose names are historical. Finally he returned to Palestine, and passed the remainder of his days in a monastery which he had founded in Bethlehem. He was a man of vehement nature, a violent partisan, and an untiring student.

Something of his character may be seen in the face of the old man of our picture, bending over his writing. He seems so absorbed in his task that he is entirely unconscious of his surroundings. The deep-set eyes, overhung by shaggy brows, are fixed intently on his scroll. From his association with St. Matthew, we may fancy that he is translating the first Gospel. The Evangelist, with his own volume before him, is supervising the work. He turns to the translator with an encouraging smile, and seems to dictate the words. St. Matthew's face is gentle and amiable, though not so strong as we are wont to imagine it. He is here represented in middle life, at about the age when called to discipleship.

As in the pendentive of St. John and St. Augus-

tine, the angel figures add an element of beauty to the picture. Each one seems attracted by some distant object. The cherub holding St. Matthew's book looks towards the worshippers in the church. Some one in the congregation also seems to attract the attention of the angel with the cardinal's hat, and he smiles shyly, as if in reply to a gesture of admiration. His companion on the other arch turns his eyes towards the figures in the dome, where the apostles are enthroned on clouds. The playful little fellow on the clouds below St. Matthew's feet looks across at the sprites of the opposite pendentive.

All this charming by-play gives the impression of a company of living spirits frolicking among the arches of the church. "Have Correggio's *putti*[1] grown up yet and walked out of their frames?" the painter, Guido Reni, used to ask, referring with quaint humor to the wonderful lifelikeness of such child figures. So, looking at these angels, we half expect to see them wave a hand to us over the arches, and, turning with a sudden motion, disappear from our sight among the clouds.

[1] Italian for "boys."

IX

THE REST ON THE RETURN FROM EGYPT

(The Madonna della Scodella)

Before the child Jesus was two years old, he was taken on a journey which at that time was long and tedious. An angel appeared to Joseph one night in a dream, saying, "Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word; for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him."

The news of Jesus' birth had been first brought to King Herod by the wise men of the East, who came in search of the new-born king whose star they had seen. The idea of a strange ruler to usurp the throne alarmed Herod, and he determined to be rid of any possible rival. Accordingly orders were given to slay all children in and near Bethlehem "from two years old and under."

While this terrible slaughter was going on, the Holy Family were making their way to the strange land of refuge. Here they lived, awaiting heavenly guidance for their return. "But when Herod was dead, behold an angel of the Lord appeareth in a dream to Joseph in Egypt, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel; for they are dead which sought

the young child's life. And he arose, and took the young child and his mother, and came into the land of Israel." [1]

This is all the Evangelist tells us of what was doubtless an exciting, perhaps even a perilous adventure. We may suppose both journeys to have been made by donkeys, the common beasts of burden in Eastern countries. The young mother and child must certainly have had to ride. As for Joseph, he was a sturdy man, and may well have walked; in those days travelling was a matter of time. Unused to luxuries, these simple folk trusted in Providence to supply their few needs by the way.

Our picture illustrates an imaginary incident on the return journey from Egypt to Israel. It is the hour of the noonday rest, and the little company have come to a halt in the woods. An old legend relates how at such times the trees would bend to offer them fruit, and springs would gush forth out of the dry ground for their refreshment. Mary has seated herself on a bank by the stream, while Joseph plucks the fruit from the date palm near by.

The boy Jesus has been standing between the two, watching Joseph, from whose outstretched hand he now takes the fruit. At the same time he is thirsty, and leaning back towards his mother, he turns and throws an arm over her shoulder, asking for a drink of water. She has a round basin (or *scodella*) which the family use as a drinking-cup, and the child points to it with a coaxing smile, resting his hand on her wrist.

[1] The quotations are from St. Matthew, chapter ii.



Alinari, photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE REST ON THE RETURN FROM EGYPT (MADONNA DELLA SCODELLA)

Parma Gallery

Mary turns with fond pride towards the dear little face so near her own. Her face is the same which we have already seen bending in a mother's first ecstacy over her babe. Here it has a maturer and more matronly look, but with no less sweetness. Joseph, from his higher level, looks down kindly upon the two. His generous nature seems to take delight in anything that gives them pleasure. He is large and heavily built, a stalwart protector should perils beset them. In spite of the thick draperies so clumsily wound about him, he is a dignified figure. He holds here a place of prominence seldom given him by other painters.

The child upon whom so much love is lavished is a tall, lithe boy with a well shaped head. His hair is parted, and falls in loose curls on each side of a forehead which marks him a child of genius. The face is delicate and sensitive, with a shy expression in the eyes.

The family are not alone, for, all unseen by them, a company of ministering angels wait upon them. A tall one in the rear takes care of the donkey. Another little creature peeps from the thicket beside Mary. Four more circle overhead among the branches of the trees, borne upon little clouds which they have brought with them from the upper regions. Their wind-blown hair and fluttering garments show how swift is their motion. One of them tugs mightily at the palm, throwing himself backward in the effort to bend it towards Joseph. Two others sport together with interlocked arms, and higher still, a pair of

eyes gleam through the leaves. The whole jocund company seem to fill the place with mirth. They fulfil the promise of the ancient psalmist, "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

Certain characteristics of Correggio's art are well illustrated in the picture. His delight in the foot is here almost equal to that he shows for the hand in "The Marriage of St. Catherine." The three wayfarers travel with bare feet, and the ministering angels flaunt their feet gaily in the air. Drawn in many positions, it is interesting to see how decorative this feature of the picture is.

The figures are cleverly grouped, that they may completely fill the tall, narrow panel. The composition is built on a diagonal plan. From the left hand of Joseph, grasping the palm branch, to the right hand of Mary, with the basin of water, runs the strong main line which gives character to the drawing. The child links the two larger figures together, by stretching out a hand to each. The group of cloud-borne angels above also follows a diagonal direction parallel to the larger group. We shall presently see that the painter used the same method of composition in another picture.

The opening beyond the copse, where the donkey is tied, makes the spot seem less gloomy and isolated. It is an important principle of art to represent no enclosed place without a glimpse of light in the background.

X

ECCE HOMO

THE old Hebrew prophet who wrote of the coming Messiah predicted that he should be "despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." How fully the prophecy was realized, we may read in the narrative of the trial and crucifixion of Jesus.

The enemies of Jesus had to deal with their prisoner according to the formality of the Roman law. They brought him to the Roman governor, Pontius Pilate, accusing him of "perverting the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, saying that he himself is Christ, a king."[1] The governor duly examined Jesus, but, finding no case against him, proposed to scourge him and let him go.

"Then Pilate therefore took Jesus and scourged him. And the soldiers platted a crown of thorns and put it on his head, and they put on him a purple robe, and said, Hail, King of the Jews! and they smote him with their hands. Pilate therefore went forth again, and saith unto them, Behold, I bring him forth to you, that ye may know that I find no fault in him.

[1] St. Luke, chapter xxiii., verse 2.

"Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe. And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man! When the chief priests therefore and officers saw him, they cried out, saying Crucify him, Crucify him."[1] Pilate again sought to release Jesus, but the people continued to clamor, "Away with him," "Crucify him." "Then delivered he him therefore unto them to be crucified."[2]

The Latin form of Pilate's words, "Behold the man," has given the title "Ecce Homo" to our picture. It is the moment when Jesus comes forth from the rude mockery of the soldiers, clad in a royal robe, and wearing the crown of thorns. The governor has bidden one of the soldiers lead the prisoner out on a balcony of the palace. An eager throng of people are waiting outside, but they are not all enemies. Among them are a few faithful women, and they are allowed to press close to the balcony. At the sight of her son, treated as a criminal with bound hands, the mother, Mary, falls swooning over the balustrade, supported by a younger woman.

Pilate standing in the doorway behind appeals to the crowd: "I find no fault in him. Behold the man." He has been deeply impressed by his interview with Jesus, and is willing to do something in his behalf. His face is good-natured, we see, but with no strength of character in it. He is a handsome man with curling beard carefully trimmed, apparently not a hard man to deal with, but easy-going and selfish.

[1] St. John, chapter xix., verses 1–6. [2] *Ib.*, verse 16.



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

ECCE HOMO

National Gallery, London

Jesus stands with drooping head and an expression of suffering resignation. In the menacing faces before him he sees the hatred which will be satisfied with nothing less than his death. Already he hears the cruel cry, "Crucify him, crucify him." His badge of kingship is the crown of suffering. Were his kingdom of this world, his servants would deliver him from his enemies. As the ruler of a heavenly kingdom, he was born "to bear witness unto the truth."

The rich mantle, which the soldiers have mockingly thrown over his shoulders, falls away and shows the body as it had been bared for the scourging. It is a beautiful form, perfectly developed, and the arms and hands are as delicately modelled as a woman's. The face is oval, with regular features of classic mould, a short parted beard, and long hair falling in disordered curls about it. This is the typical face of Christ, as it has been handed down from generation to generation since early in the Christian era. The rude pictures in the catacombs are on the same model. So faithfully has the type been followed through the centuries, some believe that the original must have been an authentic likeness.[1]

The mother Mary is still young and beautiful. As the great Michelangelo said, "Purity enjoys eternal youth."[2] A heavy veil or mantle is draped

[1] See *Rex Regum*, by Sir Wyke Bayliss.

[2] See the volume on Michelangelo in the *Riverside Art Series*, page 35.

over her head, framing the pure profile of her face. This form of drapery is common among the old masters in painting Mary as *Mater Dolorosa*, or the Sorrowing Mother.

Artistically considered, this figure of the fainting mother is the finest thing in the picture. Her companion, probably Mary Magdalene, is also a lovely creature, though we see only a part of her face.

The subject is in tragic contrast to the illustrations we have just been studying. It seems strange to connect this Man of Sorrows with the happy boy we saw by the woodland spring, or this grief-stricken woman with that proud young mother. Correggio himself, we know, shrank from such sad themes.

Like the picture of The Marriage of St. Catherine, our illustration shows how skilfully Correggio painted hands. The drooping fingers of the Saviour taper delicately, with long almond-shaped nails. Pilate's hand has slender, flexible fingers like those of some dainty woman, and might be mated with that of Mary Magdalene. It is apparent that the study of hands and feet interested our painter more than that of faces. We shall lose much in his pictures if we do not give special attention to these features. In the case before us, the face of Christ must be less attractive, on account of the sorrowful expression. To make up, as it were, for this, the hands are brought into prominent notice, and are very beautiful.

XI

APOSTLES AND GENII

The glory of Parma is the Cathedral, which represents the labors of many centuries. The building itself was begun in 1058, and completed in the thirteenth century. The interior was beautified by a succession of artists, one of whom was our painter Correggio. His work here was the decoration of the cupola, and he began it immediately upon finishing the frescoes in the church of S. Giovanni Evangelista.

The Cathedral dome is octagonal in shape. In the roof, or topmost space, the Virgin Mary seems borne on circling throngs of saints and angels to meet the Saviour in the upper air. Below the dome runs a cornice, or frieze, in eight sections, filled with figures of apostles gazing upon the vision. Still lower are four decorated pendentives, similar to those in the church of S. Giovanni Evangelista. These contain respectively the four patron saints of Parma.

To the spectator looking up from below, the effect is of "a moving vision, rapturous and ecstatic." A multitude of radiant figures sweep and whirl through the heavenly spaces. "They are upon every side, bending, tossing, floating, and diving through the

clouds, hovering above the abysmal void that is between the dome and the earth below it."[1] Wonderful indeed is the triumph of the painter's art in this place. "Reverse the cupola and fill it with gold, and even that will not represent its worth," said Titian.

Our illustration shows a portion of the octagonal cornice. The design is a simulated balcony ornamented with tall candelabra. In front stand the apostles grouped in twos at the corners. On the top of the balustrade, in the spaces between the candelabra, sport a band of genii, or heavenly spirits.

The four apostles are men of giant frames with broad shoulders and stalwart limbs. They are of middle age, heavily bearded, and all look much alike. It would be impossible to call one Peter, and another Paul, or to identify any particular persons. Evidently it was not the intention of the artist to distinguish individuals. All the figures are turned with lifted faces towards the vision in the dome. Each expresses, by a gesture, the wonder, joy, rapture, or admiration aroused by the spectacle. Their attitudes are somewhat extravagant and self-conscious. The drapery, too, is rather fantastic, flung about their figures, leaving arms and legs bare. Were the picture taken out of its surroundings it would scarcely suggest a Christian subject. These colossal beings are like Titans moving through the figures of a sacred dance, and murmuring the mystic incantations of some heathen rite.

[1] E. H. Blashfield in *Italian Cities.*



Alinari, photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

APOSTLES AND GENII

Cathedral, Parma

But we must not press our interpretation too far. The panel should be studied for its decorative quality as a part of a larger scheme. Viewed from below, this procession of figures must be exceedingly effective. The emphasis of lines is diagonal, flowing in the direction of the focal point of the whole decoration.

The genii of the balustrade are beings of Correggio's own creation. His imagination called forth a world of spirits without a counterpart in the work of any other painter. Lacking the wings usually given in art to angels, they also lack the proper air of sanctity for heavenly habitants. Yet they are far too ethereal for mortals. Neither angel nor human, they are rather sprites of elf-land. With their tossing hair and agile motions they remind us of woodland creatures, and they look shyly out of their eyes like the furtive folk of the forest.

They are sportive, but not mischievous, in the human sense. They frolic in the pure delight of motion. By mortal standards of age they are between childhood and youth, when limbs are long and bodies supple. Their only draperies are narrow scarfs which they twist about them in every conceivable way.

Of the seven figures seen in our illustration, two only have any ostensible purpose to serve. One seems to be lighting a candelabrum with a flambeau; another carries a bowl which may be used for incense. The others are idlers. If they have any duties as acolytes, these are for the moment for-

gotten. Several are attracted by the ceremonies in the cathedral and look down from their high perch upon the worshipping congregation.

The sprite at the extreme right is seated, and peeps over his shoulder with a rather dreamy expression. Next come two who are playing together, one throwing up his left arm as if to balance himself. Beyond the candelabrum is one whose parted hair and coquettish pose of the head give a feminine look to the figure. The sprite in the centre of the balustrade is the most winsome of the company. His bright eyes have spied out some one in the congregation, and stooping, he points directly at the person. His expression is very roguish. The little fellow with the flambeau is at the left, and last is one whose face is turned away towards the imaginary space behind the balcony.

Our illustration gives us a general idea of Correggio's decorative method. The human body was his material; his patterns were woven of nude figures, posed in every possible attitude. Every figure is in motion, and the whole multitude palpitates with the joy of living.

XII

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

In one of the pendentives of the cupola in the Parma Cathedral is the figure of St. John the Baptist reproduced in our illustration. The background is made to resemble somewhat the interior of a shell. On billows of clouds sits the prophet, with a lamb in his arms, and a circle of angels playing about him.

St. John the Baptist was a cousin of Jesus, and the first to recognize the true character of the carpenter's son. While Jesus was still living in obscurity in Nazareth, John went forth to preach in the wilderness about the river Jordan. His manner of life was very singular. He "had his raiment of camel's hair and a leathern girdle about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey." [1]

The preacher was stern in denouncing sin and in warning evil-doers of the wrath to come. The burden of all his sermons was, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." When the people asked him what they ought to do, his answers were full of common sense. "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise." To the tax-collectors,

[1] St. Matthew, chapter iii., verse 4.

he said, "Exact no more than that which is appointed you;" to the soldiers, "Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely." [1]

The authorities sent from Jerusalem to question the claims of the strange preacher; but his reply was in the words of the old Hebrew prophet, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness." [2]

It was the custom of John to baptize his converts in the river Jordan. One day Jesus presented himself for baptism, and John saw in him one whose shoe's latchet he was not worthy to unloose. At once he proclaimed him to the people as the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." [3]

With the entrance of Jesus upon his ministry, John's work was fulfilled. "He must increase, but I must decrease," said the prophet humbly.[4] He was soon after cast into prison by King Herod, whose vices he had openly rebuked. Thence he was taken out only to be executed.

It must be confessed that Correggio cared very little about making a true character study of St. John. There is not much in the figure of our pendentive to suggest the stern and fearless prophet of the wilderness. The humility of the countenance is perhaps the feature most appropriate to the character. The shy, haunting expression in the eyes is, too, such as belongs to one who, like St. John, lived much alone in the woods. The tunic is short and sleeveless, showing the strong limbs of the hermit.

[1] St. Luke, chapter iii.
[2] St. John, chapter i., verse 23.
[3] *Ib.*, verse 29.
[4] St. John, chapter iii., verse 30.



Alinari, photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST
Cathedral, Parma

For the rest, the Baptist's face has the same gentle amiability we have already seen in St. Matthew and Joseph. The type is a common one with Correggio. A certain resemblance runs through nearly all his male figures, whether of smooth-faced youth, bearded manhood, or hoary old age.

The tenderness of St. John for his little lamb is the chief motive of the picture. He carries it on his left arm, supporting the weight on his knee, and the innocent creature puts its nose close to the prophet's face. The lamb is the accepted symbol of St. John the Baptist, in allusion to the words with which he addressed Jesus at the Jordan, "Behold the lamb of God." The same figure is used in the book of Revelation, where the Lamb is described "in the midst of the throne." Standing for the person of Christ himself, St. John holds the sacred emblem with reverence. To understand why his face is lifted in this direction we must remember that his glance is directed toward the vision in the dome just above.

The angel figures of this pendentive are among the most beautiful and characteristic of the myriad throng of the cupola. The impression made by this great spirit company upon one standing beneath the dome has been described in some lines by Aubrey de Vere: —

"Creatures all eyes and brows and tresses streaming,
By speed divine blown back; within all fire
Of wondering zeal, and storm of bright desire.
Round the broad dome the immortal throngs are beaming,
With elemental powers the vault is teeming;
We gaze, and gazing join the fervid choir,
In spirit launched on wings that ne'er can tire."

While the spirits in the upper part of the cupola are massed so closely together that we do not see the full beauty of each one, these in our picture may be studied separately. There are six in all, and their purpose is to call the attention of the worshippers to the prophet. The two in the rear, whose bodies are hidden in the clouds, gaze upon him adoringly. One on each side points with outstretched finger to the lamb, as if repeating the Baptist's words, "Behold the lamb of God." The angel astride the cloud in front was interrupted in the same task by a little fellow suddenly shooting out from the clouds beneath him. He peers into the opening at one side, but still lifts his left hand towards the prophet above him.

The six figures are arranged in a semicircle, and their slender limbs and lithe bodies trace rhythmic lines of grace. The most charming of the company is perhaps he at the right, whose eyes meet ours with a bewitching smile.

XIII

CHRIST APPEARING TO MARY MAGDALENE IN THE GARDEN

(Noli me tangere).

It was Sunday, the third day after the crucifixion of Jesus. Early in the morning, while it was yet dark, a young woman made her way to the rock-hewn tomb in the garden of Joseph of Arimathea. It was Mary Magdalene, whom Jesus had rescued from a life of sin. Much had been forgiven her, therefore she loved much. In her sorrow she came to visit the spot where the body of her crucified Master had been laid.

Great was her surprise to find that the stone placed at the entrance of the tomb had been rolled away. In her perplexity, she ran to tell the disciples Peter and John. They all hurried back together to the garden, and the two men, entering the tomb, found it empty. Unable to explain the mystery, they presently returned home, leaving Mary still standing without the sepulchre weeping.

"And as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre, and seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they

say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

"And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master.

"Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God." [1]

Our picture illustrates the story of that first Easter morning. Jesus has greeted Mary by name, and she has instantly recognized the Master. Sinking on her knees, she would have impulsively stretched out her hands to him, but he repels her with a gesture. Awe-struck, she gazes into his face, while he explains the message she is to carry to the disciples.

The risen Lord is clad in but one garment, a heavy mantle, knotted at the waist. The upper part is slipping from his shoulders, leaving the torso bare. The beauty of the form reminds us of a Greek statue. On the ground beside him are some garden tools, a

[1] Chapter xx. of the Gospel according to St. John, verses 11–17.



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co. John Andrew & Son, Bo.

CHRIST APPEARING TO MARY MAGDALENE IN THE GARDEN
(NOLI ME TANGERE)
Prado Gallery, Madrid

hoe and a spade, and beyond these lies a straw hat. These things explain why Mary, blinded and confused with weeping, supposed that it was the gardener who spoke to her.

The Master's attitude and gesture emphasize the meaning of his words. The body sways slightly to one side, as if shrinking from Mary's touch. He still holds his right hand outstretched, as when he said "Touch me not." And now he raises his left arm, and pointing heavenward declares that he is about to ascend to his Father. He seems to speak gently as to a child, and looks down into Mary's face with a smile.

The young woman is richly arrayed in a brocade dress, cut so as to show her beautiful neck and arms. A mass of wavy golden hair falls over her shoulders and upon her bosom. Her tapering wrists and delicate hands indicate gentle blood, but her features are somewhat heavy, and the face would not attract us by its beauty. The rapt expression of devotion is what makes it interesting. The whole attitude expresses complete self-forgetfulness.

The lithe and youthful figure of Christ recalls the boy we saw in a former picture journeying from Egypt. We can see that this is the man into whom that child is grown. We note again the high full forehead over which the parted hair is brushed in curves. Again, too, we see the small mouth with the gentle smile. The figure in general features resembles the Christ type which is illustrated in the picture of Ecce Homo.

In painting the figure of the risen Christ, the old masters were accustomed to give prominence to the nail prints in hands and feet, and the wound in his side. Correggio has not done this. Such signs of suffering were inconsistent with the joyous nature of his art. The subject of the picture is entirely a happy one, and he has kept out of it all evidences of the crucifixion, emphasizing rather the idea of the ascension.

In some artistic points our picture resembles the Madonna della Scodella. The pose of Christ is similar to that of Joseph, with one arm lifted up, and the other reaching down. Thus is formed the diagonal line which is at the basis of the composition. The right arm of Mary carries the line on to the lower corner of the picture.

The landscape setting makes a spacious background, and a large tree behind Christ throws his figure into relief.

XIV

THE MADONNA OF ST. JEROME

(Il Giorno)

It is a bright clear day, and a baby boy is having a rare frolic out of doors, on his mother's knee. It is the little Christ-child, and his visitors are St. Jerome and Mary Magdalene. Overhead a red cloth drapery has been stretched from tree to tree, making a sort of canopy to protect the company from the direct rays of the sun. St. Jerome has brought as an offering the books which represent the scholarly toil of many years. Mary Magdalene has her jar of ointment for the anointing of the Saviour's feet.

The mother sits on a slight elevation in the centre, her bare foot resting on the ground. St. Jerome stands in front, a little at one side, where he can hold a book directly before the child's face. Mary Magdalene, half kneeling on the other side, stoops to caress a little foot. The sturdy old father seems to have come directly from his monastery in Bethlehem, and his lion follows him like a faithful dog. The old legend relates that as he sat one evening at his monastery gate, a lion approached, holding up a paw which was pierced with a thorn. The good

father removed the thorn and dressed the wound, and the grateful beast became thenceforth the constant companion of his benefactor.

The scroll in St. Jerome's right hand may be any one of his many treatises or translations. The large open volume is undoubtedly his Latin version of the Bible. One side of the book is supported on his left hand, while the other is held by an attendant angel, who turns the pages for the Christ-child. There is something very interesting on the page now open, and the angel points a slender finger to a particular passage. The child is wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement. He stretches out his legs and arms, his whole body stiffening in a tremor of joy. He fairly pants with eagerness for the treasure just beyond his grasp. Though not a pretty boy, he is so full of life that we find him very captivating.

Old St. Jerome looks immensely pleased with the child's delight. The angel playfellow is delighted with his success in amusing the baby, and laughs sympathetically with him. The mother smiles with gentle indulgence, and holds him firmly lest he spring from her arms. Mary Magdalene appears almost unconscious of what is going on. Her whole being is absorbed in loving devotion. She has caught one little foot lightly by the heel, and, drawing it towards her, lays her cheek against the soft knee. Her hair is unbound, and falls in long tresses over her neck. In throwing out his arms, the child's left hand has fallen on the golden head, and here it rests as if he returned the caress. In the mean time a mischievous



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE MADONNA OF ST. JEROME

Parma Gallery

urchin, who may be the boy Baptist, holds the Magdalene's jar of ointment. He stands behind her like a small lackey, and sniffs curiously at the contents of the pot.

If it seems strange that St. Jerome and Mary Magdalene should be here together, we must remember that the painters of Correggio's time did not try to represent sacred scenes with historical accuracy. It was customary to bring together in a picture persons who lived in altogether different periods and countries. The meaning of such pictures was symbolic. The Christians of all ages constitute a communion of the saints who meet at the Christ-child's feet.

The two saints here make a fine artistic contrast, — the rugged and grizzled old man, and the lovely golden-haired maiden. The splendid muscular strength of the one is offset against the radiant beauty of the other. In a devotional sense also the contrast is most appropriate. St. Jerome has served the Christ with great powers of intellect; Mary Magdalene brings only a woman's loving heart. The one has written great books; the other could do nothing but anoint the Saviour's feet. Yet the two kinds of service are equally important. St. Jerome's translations have carried the gospel over the world, and it is written that "Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."[1]

The composition of the picture is on a diagonal

[1] St. Matthew, chapter xxvi., verse 13.

plan similar to that which we have already noticed in his pictures.[1] The structural line may be traced from the top of St. Jerome's head across the shoulders and back of Mary Magdalene. The edge of the canopy overhead emphasizes this line by following the same general direction. The child's figure behind the Magdalene balances the figure of the lion in the left corner.

The landscape which lies beyond the canopy is an important and beautiful part of the picture. Without this spacious distance in the background the large figures filling the foreground would crowd the composition unpleasantly. It is a relief to the eye to traverse this stretch of sunny country.

The picture makes it possible for us to understand why Correggio has been called a painter of "light and space and motion." All three characteristics are admirably illustrated here. In color, too, the original painting is very fine. The Virgin wears the usual red robe and blue mantle, the colors denoting love and constancy. St. Jerome has a blue drapery about the hips and a crimson mantle, while the angel's tunic and Mary Magdalene's mantle are yellow.

It is the clear golden atmosphere flooding the scene which gives it the Italian name of "Il Giorno," The Day.

[1] See chapters IX. and XIII.

XV

CUPID SHARPENING HIS ARROWS

(Detail of Danaë)

In the imagination of the ancient Greeks all human love was inspired by the goddess Aphrodite, Venus, aided by her son, the little archer Cupid. It was Cupid's office to shoot the arrows of affection. Being a mischievous fellow, he took delight in aiming his shafts at the unsuspecting. Often his victims were so oddly chosen that it seemed as if the marksman had shot at random. Some believed that he did his work blindfolded.

The poets describe Cupid as a beautiful winged boy carrying a bow and a quiver of arrows, and sometimes a torch. He flew at will through the wide universe, but he loved best the island of Cyprus, which was his mother's first home. "His head has goodly curls," wrote Moschus,[1] "but impudent is the face he wears; his little hands are tiny, 't is true, yet they shoot far. . . . Small is his arrow, yet it carries even to the sky. . . . He is naked indeed, so far as his body is concerned, but his mind is shrouded. And being winged as a bird he flies upon now one party of men and women and now another, and settles on their inmost hearts."

[1] In the first idyl, translated by J. Bank.

The mingled pain and delight caused by a wound of love is explained by the fact that Cupid's arrows were tipped with gall and honey. The way in which they were fashioned is variously described by the poets. Anacreon has it that they were made at the forge of Vulcan, the husband of Venus, and the blacksmith of the gods. One of this poet's odes relates how —

> "In the Lemnian caves of fire
> The mate of her who nursed Desire
> Moulded the glowing steel to form
> Arrows for Cupid thrilling warm;
> While Venus every barb imbues
> With droppings of her honeyed dews;
> And Love (alas the victim heart)
> Tinges with gall the burning dart." [1]

A slightly different explanation is given by the Latin poet Claudian : —

> "In Cyprus' isle two rippling fountains fall
> And one with honey flows, and one with gall;
> In these, if we may take the tale from fame,
> The son of Venus dips his darts of flame."

However the story may run, there is but one ending. The victim of the love-god's arrow confesses that "loving is a painful thrill," but "not to love, more painful still."

So bold was the little archer that the mightiest could not withstand his arts. The war-god Mars, bringing his spear one day to Vulcan's forge, smiled contemptuously at the light shafts of Cupid. "Try it," said little Love, handing him one. Whereupon the foolish fellow cried out in an agony of pain, and

[1] In Moore's translation.



Alinari, photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

CUPID SHARPENING HIS ARROWS (DETAIL OF DANAË)

Borghese Gallery, Rome

begged Cupid to take the arrow back. Apollo, the archer of the sun, was equally imprudent, and was richly punished for his sneers. An arrow from the fatal quiver made him mad with unrequited love for the nymph Daphne. A being who could give so much pain and pleasure was at once to be loved and feared. Hence all paid homage —

> "To Love, for heaven and earth adore him
> And gods and mortals bow before him."

In our picture, Cupid looks just as the poets have described him, a beautiful baby boy with wings and "goodly curls." Only the milk and honey of Cyprus could have made the little body so plump. A deep crease marks the line of his wrist, a soft fold of flesh the neck. The full quiver lies on the table beside him, and he is sharpening one of the darts.[1] A little companion helps him hold the whetstone steady while he presses the arrow tip upon its surface. Some lines of Horace come to mind describing —

> "Cupid sharpening all his fiery darts
> Upon a whetstone stained with blood of hearts."

Cupid's companion is as like him as a twin, save that he has no wings. He may be a human playfellow of the little god, or one of the brood of loves with which the poets have peopled Cyprus. While the original myth told of only one Cupid, imagination has multiplied his kind. We read of the "playful rout of Cupids" attendant upon the love-god, who rules as sovereign among them.

[1] Vasari says that Cupid is trying the arrow on a stone.

The two children of the picture are intent upon their task. The very seriousness of their manner argues some mischief in view. Evidently they are preparing for a great conquest. The arrow must not fail of its work, but must be sharp enough to carry the sweet poison straight to the victim's heart.

Both of the chubby fellows have rather large heads with clustering ringlets. The wingless boy has the high, full forehead which marks an active mind. Cupid seems to have the more energetic temperament of the two, while his comrade is a bit of a dreamer.

Our picture is a charming illustration of Correggio's love of children. As it was not the fashion of his time to paint children's portraits, he had to make his own opportunities for the favorite subject. How ingenious he was we have had occasion to see in our study. When given a sacred subject to paint he filled all the available spaces with child angels sporting in the clouds. With the ceiling of a room to decorate, he covered the whole surface with a band of little boys at play.

Our reproduction is a detail of a larger picture illustrating the myth of Danaë. The two little figures are in the lower right corner of the canvas.

XVI

A SUPPOSED PORTRAIT OF CORREGGIO

Almost every celebrated painter has at some time in his life sat for his portrait. Many have painted their own likenesses, not so much from motives of vanity, but as a matter of artistic interest. Others have posed as models to their fellow painters.

Correggio was an exception in this regard. The old biographer Vasari made many efforts to procure a portrait, and concluded that "he never took it himself, nor ever had it taken by others, seeing that he lived much in retirement."

Our painter, as we have seen, was not a student of the face. Form and expression did not greatly interest him. He busied himself chiefly with problems of light and shade. This is perhaps the reason why he never thought it worth while to paint his portrait. He was not a traveller, and probably never visited any of the great art centres of his time. So he made no friends among the contemporary painters who would have been likely to make his portrait. In any case his busy life left little time for any work for himself, and if he thought at all of a portrait, he doubtless postponed it to some more convenient season. Waiting for such a time, his career was brought suddenly to an end. He died of fever in Correggio at the age of forty.

In the passing centuries one picture after another has been put forward as a pretended portrait of Correggio. The painter's admirers were always eager to believe that a real likeness had at last been discovered. Though we cannot rely upon the genuineness of any of these, some are very interesting.

Such an one is our frontispiece, from a painting in the Parma Gallery, pointed out as Correggio's portrait. Whoever the original may have been, the expression is certainly animated and intelligent. There is much humor and kindliness in the face. The unknown artist should have the credit for the gift of revealing the individual character of his sitter.

Lacking an authentic portrait of the man Correggio, we have to content ourselves with the short account of his character given by Vasari. "He was a person," writes the biographer, "who held himself in but slight esteem, nor could he ever persuade himself that he knew anything satisfactorily respecting his art; perceiving its difficulties, he could not give himself credit for approaching the perfection to which he would so fain have seen it carried; he was a man who contented himself with very little, and always lived in the manner of a good Christian."

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF PROPER NAMES AND FOREIGN WORDS

The Diacritical Marks given are those found in the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary.

EXPLANATION OF DIACRITICAL MARKS.

A Dash (¯) above the vowel denotes the long sound, as in fāte, ēve, tīme, nōte, ūse.
A Dash and a Dot (˙) above the vowel denote the same sound, less prolonged.
A Curve (˘) above the vowel denotes the short sound, as in ădd, ĕnd, Ill, ŏdd, ŭp.
A Dot (˙) above the vowel a denotes the obscure sound of a in pást, ábāte, Amĕricȧ.
A Double Dot (¨) above the vowel a denotes the broad sound of a in fäther, älms.
A Double Dot (¨) below the vowel a denotes the sound of a in bạll.
A Wave (˜) above the vowel e denotes the sound of e in hẽr.
A Circumflex Accent (^) above the vowel o denotes the sound of o in bôrn.
A dot (.) below the vowel u denotes the sound of u in the French language.
N indicates that the preceding vowel has the French nasal tone.
G and K denote the guttural sound of ch in the German language.
th denotes the sound of th in the, this.
ç sounds like s.
c sounds like k.
g sounds like z.
ḡ is hard as in ḡet.
ġ is soft as in ġem.

Allegri (äl-lā′grē).
Altius cæteris Dei patefecit arcana (äl′tē-ŏŏs kī′tā-rēs dā′ē pä-tā-fā′-kĭt är-kā′nä).
Ambrose (ăm′brōz).
Anacreon (ăn-ăk′rē-ŏn).
Antonio (än-tō′nē-ō).
Apollo (ȧ-pŏl′lō).
Aphrodite (ăf-rō-dī′tē).
Artemis (är′tē-mĭs).
Arimathea (ăr-ĭ-mȧ-thē′ȧ).
Athena (ă-thē′nȧ).
Augustine (ạ′gŭs-tēn).
Aurora (ạ-rō′rȧ).
Austin (ạs′tĭn).

Bayliss, Wyke (wīk bā′lĭs).
Bĕth′lēhĕm.
Berenson (bā′rĕn-sŏn).
Blashfield (blăsh′fēld).
Burckhardt (bŏŏrk′härt).

Cæsar (sē′zär).
candelabrum (kăn-dē-lā′brŭm)
Carthage (kär′thāj).
Catherine (kăth′ēr-ĭn).
Caxton (kăks′tŭn).
Cavaliere (kä-vä-lē-ā′rā).
chiaroscuro (kyä-rō-skōō′rō).
Cicerone (chē-chā-rō′nā).
Claudian (clạ′dī-ȧn).
Correggio (kŏr-rĕd′jō).
Costus (kŏs′tŭs).
Comus (kō′mŭs).
Cū′pĭd.
Cyprus (sī′prŭs).

Dalmatian (dăl-mā′shȧn).
Danaë (dā′nȧ-ē).
Daphne (dăf′nē).
Diana (dī-ăn′ȧ *or* dī-ā′nȧ).

Ecce Homo (ĕk′kē *or* ĕk′sē hō′mō).

Egypt (ē′jĭpt).
Endymion (ĕn-dĭm′ĭ-ŭn)
Ephesus (ĕf′ē-sŭs).
Ezekiel (ē-zē′kĭ-ĕl).

Galilee (găl′ĭ-lē).
Giorno, Il (ēl jôr′nō).
Giovanni Evangelista (jō-vän′nē ā-vän-jä-lēs′tä).
Guido Reni (gwē′dō rā′nē).

Hăz′lĭtt.
Heilige Nacht (hī′lĕG-ŭ năĸt).
Heaton (hē′tŭn).
Hĕr′ŏd.
Hĕs′pĕrŭs.
Hĭp′pō.
Horace (hôr′ăs).

Ignem gladio ne fodias (ĕg′nĕm glä′-dē-ō nā fō′dē-äs).
Israel (ĭz′rā-ĕl).

Jameson (jā′mē-sŭn).
Jerome (jē-rōm′ *or* jĕr′ŭm).
Jĕrū′sălĕm.
Jôr′dăn.
Judæa (jū-dē′ä).

Keats (kēts).
Kugler (kōōG′lĕr).

Lāy′ărd.
Lĕm′nĭăn.

Mădŏn′nä.
Magdalene (măg′dă-lĕn).
Marcella (mär-sĕl′ä).
Matthew (mă′thū).
Mater Dolorosa (mā′tĕr dŏl-ō-rō′sä *or* mä′tär dō-lō-rō′sä).
Maxentius (măks-ĕn′shĭ-ŭs).
Märş.
Meyer (mĪ′ĕr).
Michelangelo (mē-kĕl-än′jä-lō).
Milan (mĭl′ăn *or* mĭ-lăn′).
Mŏn′ĭcä.
Moore (mōr *or* mōor).
Moschus (mŏs′kŭs).
Morelli (mō-rĕl′ē).

Năz′ărĕth.
Nicodemus (nĭk-ō-dē′mŭs).
Noli me tangere (nō′lē mā tan′gā-rā *or* nō′lī mē tăn′jē-rē).
Notte, La (lä nōt′tä).
Nūmĭd′ĭä.

Păl′ĕstīne
Pä′ōlō.
Pär′mä.
Păt′mŏs.
Paula (pạ′lä).
Pharisee (făr′ĭ-sē).
Piacenza (pē-ä-chĕn′dzä).
Plā′tō.
Pontius Pilate (pŏn′shĭ-ŭs pī′lāt).
putti (pŏŏt′tē).

Răbbō′nī.
Raphael (rä′fā-ĕl).
Rex Regum (rāks rā′gōōm).
Ricci, Corrado (kōr-rä′dō rēt′chē).
Rŭs′kĭn.

Sala del Pergolato (sä′lä dĕl pair-gō lä′tō).
Scipione Montino (shē-pē-ō′nä mōn tē′nō).
Scodella (skō-dĕl′lä).
Sebastian (sē-băst′yăn).
Simmonds (sĭm′ŭndz).
Symonds (sĭm′ŭndz).
Syria (sĭr′ĭ-ä).

Te Deum (tā dā′ŏŏm *or* tē dē′ŭm)
Titan (tī′tăn).
Titian (tĭsh′ăn).

Umbrian (ŭm′brĭ-ăn).

Vasari (vä-sä′rē).
Vē′nŭs.
Vere, Aubrey de (ạ′brĭ dē vēr).
Vŭl′cän.
Vŭl′gāte.

Wordsworth (wĕrdz′wĕrth).

Zĕb′ĕdēē.

VAN DYCK
1599–1641



PORTRAIT OF VAN DYCK
Prado Gallery, Madrid

I

PORTRAIT OF ANNA WAKE

The city of Antwerp was at one time famous for its commercial and industrial interests, and it was besides an important centre of art. Here in the seventeenth century lived the two foremost Flemish painters, Peter Paul Rubens, and Anthony Van Dyck. The Flemish industries had chiefly to do with the making of beautiful things. Among them were tapestries in rich designs and many colors, used for wall hangings. The Flemish weavers were also skilled in making fabrics of silk and velvet. Most famous of all were their laces, patiently wrought by hand, on pillows, and unrivalled throughout the world for delicacy of workmanship. Glass and porcelain were also among their industrial products. In Antwerp, too, was the printing establishment of Plantin, from which issued many learned works in French and Latin.

Among refined people like these, who not only loved beautiful things but could afford to buy them, the art of painting was highly esteemed. There was every encouragement for a young artist to pursue this calling. Rubens was already a great painter when Van Dyck began his art studies, and the older man gave the younger much helpful advice.

At his friend's suggestion Van Dyck travelled several years in Italy, where he was inspired by the works of the Italian masters of the preceding century. Returning at length to his native city, he set up a studio of his own, and soon became a favorite portrait painter among the rich and fashionable classes. Not a few of his sitters were foreign sojourners in the Netherlands, especially the English. The lady of our illustration is quite plainly of this nationality, though she is dressed according to the Flemish modes.

It appears that an English merchant named Wake was established in Antwerp at this time, and it is supposed that this may be his daughter. There are also reasons for connecting the portrait with one of a certain English baronet named Sheffield, who was likewise in Belgium in this period. Miss Anna Wake, we may conclude, had married into the Sheffield family when this portrait was painted. These names, however, are mere guesses, and, even if they were verified, would tell us no more of the lady's story than we can gather from the picture. Her life was probably not of the eventful kind which passes into history. The luxuries of her surroundings we may judge from her rich dress and jewels; the sweetness of her character is written in her face.

She shows us perhaps more of her inner life than she intends. Her fine reserve would naturally shrink from any sort of familiarity. Yet as she stands quietly before the portrait painter, left, as it were, to



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

PORTRAIT OF ANNA WAKE

Royal Gallery, The Hague

the solitude of her own thoughts, her spirit seems to look out of the candid eyes.

Her dignity and self-possession make her seem older than the twenty-two years with which the inscription on the portrait credits her. But the face is that of one who has just passed from maidenhood to young womanhood. Life lies before her, and with sweet seriousness she builds her air castles of the future. Thus far she has been carefully guarded from the evil of the world, and her heart is as pure as that of "the lily maid of Astolat." For social triumphs she would care nothing, though her beauty could not fail to draw an admiring throng about her. Vanity and coquetry are altogether foreign to her nature. She is, rather, of a poetic and dreamy temperament. Perhaps it is the fragile quality of her beauty which gives an almost wistful expression to the face. She is like a delicate flower which a chill wind would blast.

The costume interests us as a study of bygone fashions, and is painted with exquisite care for detail. The pointed bodice is as stiff as a coat of mail, like that so long in vogue at the court of Spain. Perhaps the Spanish occupation of the Netherlands may have brought the corset with it. Certainly it is not conducive to an easy carriage; only a graceful figure like this could wear it without awkwardness. The slashed sleeves are made full, and tied at the elbows with bows. The wide collar and cuffs are edged with beautiful Flemish lace points. The feather fan and the strings of pearls about the throat

and wrists might form a part of any modern costume. It strikes us, however, as a very singular fashion for a lady to wear a large seal ring on the thumb.

We notice how simply the hair is dressed, brushed loosely from the face and knotted at the back, with a jewel gleaming at one side. Compared with the elaborate coiffures worn by great ladies in some historical periods, this style is delightfully artistic. Altogether the entire manner of dressing is perfectly suited to the wearer.

II

THE REST IN EGYPT

We often read in history of the rejoicing throughout a kingdom over the birth of a prince: messengers are sent from place to place to proclaim the glad news, congratulations and gifts follow, every possible care is taken for the nurture and protection of the precious young life.

The story of the childhood of Jesus reads somewhat like that of a prince, in spite of his lowly surroundings. Though he was born in a manger, a herald angel announced the glad tidings of his coming. Though the people of Bethlehem took no note of the event, a multitude of the heavenly host sang "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, goodwill to men." Wise men from the East made a long journey to find the young child. The lore of the stars had taught them that he was a king, and they brought gifts worthy of royalty, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

It was these visitors who were the innocent cause of the child's first danger. In seeking him out they had gone to King Herod at Jerusalem, asking, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" These inquiries made the monarch very uneasy. He had no mind to lose his crown. To prevent the

appearance of any possible rival he determined upon summary measures. "He sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under." By this terrible massacre he thought to do away with the child Jesus.

But the Prince of Peace was protected by stronger guards than ever surrounded the cradle of an earthly prince. A warning message was sent to save the child from the impending danger. "The angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him."

"When he arose, he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt."[1] The journey was long and wearisome, but the mother Mary was young, and strong in courage, and Joseph was a sturdy defender. As for the babe, what mattered it to him whether he slept in a manger, or under the trees by the wayside? He was safe in his mother's arms.

What adventures befell them by the way we do not know, but we like to imagine the incidents of the journey. There is a tradition that angel playfellows came from time to time to amuse the child Jesus. When Mary and Joseph were forced to pause a little while for food and rest, the lonely places were filled with these glad presences.

[1] St. Matthew, chapter ii., verses 13, 14.



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE REST IN EGYPT

Pitti Gallery, Florence

This is the legend illustrated in our picture. Under the spreading branches of a great tree, Mary has found a comfortable seat on a grassy bank, and Joseph rests behind her. The little child stands on his mother's knee, clinging to her dress for support, while her arms hold him firm. A band of infant angels play on the flower-strewn grass in the open space in front. With joined hands they circle about as in the figure of a dance or game. The music for their sport is furnished by a heavenly choir, hovering in the upper air and singing the score from an open book.

The leader of the dance is evidently the beautiful angel who pauses opposite the Christ-child. Resting on the right foot he draws back the left, poising on his toe, in an attitude of exquisite grace. With his left hand he waves a salute to the infant Christ. His right hand clasps that of a companion angel to form an arch beneath which troop the whole jocund company. It is good sport, and the players scamper gleefully along. A single angel stops to gaze ardently towards the Christ-child.

The mother looks on at the game with queenly dignity. A smile hovers on her lips, as if the eagerness of the little leader pleased her. As for Joseph, his glance is directed towards the tree-tops. Perhaps his senses are not fine enough to discern the spirit company, but he is well content with the happiness of mother and child.

From the safe pedestal of his mother's knee the child Jesus watches every motion of the angels with

breathless interest. The angel leader seems to beckon him to join them, and he is almost ready to go. Yet the firm hands hold him back, and he is glad to cling to his mother's dress. A circle of light about his head is the halo, or symbol of his divine origin.

The picture is an important record of our painter's travels in Italy. It was here he imbibed from the old Italian masters the tender and devotional spirit which animated their sacred works. Titian was the special object of his admiration, and he painted a number of Madonna pictures which show the influence the Venetian painter had upon his art. The circle of dancing angels recalls the cherub throng of Titian's Assumption.[1]

[1] See Chapter XII. in volume on *Titian* in the Riverside Art Series.

III

THE SO-CALLED PORTRAIT OF RICHARDOT AND HIS SON

A GENTLEMAN has brought his little boy to our painter's studio for a portrait sitting. Father and son are close friends and understand each other well. On the way they have talked of the picture that is to be made, and the boy has asked many questions about it. It is rather a tedious prospect to an active child to have to sit still a long time. But his father's companionship is his greatest delight, and it is a rare treat to both to have a whole morning together. Besides, they have a book with them, a new publication from the Plantin printing press, and the father has promised to read something to him.

The two are richly dressed for the event, the father in black with a fur mantle, and the boy in white satin embroidered with gold. The man wears the stiff quilled ruff of the period, the boy a round collar of soft lace. It is not every day in the year that a little boy is allowed to wear his best satin doublet, and the child feels the gravity of the occasion. We may suppose that these are people of distinction, and that on certain great occasions the boy accompanies his father to court. Perhaps, too, as the eldest son of the house, he is sometimes given a

seat at a great banquet, or is brought into the tapestried hall to meet an honored guest. It is at such times that he would be dressed as in the picture. In our own day a child's finery brings to mind dancing classes and parties, but in these far away times it is associated only with stately ceremonies.

The painter has led his guests to a place near a window, where, looking over their shoulders, one sees a bit of pleasant country. The man draws the boy towards him and lays one hand on the child's shoulder. At the painter's bidding, the little fellow puts his right arm akimbo, imitating the attitude in some of the portraits of the studio. The pose suits perfectly the quaint dignity of the little figure.

It is a proud moment for the boy. It makes him almost a man to be treated as an equal by his father. Not for worlds would he do anything to spoil the picture; he feels the responsibility of carrying out his part well. He regards the painter with solemn eyes, watching intently every motion of the pencil.

There is a gleam of humor in the father's eyes as he too looks in the same direction. He is a man of large affairs, we are sure. His high forehead shows rare mental powers, and he has the judicial expression of one whose counsel would be worth following. Yet there is that in his face which shows the quiet tastes of the scholar. With his boy beside him and a book in his hand, he is content to let the great world go its way. Nevertheless he is something of a courtier, as his station in life requires, a distinguished figure in any great company. The face is



Van Dyck. *The Louvre, Paris.*

THE SO-CALLED PORTRAIT OF RICHARDOT AND HIS SON

one of striking nobility of character. He is a man in whom we could place great confidence.

Two qualities of the portrait give it artistic value, life-likeness, and character. The figures almost seem to speak to us from the canvas, and we feel a sense of intimacy with them, as if we had actually known them in real life. Indeed there is very little in the picture to make it seem foreign to our own surroundings. The stiff ruff is the most distinctly old-fashioned feature. The man's closely cut pointed beard is such as has long been called the "Van Dyck beard." The painter wore his own trimmed in the same way, which seems at one time to have been equally the fashion in England and on the continent.

We remark in the picture the excellent characterization of the hands. In later days when the painter was busier, he often assigned this part of the work to assistants. They did not try to reproduce the hand of the portrait sitter, but painted this feature from a model. Now this man's hand is plainly his own; it is of a character with the face, strong and sensitive.

The landscape view is an important element in the picture. If we compare our illustration with others which have no such setting, we shall better understand its value. An enclosed space sets a more or less definite limit to the imagination. A glimpse of the country, on the other hand, suggests wide spaces for the fancy to explore. It will also be noticed that this light spot in the upper right corner

balances well the white costume of the boy in the lower left corner.

The portrait group of our illustration has long borne the title of Jean Grusset Richardot and his Son. This Richardot was a celebrated Flemish diplomat of the sixteenth century, and president of the Privy Council of the Low Countries. As he died in Van Dyck's boyhood, his portrait could not have been made by our painter directly from life. Nor can we believe with some that years after the diplomat's death Van Dyck copied from some old picture the likeness seen here. A portrait painted in this way would not have the vitality of our illustration. We are therefore obliged to consider the picture nameless; but our enjoyment of its good qualities is by no means less keen.

IV

THE VISION OF ST. ANTHONY

St. Anthony of Padua was a Franciscan friar of the thirteenth century, celebrated for his piety and eloquence. He was a Portuguese by birth, and early in life determined to be a Christian missionary. His first labors were in Africa, but being seized by a lingering illness, he returned to Europe and landed in Italy. Here he came under the influence of St. Francis of Assisi, who was just establishing a new religious order. The rules were to be very strict: the members could possess nothing of their own, but were to beg their food and raiment of fellow Christians. They were to mingle with the people as brothers, hence *friars*,[1] ministering to their bodily needs, and advising, comforting, and admonishing in higher concerns. What sort of a habit they wore we may see in our picture. There was a long dark brown tunic made with loose sleeves, and having a sort of hood attached. The garment was fastened about the waist with a knotted rope. By this strange girdle the wearer was continually reminded that the body is a beast to be subdued by a halter.

On account of his learning, St. Anthony became

[1] From the French *frère*.

a teacher of theology. He was connected successively with the universities of Bologna, Toulouse, Paris, and Padua, and with this last city his name has ever since been associated. At length, however, he forsook all other employments and devoted himself wholly to preaching among the people.

These were troublous times in Italy, when the poor were cruelly oppressed by the rich. St. Anthony espoused the cause of those who were wronged, and denounced all forms of tyranny. His influence was a great power among the people, and many stories are told of his preaching. It is related that one day, as he was explaining to his hearers the mystery of the Incarnation, the Christ-child appeared to him as in a vision.

It is this story which the painter had in mind in our picture: St. Anthony kneels before the mother and babe in an ecstasy of devotion. An open book lies on the ground beside him, as if he had been conning its pages when the vision broke upon him. The landscape surroundings are especially appropriate, for St. Anthony was fond of out-of-door life. His sermons were often given in the open air, and it is said that he sometimes preached to the fishes. He delighted to point out to his hearers the beauties of nature, the whiteness of the swan, the mutual charity of the storks, and the purity and fragrance of the lilies.

The poetic refinement of his nature is indicated in his face. He is young and handsome, with the gentle expression which used to win the hearts of



Alinari, photo

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE VISION OF ST. ANTHONY

Brera Gallery, Milan

his hearers. There is little here to show the more forcible elements of his character. The tonsured head is the common mark of membership in religious orders.

The Christ-child bends forward to caress the saint's face with his tiny hand. He is a loving little fellow, not particularly pretty, except in his infantine plumpness, yet the face is full of innocent sweetness. A mysterious light shines above his head, the emblem of divinity. The good friar does not presume to touch the holy child, but folds his hands reverently across his breast. His eyes are lifted with the rapt look of the visionary.

St. Anthony's biographers tell us how he loved to recite the old Latin hymn by St. Fortunatus, beginning, —

O Gloriosa Domina
Excelsa super sydera.
[O most glorious Lady
Exalted above the stars.]

We may fancy that in the ecstasy of this vision these lines now rise to his lips. The last stanza expresses the sum of his adoration : —

Gloria tibi Domine
Qui natus es de Virgine
Cum Patre et sancto Spiritu
In sempiterna saecula.
[Glory to thee, O Lord,
Who wast born of a Virgin,
With the Father and Holy Spirit
For eternal ages.]

It is easy to see from a comparison of this picture with the Rest in Egypt that it was painted at about

the same time. We at once recognize the mother and child of the other illustration, and note the similarity in pose. We may imagine the Madonna bending forward and holding the babe a little lower on her lap, and we should have the grouping as it is here.

In their pictures of the Madonna, the old painters tried to express their highest ideals of womanhood. The mother Mary represented to them all that is strongest and sweetest in a woman's character. So this Madonna by Van Dyck is a gracious and queenly figure modelled upon the stately Virgin of Titian.

The linear composition of the picture is carefully planned; the basis is the pyramidal form. From the top of the Virgin's head diverge the two oblique lines which enclose the diagram. The mantle fluttering behind the mother's shoulder balances the part of St. Anthony's tunic which lies on the ground.

We may well believe that the painter took especial pleasure in working on this picture, because he himself bore the name of the good St. Anthony.

V

MADAME ANDREAS COLYNS DE NOLE AND HER DAUGHTER

In the time of Van Dyck there was living in Antwerp a family of ancient lineage who bore the name of Colyns de Nole. For three centuries there had been sculptors among the men of this name. The talent had been handed down from father to son through the several generations, and sometimes there were two or three of the family working together in the art. The old churches of Antwerp contained some fine specimens of their work.[1]

Andreas Colyns de Nole was of nearly the same age as Van Dyck, and a worthy representative of his famous family. He was the sculptor of the beautiful monument of Henry van Balen in the Church of St. Jacques, and of a Pietà in the Church of Notre Dame. The sculptor and the painter became good friends, and it was a natural consequence that the latter should paint the portrait of his friend and of his family. He made two companion pictures, one of the sculptor, and the other of his wife and the little daughter.

[1] A full account of the several members of this family is given in the *Biographie Nationale*, published by the Royal Belgian Academy of Science, Literature and Fine Arts, Brussels, 1899.

The lady is seated in an arm-chair, letting her placid glance stray across the room. There is a little touch of weariness in her manner, as if she were glad to sit down for a few moments' rest. She is a busy housewife and mother, with many domestic duties on her mind. In her strong, capable way she has long borne the family burdens. The face is full of motherly sweetness; the expression is patient and serene, as of one well schooled in the lessons of life. This is indeed the "virtuous woman" whose price the wise man of old set "far above rubies."

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." [1]

The child is as like the mother as possible in features. Her round face is quaintly framed in a close lace-trimmed cap. She is a shy little creature, and is rather afraid of the strange painter. So she keeps as far as possible in the shelter of her mother's big sleeve. The hour drags wearily by. The studio is a dull place, and the sunshine without very inviting. The child pulls impatiently at her mother's arm, and, as the painter speaks, she looks timidly around, wondering what he will think of such a rude little girl.

The artist is secretly much amused by the small

[1] Proverbs, chapter xxx., verses 26–28.



Hanfstaengl, photo. John Andrew & Son, Bo.

MADAME ANDREAS COLYNS DE NOLE AND HER DAUGHTER

Munich Gallery

young lady's behavior. He has a shrewd insight into children's thoughts, and sympathizes with their moods. He does not try to persuade her to sit for him, but he catches her pose just as she stands here. The mother, too, is wise enough to let the child alone, and the picture is made as we see it.

As we compare it with the former illustration of the man with his little boy, it is amusing to see the contrast between the two children. The boy has such a grave sense of responsibility, while the girl cares nothing for the portrait. She would doubtless think the boy very tiresome.

We are apt to think of the children of past centuries as altogether different beings from those of our own day. With few toys and books and pictures such as we have now, they must have been, we fancy, very sedate little creatures. A child portrait like this in our illustration dispels these false ideas. This little daughter of a seventeenth-century sculptor is as full of life and spirits as any child of to-day. Barring her quaint dress and foreign tongue she would be at home with children of her own age in any period or country.

The lady's dress is in a style similar to that which we have already studied in the portrait of our first illustration. The stiff bodice, with the long pointed front and square neck, the broad lace-trimmed collar, the large sleeves, and the wide cuffs turned back from the wrist, are details common to the two pictures. This costume, however, is somewhat less elegant than that of the English lady and more suggestive of

every-day wear in the home. The collar is less elaborate, and not stiff; the neck is entirely covered with soft white material, fastened at the throat with a small brooch. A seal ring adorns each hand, worn on the index finger.

We recognize the pillar in the background as a common setting in Van Dyck's portraits. The taste of this time was rather artificial in such matters, and inclined to stateliness. There is here no vista beyond the pillar, no glimpse into another apartment, but the space is, as it were, completely walled in.

VI

DÆDALUS AND ICARUS

In the distant past which we call the age of fable lived the cunning craftsman Dædalus of Athens. One of his most curious inventions was a labyrinth which he constructed for Minos, the king of Crete. Having at length displeased this king he resolved to flee from the island with his son Icarus. It was impossible to escape by way of the sea without detection, but Dædalus was not discouraged.

> "Land and wave,
> He cried, deny me way! But Heaven above
> Lies open! Heaven shall bear me home!" [1]

So saying he began to fashion some wings with which he might fly away. Feathers of different lengths were bound together with thread and wax, and shaped into arched pinions like those of a bird. As he worked, the boy Icarus stood by watching his father, and sometimes handling the feathers with his meddlesome fingers.

At last the final touch was given, and Dædalus, fastening the wings to his body with wax, made a short trial flight. The invention was a success; the artist rose triumphant in the air. Then he taught

[1] All the quotations are from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book viii., translated by Henry King.

his boy the use of the wings, warning him of every possible mishap: —

> "'Midway keep thy course, he said,
> My Icarus, I warn thee! if too low,
> The damps will clog thy pinions; if too high,
> The heats relax them. Midway hold thy flight.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> By mine
> Thy course direct.' And many a precept more
> He gave, and careful as he bound the wings
> Upon the shoulders of the boy, his cheeks
> Were wet with tears, and in the task his hands
> Paternal trembled."

Our picture illustrates this point in the story. Dædalus has just fastened the wings upon his son and is giving the final directions. The old man's face is full of anxiety, as he implores the lad not to fly too high. Icarus listens to the advice with a shade of impatience, pouting a little, like a wilful child who chafes under restraint. He points forward, as if to show that he understands his orders. Already the slender figure is poised for flight; he is eager to be off. In another moment he will rise into the air, dropping his garment as he ascends. A light breeze flutters the soft plumes of the wings and blows the loose curls about the boy's head. His youthful beauty, almost feminine in type, contrasts finely with the strong furrowed countenance of the father.

The story goes on to tell how the two started off together, the father leading the way.



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

DÆDALUS AND ICARUS

Collection of the Earl of Spencer, Althorp

"And, as the mother bird
When first her offspring from the nest essays
The air, he hovered anxious, cheering on
The boy to follow, and with fatal art
Enjoining thus or thus his wings to ply
As he example gave."

For a while all went well, and they had covered a long distance, when Icarus, —

"Elate
With that new power, more daring grew, and left
His guide, and higher, with ambitious flight
Soared, aiming at the skies!"

This was the very danger against which Dædalus had warned his son.

"Upon his wings
The rays of noon struck scorching, and dissolved
The waxen compact of their plumes: — and down
He toppled, beating wild with naked arms
The unsustaining air, and with vain cry
Shrieking for succour from his sire!
The sea that bears his name received him as he fell."

Dædalus, having buried his son on the island of Icaria, proceeded on his way and came at last to Sicily, where he lived to finish some important works of architecture.

Our illustration shows some phases of Van Dyck's art with which we are least familiar. He rarely interested himself in mythological stories, though such subjects were common among his contemporaries. The painter has caught in this case the essential spirit of the myth. There are few of his pictures also in which he expressed so well the sense of motion. The inclination of the body of Icarus, the

poise of the wings, and the gesture of the right hand all contribute admirably to this end.

Here, too, we see how carefully he studied the nude figure, and how well he understood the principles of modelling. The foreshortening of the right arm and hand of Icarus is a clever piece of technical workmanship. The composition is well planned to fill the canvas.

VII

PORTRAIT OF CHARLES I

(By Sir Peter Lely, after Van Dyck)

Charles I. of England was the second king of the Stuart dynasty, whose despotic tendencies made the seventeenth century a memorable period in history. He ascended the throne at the age of twenty-five, and began at once to assert his belief in the divine right of kings. Indignant at the restraints which Parliament set upon his power, he dissolved this body and ruled alone.

For more than ten years he governed England in his own way, and during this time his court was conducted with great magnificence. The palace at Whitehall was the scene of many brilliant entertainments and lavish hospitalities.

Charles was an ardent lover of music, literature, and painting, and in his gallery was a collection of pictures remarkable for his time. He was particularly proud of the ceiling decorations of his Banqueting Hall, furnished by Rubens. He interested himself also in the manufacture of tapestries, and secured for England Raphael's cartoons for the Vatican tapestries, hoping thereby to raise the artistic standard of the home production.[1]

[1] See Chapter III. of volume on *Raphael* in the Riverside Art Series.

It was a crowning proof of his good taste that early in his reign he appointed Van Dyck the court painter. The Flemish painter was thereupon made Sir Anthony Van Dyck, and remained in the royal service until his death in 1641. It was the king's intention to have the walls of the Banqueting Hall decorated by Van Dyck, but this plan was never carried out. As it was, however, the court painter is said to have made, during his nine years' residence in England, no less than thirty-six portraits of the king, and twenty-five of the queen, Henrietta Maria, besides many pictures of their children, singly or in groups. His studio was a favorite resort of the royal pair, who used to come in their barge, by the way of the Thames, to his house at Blackfriars. The painter would receive them with the manners of a prince. Musicians played for their entertainment, and the conversation turned on questions of art.

In this constant intercourse, Van Dyck came to know well the face of his royal patron. It was not really a handsome face, as we see when we analyze the features in our illustration. The forehead is high but not broad, the nose large and not classically modelled, and the thick lips and weak curves of the mouth are not hidden by the upturned mustache. The shape of the face is long and narrow beyond good proportion, but this defect is relieved by the chestnut hair, which falls in long waving locks over the shoulders, and makes a broad frame for the face.



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

PORTRAIT OF CHARLES I.

Dresden Gallery

All these details, however, escape our attention when we look at the portrait for the first time. We are chiefly impressed by the kingly presence of the man. There is an indefinable suggestion of nobility in his bearing, an expression of grave dignity in his countenance. The eyes are almost melancholy, the glance is averted and remote. The consciousness of his royal birthright gives an air of aloofness to the figure.

The king stands beside a table, resting one hand on the broad rim of the hat which lies there, and holding his gloves in the other. He wears the mantle of the Order of the Garter, ornamented on the left side with the six-pointed silver star, in the centre of which is the red cross of St. George. From a broad blue ribbon about the neck is suspended a gold medallion. This is the "George," the image of the warrior saint, represented on horseback in his encounter with the dragon.

The attempt of Charles to govern England without a Parliament proved a sad failure. He set his own authority above all laws, and persistently disregarded the rights of the people. At last he became involved in so many difficulties that he was obliged to reassemble the two houses. Then followed the long struggle between the king and the Parliament, which resulted in the Civil War. The supporters of the Crown represented chiefly the upper classes, and were called Cavaliers. The Parliamentarians were for the most part Puritans, and were men of fervent piety.

There were six years of fighting, beginning with the battle of Edgehill, and culminating in the Parliamentary victory at Naseby. Charles was tried and condemned as a "tyrant, traitor, murderer, and public enemy." On the 30th of January, 1649, he was executed in front of Whitehall Palace, walking to the scaffold with the same kingly dignity which he had shown throughout his life. "I go," said he, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can take place." His body was laid among others of England's royal dead at Windsor.

The picture reproduced in our illustration is not thought to be the original work of Van Dyck's hand, for that precious painting was destroyed by a fire in the Palace of Whitehall. It was a fortunate circumstance that while it was still in existence, Sir Peter Lely, court painter to Charles II., made a fine copy of it, which is now in the Dresden Gallery. A competent critic (Lionel Cust) tells us that the Dresden picture is so excellent that "it is difficult to believe it to be other than an original by Van Dyck."

Authorities. — Green: *A Short History of the English People;* D'Israeli: *Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I.*

VIII

THE MADONNA OF ST. ROSALIA

On the summit of Monte Pellegrino, in the island of Sicily, stands a colossal statue of St. Rosalia. Like the old Greek statue of Victory on the island of Samothrace,[1] or to use a modern instance, like the statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island in New York harbor, St. Rosalia serves as a beacon to mariners. The Sicilians hold the saint in great reverence, and celebrate her memory in two annual festivals. From the eleventh to the fifteenth of July are horse-races, regattas, illuminations, and all sorts of gayeties in her honor. In September there is a solemn procession to her chapel.

St. Rosalia was a Sicilian maiden of noble family, the niece of William II., called the Good. Being both rich and beautiful, she had many suitors for her hand, but she rejected them all. At the age of fifteen she renounced the pomps and vanities of the world, and devoted herself to a life of meditation. She retired secretly to a cavern on Mt. Heirkte, and here she passed her solitary life. It was not until five hundred years after her disappearance that her hiding-place was discovered. There they found her lying in her grotto, as if she had just fallen asleep,

[1] See Chapter XV. in the volume on *Greek Sculpture* in the Riverside Art Series.

and on her head was a wreath of roses with which the angels had crowned her. The body was carried in triumph to Palermo, and she became the patron saint of her native city.

This was in the early part of the seventeenth century,[1] and the story of the new saint's life immediately became the subject of art. Van Dyck painted for a church in Antwerp a series of pictures of St. Rosalia, from which our illustration is taken. The maiden saint kneels on the steps of a throne to receive a wreath of roses from the Christ-child. An angel attendant behind her holds a basket of roses. St. Peter and St. Paul add dignity to the scene.

As we see at once, this is not an actual incident from the life of St. Rosalia. The aim of the picture is devotional. It is as if we were given a glimpse into the court of heaven, where the saints of all ages gather about the Christ-child's throne.

St. Peter is seen at the Madonna's left, gazing at some little cherubs who hover in mid air with sprays of flowers. We know him by the mammoth key he carries in his left hand, a symbol of his authority in spiritual concerns. The reference is to the words of Jesus when Peter declared him to be the Christ: "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven."[2] He seems here a very old man, and one who has suffered many persecutions in the master's cause.

St. Paul stands at the right of the throne, leaning

[1] The date of her disappearance is given as 1159.

[2] St. Matthew, chapter xvi., verse 19.



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE MADONNA OF ST. ROSALIA

Imperial Gallery, Vienna

on his sword in an attitude of meditation. The sword has been chosen as this apostle's emblem because of his allusion in the Epistle to the Ephesians to the "sword of the spirit." [1] The books lying on the pavement at his feet are his various writings.

According to tradition the Apostle Paul was a man of mean stature and insignificant appearance. Regardless of this fact, however, the old artists always tried to make him as grand and noble as possible, that his outward appearance might correspond to the grandeur of his character. There was a certain old Italian painter named Masaccio, who set the fashion, as it were, for the ideal portrait of St. Paul.[2] A hundred years later Raphael imitated this figure, and again a century later, Van Dyck repeated it in the picture before us. If we compare our illustration with a print of Raphael's picture of St. Cecilia we shall see the resemblance.[3] Even the pose is the same in the two cases. The grand head with the full beard reminds us of the Greeks' conception of their god Zeus.[4]

St. Rosalia is a beautiful young woman, richly dressed in a brocaded mantle, and with wavy hair falling over her shoulders. Her attitude is very humble, and she lifts her face to the Christ-child's with sweet adoration. The little fellow seems de-

[1] Ephesians, chapter vi., verse 17.

[2] In the fresco of the Carmine Church, Florence.

[3] See Chapter IX. of the volume on *Raphael* in the Riverside Art Series.

[4] See Chapter I. of the volume on *Greek Sculpture* in the Riverside Art Series.

lighted with his task, and leans forward eagerly, to offer the saint the crown of roses. Is it for me? she seems to ask, as she lays one hand upon her breast and timidly holds out the other.

On the step beside her is a human skull, across which lies a stalk of lilies. The flowers are an Easter emblem, and symbolize the Resurrection. The skull is the token of death. Thus are we taught the victory over death through the purity of the spiritual life.

The grotto of St. Rosalia has become a church which is the object of many a pious pilgrimage. It is for this that the name of the mountain was changed from Heirkte to Monte Pellegrino, which means the Pilgrim Mountain.

We have already seen (Chapters II. and IV.) how much Van Dyck owed to Titian in the rendering of sacred subjects. Here the Madonna's high throne beside the marble pillars, and the cherubs in mid air are striking reminiscences of Titian's Pesaro Madonna.[1]

[1] See Chapter XIV. in the volume on *Titian* in the Riverside Art Series.

IX

CHARLES, PRINCE OF WALES

(Detail of Children of Charles I.)

The Prince Charles of our picture was the son of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, and bore the title of the Prince of Wales. He was born on the morning of May 29, 1630, and there was great rejoicing in the royal household that he was a fine strong baby. The king at once rode in state to St. Paul's Cathedral to give thanks for the birth of an heir. While the procession was on its way a bright star appeared in the noonday sky. This was hailed as a good omen, and an epigram was composed on the occasion: —

> "When to Paul's Cross the grateful King drew near,
> A shining star did in the heavens appear.
> Thou that consultest with bright mysteries
> Tell me what this bright wanderer signifies?"
> "Now there is born a valiant prince i' the west,
> That shall eclipse the kingdoms of the east."

A month later the baby's baptism was celebrated with great solemnity in the chapel at St. James. The famous Laud, Bishop of London, officiated, and the sponsors were Louis XIII. of France, Marie de Médicis, and the Elector Palatine, all represented by proxies. There were wonderful christening presents,

among them a jewel of great value brought by the old Duchess of Richmond.

The new-born prince did not grow into a pretty baby. Even his mother, who would naturally wish to praise him, wrote to a friend in France that he was "so ugly she was ashamed of him." "But," she added, "his size and fatness supply the want of beauty. I wish you could see the gentleman, for he has no ordinary mien; he is so serious in all that he does that I cannot help deeming him far wiser than myself." A few years later the child became a pretty boy, with a fine figure, brown complexion, and large, bright black eyes. His mouth, however, remained very ugly.

The prince's earliest years were passed happily, and no one could have foreseen the stormy experiences through which he must pass before he should inherit the throne of his father. The king and queen were devoted to each other and to their children. There was a younger boy, Prince James, and three sisters, to complete the family circle.[1] It is pleasant to imagine them at play in the royal nursery.

The young Prince of Wales had for his governor the Earl of Newcastle. We read of a letter written at the age of eight and addressed to this nobleman.

[1] That is, Princess Mary, Princess Elizabeth, and Princess Anne. Prince Henry was only an infant when the family circle was broken up, and Princess Henrietta was not born until 1644, while the Civil War was actually in progress.



Painted by Van Dyck. John Andrew & Son, Sc

CHARLES, PRINCE OF WALES

Royal Gallery, Turin

The contents refer wittily to the governor's advice about taking medicine : —

" My lord,

" I would not have you take too much phisike for it doth always make me worse ; and I think it will doe the like with you. I ride every day, and am ready to follow any other directions from you. Make haste back to him that loves you,

" Charles P."

We see from this that the boy was early taught to ride, and was doubtless trained in all manly sports. In the Stuart household dogs were the favorite pets, and the young Charles seems always to have been accompanied by one, now a collie, now a spaniel, now a great boarhound. The queen had a peculiar fancy for dwarfs, which were in this period common playthings of royalty. Little Geoffrey Hudson, eighteen inches high, was an important member of the court, having been presented to Henrietta Maria in a huge pie.[1]

In our picture Prince Charles is about five years old. At this age, in our modern fashions, a boy is dressed quite differently from a girl. Here, however, the little prince's finery and his round lace cap somewhat belie his manliness. Yet his short hair cut in a straight fringe across the forehead is his boy's prerogative. The wide lace collar was worn by men as well as boys, as we may see in the portraits

[1] As we read in Scott's novel, *Peveril of the Peak.*

of the king and of the Duke of Lennox. We speak of it to-day as a "Van Dyck collar."

The child has a winning face, with large round eyes and a mouth which the flattering painter has shaped like a Cupid's bow. Though the expression is perfectly child-like, there is a certain dignity in the pose of the head, which makes the boy appear mature beyond his years. Evidently Van Dyck meant everybody to know that this was a prince.

Prince Charles's happy boyhood came to an end at the breaking out of the Civil War. Though he was then only twelve years of age, he and his brother, Prince James, followed their father to the battle-field, suffering cold and hunger and even the dangers of the enemy's bullets. At the age of sixteen, the Prince of Wales joined his mother in Paris. Upon the execution of his father he at once assumed the title of King Charles II., and in the following year was crowned at Scone in Scotland at the age of twenty-one. Putting himself at the head of the Scottish army, he advanced into England, and was completely defeated by Cromwell. After nine years of exile he was recalled to England and restored to the throne. Thus did the innocent baby prince of our picture become the Merry Monarch of the Restoration, whose court was a disgrace in English history.

Our illustration is a detail of a larger picture containing a group of three children, Prince Charles, with Princess Mary and Prince James, Duke of York.

AUTHORITY. — Strickland : *Queens of England.*

X

ST. MARTIN DIVIDING HIS CLOAK WITH A BEGGAR

St. Martin was born during the reign of the Emperor Constantine the Great, and was the son of a Roman soldier. He himself entered the army at an early age, and was sent into Gaul with a regiment of cavalry. Among his comrades he was loved for his mildness of temper and his generosity.

It happened that he was stationed in the city of Amiens, during a winter of unusual severity. There was great suffering among the poor, and many perished with cold and hunger. St. Martin was riding one day through the city gate, when he passed a naked beggar shivering on the pavement. Immediately he drew rein, and spoke pityingly to the poor creature. The young soldier was wearing over his coat of mail a long mantle. Slipping this garment from his shoulders he divided it with his sword, giving half to the beggar. That same night, as he slept, he had a vision of Jesus clad in the portion of his mantle. And Jesus, turning to the angels who accompanied him, said, "My servant Martin hath done this."

After a time St. Martin left the army, to devote himself wholly to a religious life. He became the Bishop of Tours, and was noted for his deeds of

mercy and charity. It was always his delight to clothe the poor. Once while he was standing at the altar of the cathedral, he turned and threw his priestly garment over a beggar, with the same impulsive generosity which had led him to divide his military cloak. He was zealous also in uprooting all forms of heathenism, and cast down many temples of idols.

He lived to a good old age, and died among the scenes of his labors. The legend relates that as he lay in his last illness he prayed his brethren to move him where he might see more of heaven than of earth. His face shone as it had been glorified, and the voices of angels were heard singing.[1] In Tours from that day to this his memory is piously cherished. Every child in the street loves to tell the story of the gallant soldier who shared his cloak with the beggar.

This is the story in our picture. St. Martin rides forward on a splendid white charger, accompanied by other horsemen. At the corner of the gateway two beggars await them. The older one hobbles forward on his knees, supported by crutches. Though he is a miserable object, he is fairly protected from the cold by a long garment. His companion is perfectly naked, a huge muscular fellow seated on some straw. He is just turning about

[1] The life of St. Martin is related with much circumstance in the *Golden Legend*. See Caxton's translation in the *Temple Classics Edition*, vol. vi., p. 142. Mrs. Jameson gives a brief account of the same in *Sacred and Legendary Art*, p. 705.



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

ST. MARTIN DIVIDING HIS CLOAK WITH A BEGGAR

Church of Saventhem

to make way for the cavalcade, when the knight draws rein.

The horse arches his neck proudly and stamps impatient at the delay. The rider on St. Martin's right looks across with surprise. But the young knight serenely proceeds in his generous act. Already his cloak has slipped from his figure and hangs only from his left shoulder. Grasping it with his left hand half way down its length, he raises his sword to sunder it at this place.

The lower end has fallen across the beggar's right arm. At its warm touch, the man, overwhelmed with gratitude, abashed perhaps by the goodness of his benefactor, hides his face with his upraised left arm. It is as if the knightly purity of the compassionate face above him has revealed the man to himself in his loathsome degradation.

The young soldier is clad in a tunic of mail which sets off to perfect advantage the lithe figure. Over his short curls is worn a jaunty cap with a long feather; he is a veritable fairy prince. The boyish face accords well with the legend, which relates that he was only a youth when the incident occurred. It is said that no one ever saw St. Martin angry, or sad, or gay; he was always sweet, and serious, and serene. This, too, is precisely as we see him in the picture. The good deed done, we may fancy the young cavalier riding on his way, as if nothing had happened.

The beautiful horse of the picture is one which appears in many of Van Dyck's works. There is a

tradition that the original was Rubens's gift to the painter when he set out for Italy. Van Dyck has built his picture on a diagonal plan, such as the older painter Rubens often used. The main line of the composition runs from the head of the man in the upper left corner, to the beggar in the lower right corner. The lifted sword and the falling mantle form the connecting lines across the canvas.

The feast of St. Martin is celebrated on the eleventh of November, in that short season of warm weather which brightens the autumn. It is for this that the French call the week "St. Martin's little summer." Every year, at this time, pious pilgrims visit the quiet cells, in the limestone cliff by the riverside, where the good bishop used to retire for prayer.

XI

THE CRUCIFIXION

THE life of our Lord, which began in the Bethlehem manger, culminated on the cross of Mount Calvary. In our picture we see the Man of Sorrows in his last moments of suffering. How it came about that he was crucified is fully related by the four evangelists.[1]

For three years he had gone about among the people, healing the sick, comforting the sorrowing, and preaching the good tidings of the kingdom. His blameless life was a constant reproach to hypocrites and evil doers. The priests were jealous of his popularity and hated him for his rebukes. As the feast of the Passover drew near, they sought how they might kill him.

Judæa was at that time a province of the great Roman empire, and the civil authority was vested in the governor, Pontius Pilate, and a body of Roman soldiery. The Romans, however, did not interfere much with the affairs of the Jews, and there was little trouble in carrying out a plot. A formal charge against Jesus was made by false witnesses,

[1] St. Matthew, chapters xxvi. and xxvii.; St. Mark, chapters xiv. and xv.; St. Luke, chapters xxii. and xxiii.; St. John, chapters xviii. and xix.

and he was arrested as a common criminal. After being examined by the high priest, he was led to the governor for trial. "And they began to accuse him, saying, We found this fellow perverting the nation and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, saying that he himself is Christ, a king."

Pilate now took him within his palace for a private interview, and could find no fault with him. Nor did King Herod, to whom the case was referred, differ from the governor as to the prisoner's innocence. Pilate therefore appealed to the people in behalf of Jesus, but a multitude of angry voices shouted, "Crucify him!" "Crucify him!" "And so, Pilate, willing to content the people . . . delivered Jesus . . . to be crucified." He was crucified, as we know, between two thieves, and over his cross was the superscription written by Pilate, in three languages, "This is Jesus, the King of the Jews."

Seven times, while he hung upon the cross, did the suffering Saviour speak aloud. "Father, forgive them," was his first exclamation, "for they know not what they do." His next words were to the thief on one side, who begged to be remembered when Jesus should come into His own: "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," was the reply. Then his thoughts turned lovingly to his mother, who stood with John by the cross. "Woman, behold thy son," he said to her, indicating John. Then turning to John, he added, "Behold thy mother." A moment of agony followed, when he cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" After this, he



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE CRUCIFIXION

Antwerp Museum

said, "I thirst," and a soldier held to his lips a sponge wet with vinegar. As the end drew near came the words, "It is finished," and at last, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

In Van Dyck's picture we see nothing of the surroundings of the Crucifixion — the Roman soldiers, the curious crowd, the sorrowing friends, or the crucified thieves. Only the solitary figure of Jesus, nailed to the cross, is lifted against the strange dark sky. For three hours, as we read, there was darkness over all the land, followed immediately, after the death of Jesus, by a great earthquake. This is the moment when the storm-clouds are gathering over the face of the sun, causing its light to gleam luridly through the thick covering. The cross is rudely built of two beams in the form which is called a Latin cross. A fluttering scroll at the top of the upright beam carries the accusation "The King of the Jews."

The garments of Jesus had been stripped from his body and divided among four soldiers. He now hangs naked upon the cross save a small strip of cloth knotted about his loins, the loose ends hanging at one side. The body is somewhat slender and delicately modelled, but firm and supple as of one in the fulness of manhood. The hair falls in dishevelled locks about the face, and a mysterious light shines above the head.

As we look at the picture, each one must decide for himself what moment in the great drama is illustrated. From the expression of suffering on the

countenance we judge that the end is approaching. From the lifted face and open mouth we see that the sufferer communes with his Father.

The Crucifixion is the saddest subject a painter could choose, yet notwithstanding this, it has been one of the most important subjects in Christian art. Van Dyck painted it many times, and expressed, as we see here, a deep sense of the tragic nature of the scene. Yet he always avoided those harrowing details which make some of the pictures of the older masters too painful to contemplate. For this reason his crucified Christ has been chosen as the model for the Crucifixion scene in the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau.

We may see how wide was the range of our artist's gifts, which extended from such joyous pictures as the Rest in Egypt to a theme so solemn as the Crucifixion.

XII

JAMES STUART, DUKE OF LENNOX AND AFTERWARDS OF RICHMOND

James Stuart, Duke of Lennox, was one of the most prominent personages at the English court. His uncle was a cousin and trusted friend of King James I., and the relations between the nephew and Charles I. were even closer. Immediately upon taking a degree at Cambridge, the young nobleman entered the royal service as Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber. He was just thirteen years of age, and a born courtier. "His courtesie was his nature, not his craft," quaintly says one historian. While still in his minority, he visited France, Italy, and Spain. When Van Dyck came to England, he became at once one of the painter's most frequent sitters.

Our illustration is one of the first of the series of portraits of the Duke of Lennox, and shows him at the age of twenty. The young man stands with his hand on the head of a favorite greyhound, and turns his pleasant face to ours with a smile. He wears the habit of the Order of the Garter. This "most noble and illustrious Order" was instituted by King Edward III. under the patronage of St. George. It consisted of the sovereign and twenty-five "companions" banded together, like the knights

of Arthur's Round Table, for the advancement of ideal manliness. The ceremony of investiture was very solemn, each part of the costume being placed in turn on the elect knight, when he knelt to take the vows. We note in the picture the same details which we saw in the portrait of Charles I., the mantle with the great silver star, and the gold medal, or "George," on the blue ribbon. One part of the costume not to be seen in the other picture is the garter, worn on the left leg "between the knee and the calf," as the old directions read.

The garter was, indeed, originally the most important emblem of the entire garb. It symbolized to the wearers that "as by their Order, they were join'd in a firm League of Amity and Concord, so by their Garter, as by a fast Tye of Affection, they were obliged to love one another." The garter was blue, fastened with a gold buckle, and on it was inscribed the motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense" [Evil to him who evil thinks]. A miniature representation of the garter encircles the cross in the centre of the star, and also forms a border of the "George" medallion.

From the broad lace collar to the high-heeled shoes with their huge rosettes, the young man of the picture represents the height of the prevailing fashion. His hair is carefully curled in the manner of the Cavaliers. He is in fact the impersonation of the court life of the period. It is pleasant to fancy the graceful youth moving through the stately figures of the court dances.



From a photograph of the original painting. John Andrew & Sons, Inc.

JAMES STUART, DUKE OF LENNOX AND RICHMOND

Metropolitan Art Museum, New York

It was five years after this portrait was painted that the Duke of Lennox married Mary, the daughter of the first Duke of Buckingham. Then followed the troubles in Scotland caused by the king's persistent attempt to force the liturgy of the Church of England upon the people. Lennox now showed himself a stanch adherent of the Crown, and upheld the royal cause in the face of the bitter opposition of the Scotch. His enemies thought him very haughty and severe in his manner, but his probity and sincerity seem not to have been questioned.

In 1641, he was created Duke of Richmond, and in the same year was appointed to the high office of Lord Steward of the Household. Throughout the civil war he served his royal master with untiring faithfulness, devoting a large part of his fortune to the cause of the Crown. When Charles was held a prisoner in Hampton Court, it was this friend who cheered the period of his confinement. When at last, after the execution of the king, the royal remains were buried at Windsor, the Duke of Richmond was one of the four noblemen who sorrowfully bore the pall to the grave. He died in the prime of manhood, in 1655.

A more loyal follower no king could have, yet, notwithstanding his zeal, the Duke of Lennox and Richmond failed to exert any great influence upon history, because he lacked the necessary judgment and decision of character. His portrait certainly does not indicate any special intellectual promise in the young man. Yet the face is so refined, the

expression so winning, that none can help feeling the singular charm of the personality. Van Dyck understood well how to impart an air of distinction to a figure, and when, as in this case, he had a favorable subject, he was especially successful.

To lovers of dogs the greyhound is no unimportant part of our picture. The painter has expressed with much insight the character of this beautiful and high-bred creature. The muzzle is pressed affectionately to the master's side, and the eyes are fixed upon the beloved face with an expression of intense devotion. There is a tradition that this animal once saved the duke's life by rousing him from sleep at the approach of an assassin.

In the making up of the composition, the dog's figure describes a diagonal line on the left, which balances a similar diagonal on the other side made by the duke's placing his arm akimbo. Thus the general diagram of a pyramid is suggested as the basis of the grouping.

Authorities. — Robert Vaughn: *The History of England under the House of Stuarts;* L. von Ranke: *The History of England in the Seventeenth Century;* Warwick's *Memoirs;* Doyle's *Official Baronage of England.*

XIII

CHRIST AND THE PARALYTIC

It was a part of our Lord's ministry among men to restore to health the body as well as the soul. He was often moved with compassion by the disease and suffering which he saw as he went about Galilee or passed through the streets of Jerusalem. St. John, the evangelist (chapter v.), relates an incident which took place at a pool called Bethesda near a sheep market in Jerusalem.

There were here five porches in which lay "a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water." It seems that at certain intervals the waters of the pool were troubled, as if moved by some unseen agency. It was believed that the first person stepping in thereafter would be healed of any disease he might have.

"And a certain man was there, which had an infirmity thirty and eight years. When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he saith unto him, Wilt thou be made whole? The impotent man answered him, Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool: but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me. Jesus saith unto him, Rise,

take up thy bed, and walk. And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed, and walked." [1]

This is the incident illustrated by our picture. Jesus has already brought the paralytic to his feet, and now sends him on his way. Two other men complete the group, but take no part in the conversation. One is a disciple, perhaps John, who accompanies the Master, the other is a spectator peering curiously over the paralytic's shoulder.

The restored paralytic carries under one arm a rug, which has been clumsily rolled into a bundle. This is the sort of "bed" used among the poor of Eastern countries. He is but half clad in a garment which slips from his shoulders, showing his emaciated form. The face is sharpened by suffering; he is altogether a strange and repulsive figure. Like the beggar who lay in St. Martin's path he represents a degraded class of humanity.

He leans now towards his unknown friend in a pitiable effort to express his gratitude. The eyes have a look of dumb devotion like those of a faithful dog. He lays one hand humbly upon his breast. Jesus turns to the poor creature with an expression of infinite compassion. He reads the man's heart with his searching glance. Thanks he does not need; his first care is to send the man forth to begin life anew.

[1] There was another case of Christ's healing a paralytic, but as on that occasion the sick man's bed was let down through the roof into a house, the incident does not fit the picture so well as that of Bethesda.



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

CHRIST AND THE PARALYTIC

Buckingham Palace

The head of the Saviour is painted after the ideal portrait which has been handed down from generation to generation since the early days of Christianity. The oval face with classical features, the full beard, the long hair parted in the middle, such are the familiar features which we have all come to associate with the person of Jesus. Yet notwithstanding this general similarity in the many pictures of Christ, every great artist has brought out something different in the face.

It was Titian's peculiar glory to show the intellectual side of our Lord's character as no other Italian had done. Van Dyck, with characteristic admiration for the great Venetian, followed his example. If we compare our illustration with Titian's Christ of the Tribute Money[1] we shall see how closely the former imitates the latter. Yet, as no man of imagination can copy exactly another's work, Van Dyck's ideal of Christ is less ascetic than Titian's and somewhat more benign. In both pictures the pure countenance of the Saviour is sharply contrasted with the coarse face beside him.

We are interested to read on in St. John's narrative the sequel of the story illustrated in our picture. It happened to be the Sabbath day, and, as the restored paralytic passed through the city, the Jews said unto him: "It is not lawful for thee to carry thy bed."

"He answered them, He that made me whole,

[1] See Chapter VIII. of the volume on *Titian* in the Riverside Art Series.

the same said unto me, Take up thy bed, and walk. Then asked they him, What man is that which said unto thee, Take up thy bed, and walk? And he that was healed wist not who it was: for Jesus had conveyed himself away, a multitude being in that place.

"Afterward Jesus findeth him in the temple and said unto him, Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee. The man departed, and told the Jews that it was Jesus, which had made him whole."

XIV

PHILIP, LORD WHARTON

PHILIP, Lord Wharton, was an English nobleman of nearly the same age as the Duke of Lennox, and the two were painted by Van Dyck at about the same time. In both young men are apparent the same signs of gentle birth and breeding, a dignity of bearing, and a repose of manner characteristic of their class. That they were quite different in essential character, however, we shall presently see.

Lord Wharton was the fourth baron of his family and the second of the name Philip. He succeeded to his title as he was entering his teens, and at the age of nineteen he had become one of the most attractive figures at the court of Charles I. In this year he married Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir Rowland Wandesford. It was in honor of this occasion that the portrait of our illustration was painted.

Of a lover so handsome and graceful, the promised bride may well have been proud. His dress is rich and picturesque: the jacket is of violet velvet, the mantle of yellow satin, and the costume is set off by delicate laces at the throat and wrists. These were days when the men vied with women in fondness for finery.

Lord Wharton was at this time on terms of friendly intimacy with the king and queen. It was a flattering mark of royal favor when the king presented the young courtier with two full-length portraits of himself and of Queen Henrietta, painted by Van Dyck. Perhaps the artistic tastes they had in common formed the bond of friendship between them. Lord Wharton, it appears, admired Van Dyck's portrait work almost as much as King Charles. On his second marriage, five years later, he employed the artist to paint a number of family portraits. He prized these so highly that he built a gallery specially for them in his new house at Winchendon.

The time soon came when more strenuous questions occupied him. The contest between the king and the Parliament brought every Englishman to a parting of the ways. Lord Wharton was a Puritan, and took a decided stand on the side of Parliament. His personal relations with the king were outweighed by his sense of patriotic duty.

At the breaking out of the war he entered the Parliamentary army, serving successively as colonel of a regiment of foot, and as a captain of a troop of horse. He took part in the battle of Edgehill, and was brought into considerable prominence at this time. In a famous speech made soon afterwards, he charged the king's nephew, Prince Rupert, with gross "inhumanity and barbarousness" during the course of the battle. Evidently where his mind was made up, Lord Wharton was a strong partisan.



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

PHILIP, LORD WHARTON

Hermitage Gallery, St. Petersburg

Of this we should suspect nothing from our portrait. It is hard to imagine that this beardless young courtier, so suave and amiable in appearance, will ten years later be fighting sternly against his king. Here his thoughts seem to be wholly romantic: his eyes have the dreamy expression of an expectant lover. His is surely a knightly soul unstained by worldliness. The face is of that perfect oval admired by artists as the highest standard of beauty. Taste and refinement are the most striking qualities one reads in it; the mouth is the most individual feature, small and modelled in delicate curves. Yet with all its sweetness, those firmly closed lips suggest tenacity of opinion and strength of will.

As the event proved, Lord Wharton was a man of uncompromising political opinions. He was at one time committed to the Tower on a charge of contempt of the House. In his long and active life he saw England pass through many changes. He was an old man when the last of the Stuart kings (James II.) fled from England, leaving a vacant throne. Macaulay tells us of the Whig nobleman's speech in the meeting of the Lords which resulted in the invitation to William and Mary of Orange to take the government. He knew how to be fair as well as severe, and a still later speech is recorded when he opposed the Abjuration Bill.[1] He died at the age of eighty-five in 1698.

[1] This bill provided that no person should sit in either house of Parliament or hold any office without making declaration that he would stand by William and Mary against James and his adherents.

There are other portraits by Van Dyck more vigorous than this, but none perhaps more charming. As we have seen in the portrait of the Duke of Lennox, the painter was nowhere more successful than in portraying the young courtier. We recognize the pose, with one arm akimbo, as a favorite device of Van Dyck. While in some cases it seems artificial, here it appears to be an attitude which the young man assumed of his own accord.

On his left arm he carries a tall shepherd's staff; it may be that he has sometime played a pastoral part in some masque. His costume, however, does not accord with such a part, and it is more likely that the staff is held merely to give some use to the left hand. We note in another illustration that the man called Richardot holds a book, with his hand in a similar position.

The texture painting of Lord Wharton's costume is skilfully rendered, and a rich satin hanging behind him throws a part of the figure into relief. On the other side is a glimpse of landscape lighting the composition pleasantly with a distant view.

AUTHORITIES. — Macaulay: *History of England;* Doyle's *Official Baronage of England.*

XV

THE LAMENTATION OVER CHRIST

A GREAT company of people had followed Jesus to his crucifixion, including not only his enemies, but his friends. The beloved disciple John was accompanied by Mary. "And many women were beholding afar off, which followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering unto him; among which was Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James and Joses, and the mother of Zebedee's children.

"When the even was come there came a rich man of Arimathea named Joseph, who also himself was Jesus' disciple. He went to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus. Then Pilate commanded the body to be delivered. And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb which he had hewn out in the rock: and he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre and departed."[1]

During all this time two at least of the original company of women had lingered near while the body of Jesus was taken from the cross and made ready for burial. They were the mother Mary and Mary Magdalene. Even after Joseph's task was done and he had gone his way, they remained "sitting over against the sepulchre."

[1] St. Matthew, chapter xxvii., verses 55–60.

It is not unnatural to suppose that they may have had some share in the preparation of the body. Nicodemus, as we learn elsewhere, had brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, which it was the custom of the Jews to use in burial.[1] Both men must have been glad of the presence and help of the faithful women.

Poets and painters have dwelt much on these sad moments, supplying from the imagination the details omitted in the narrative. The women must at times have been unable to restrain their tears; natural grief must have its way. Then might the men have left them awhile alone with their dead, as they busied themselves with their task.

It is some such idea as this which inspired the painting of our illustration. The mother Mary supports the head of her son upon her bosom; Mary Magdalene stoops to kiss the lifeless hand; St. John approaches at one side with a mantle.

The body of Christ, wrapped in a cloth, has been laid upon a rock in a cavern. The agony of his cruel death is past, and the face is calm as of one who sleeps. The figure is, as we have seen it on the cross, robust and well knit. Only the nail prints in hands and feet show the manner of his dying. On the ground beside him is a basin with a sponge, surrounded by tokens of the crucifixion, the crown of thorns, the nails, and the superscription.

We see in the Madonna the same stately and

[1] St. John, chapter xix., verse 39.



From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE LAMENTATION OVER CHRIST

Antwerp Museum

beautiful woman who carried her babe on the journey to Egypt. Her veil is now drawn well over her head, entirely concealing her hair. She has borne the cares of life with courage, and the years have touched her face but lightly. Even in the hour of anguish she lifts her eyes to heaven with resignation, yet one hand is extended with a gesture which seems to implore mercy.

Mary Magdalene is a much younger woman. She has peculiar reason for her devotion to Jesus, for he saved her from a strange fate.[1] Her impulsive and loving nature is now overwhelmed with grief. Her rich costume is in disorder, and her hair falls in loose locks over her shoulders. Her lovely face is very sad. Half kneeling, she presses her lips to the wound in the left hand. Her attitude and manner are full of humility, as if she felt herself unworthy to approach too near.

St. John regards the group with gentle sympathy. He is spoken of as "the disciple whom Jesus loved," so intimate was the relation between them. To his care Jesus intrusted the Mother Mary, and he now remains near as one of the few most deeply bereaved. He is very young, with a sensitive face and delicately cut features.

The subject of the picture is one which Van Dyck treated in several compositions. The Flemish title is "Nood Godes," the suffering of God. The Italians call it the Pietà, which means, compassion. One of the most celebrated works of art

[1] St. Luke, chapter viii., verse 2.

devoted to the theme is the marble group in Rome by Michelangelo.[1] Van Dyck must have seen this work on his visit to the Eternal City, and was no doubt inspired in some measure by its grandeur. We notice that in his picture the Mother extends her left hand in a gesture similar to that of the marble figure.

[1] See Chapter VI. in the volume on *Michelangelo* in the Riverside Art Series.

XVI

PORTRAIT OF VAN DYCK

The painter Van Dyck was the son of a rich merchant of Antwerp, and lacked no opportunities for the training of his artistic gifts. He was fortunate also in meeting ready appreciation wherever he went. In Italy, in Flanders, and finally in England, his paintings were highly valued. His life was passed amid luxurious surroundings, in the society of noblemen and princes. His was a brilliant and successful career.

Our portrait frontispiece was painted during his residence in England, when he was about forty years of age. He is described as short in stature, with a slender figure. His hands were long, with the straight sensitive fingers of the artist. He had a fresh delicate face, with well-cut features, and light chestnut-colored hair, which he wore long, like the English Cavaliers. The upturned mustache and small pointed beard were also fashionable among the English nobility, as we infer from the portrait of Charles I.

The face has the characteristic qualities of the artistic nature, the high forehead, the dreamy eyes, and the pensive expression. The head is lifted a little, in an imaginative pose. We should know this man at once for a poet or a painter.

It must be confessed that we do not find much strength of character in the face. Van Dyck indeed lacked the nobler qualities of manliness, and was decidedly worldly in his tastes. He lived in princely magnificence in his house at Blackfriars, spending money lavishly. A biographer tells how "he always went magnificently Drest, had a numerous and gallant Equipage, and kept so noble a Table in his Appartment that few Princes were more visited or better serv'd."

To maintain this expensive establishment the painter was obliged to devote his mornings to hard work in his studio. The nights were spent in banquets and revelry. Naturally his health gave way under the strain of this double life. While he still cherished ambitious projects for greater works of art, he sickened and died in London at the age of forty-two.

Two years before this he had married an English lady, Mary Ruthven, and they had one child, a daughter.

Our frontispiece is a detail of a double portrait representing, in half-length figures, the painter and a patron, John Digby, Earl of Bristol.

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF PROPER NAMES AND FOREIGN WORDS

The Diacritical Marks given are those found in the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary.

EXPLANATION OF DIACRITICAL MARKS.

A Dash (¯) above the vowel denotes the long sound, as in fāte, ēve, tīme, nōte, ūse.
A Dash and a Dot (˙) above the vowel denote the same sound, less prolonged.
A Curve (˘) above the vowel denotes the short sound, as in ădd, ĕnd, ĭll, ŏdd, ŭp.
A Dot (˙) above the vowel a denotes the obscure sound of a in pȧst, ȧbāte, Amĕricȧ.
A Double Dot (¨) above the vowel a denotes the broad sound of a in fäther, älms.
A Curve (‿) below the vowels e and o denotes an obscure sound similar to that of ĭ but usually shorter.
A Double Dot (‥) below the vowel a denotes the sound of a in b‥ll.
A Wave (˜) above the vowel e denotes the sound of e in hẽr.
A Circumflex Accent (^) above the vowel o denotes the sound of o in bôrn.
A Dot (.) below the vowel u denotes the sound of u in the French language.
N indicates that the preceding vowel has the French nasal tone.
G and K denote the guttural sound of ch in the German language.
th denotes the sound of th in the, this.
ç sounds like s.
c sounds like k.
g sounds like z.
g̃ is hard as in get.
ġ is soft as in ġem.

Amiens (ä-mĕ-ăN′).
Andreas (ăn-drā′ăs).
Anne (ăn).
Anthony (ăn′tō-nĭ).
Antwerp (ănt′wẽrp).
Arimathea (ăr-ĭ-mȧ-thē′ȧ).
Assisi (ä-sē′sē).
Astolat (ăs′tō-lăt).
Athens (ăth′ĕnz).

Bedloe (bĕd′lō).
Belgium (bĕl′jĭ-ŭm).
Bentivoglio (bĕn-tē-vōl′yō).
Bethesda (bĕ-thĕz′dȧ).
Bĕth′lēhĕm.
Biographie Nationale (bē-ō-grä-fē′ nä-sē-ō-näl′).
Blackfriars (blăk′frī-ĕrz).
Bologna (bō-lōn′yȧ).

Bristol (brĭs′tọl).
Brussels (brŭs′ĕlz).
Buckingham (bŭk′ĭng-ȧm).

Cæsar (sē′zär).
Calvary (kăl′vȧ-rĭ).
Carmine (kär′mē-nā).
Cavaliers (kăv-ȧ-lērz′).
Caxton (kăks′tŭn).
Cecilia (sē-sĭl ĭ-ȧ).
Colyns de Nole (kō-lăN′ dē nōl)
Constantine (kŏn′stȧn-tīn).
Crŏm′wĕll.
Crowe (krō).
Cū′pĭd.
Cust, Lionel (lī′ō-nĕl kŭst).

Dædalus (dĕd′ȧ-lŭs *or* dē′dȧ-lŭs)
Digby (dĭg′bĭ).

D'Israeli (dĭz-rā'lĭ).
Doyle (doil).
Dresden (drĕz'dęn).

Edgehill (ĕj'hĭl).
Egypt (ē'jĭpt).
Elizabeth (ē-lĭz'ą-bĕth).
Ephesians (ē-fē'zhąnz).
Eugenia (ū-jē'nĭ-ą).

Flanders (flăn'dẽrz).
Flôr'ĕnce.
Fôrtūnā'tŭs.
Franciscan (frăn-sĭs'kąn).
frère (frâr).
Fromentin (frô-mŏN-tăN').

Galilee (găl'ĭ-lē).
Genoa (jĕn'ō-ą).

Hampton (hămp'tọn).
Heirkte (hĭrk'tē).
Hĕnrĭĕt'tą Mâr'ĭ'ą.
Hĕr'ọd.
Honi soit qui mal y peuse (ŏn-ē' swą kē mäl ē päNs).
Hudson, Geoffrey (jĕf'frĭ hŭd'sọn).

Icaria (ĭ-kā'rĭ-ą).
Icarus (ĭk'ą-rŭs).
Italy (ĭt'ą-lĭ).

Jacques (zhäk).
Jā'mę-sọn.
Jĕrū'sąlĕm.
Joses (jō'sēz).
Judæa (jū-dē'ą).

Knackfuss (knäk'fōōs).
Kugler (kōōg'lẽr).

Laud (ląd).
Lely (lē'lĭ).
Lĕn'nọx.
Louvre (lōō'vr).
Lübke (lụb'kę).

Macaulay (mą-ką'lĭ).
Mądŏn'nȧ.
Magdalene (măg'dą-lĕn).
Masaccio (mä-sät'chō).
Médicis, Marie de (mä-rē' dẽ mą-dẽ sēs').
Mĕtâmôr'phōsēs.
Michelangelo (mē-kĕl-än'ją-lō).
Mĭ'nŏs.

Naseby (nāz'bĭ).
Netherlands (nĕth'ẽr-lą*n*dz).
Newcastle (nū'kąsl).
Nicodemus (nĭk-ō-dē'mŭs).
Nood Godes (nōt gō'dẽs).
Notre Dame (nō'tr dăm).

Ober-Ammergau (ō'bẽr ăm'mẽr gow).
Ovid (ŏv'ĭd).

Păd'ūą.
Palatine (păl'ą-tĭn).
Pâlẽr'mō.
Păr'ądīse.
Parliamentarians (pär-lĭ-mĕn-tā'rĭ ą*n*z).
Pellegrino, Monte (mōn'tą pĕl-lą-grē'nō).
Pesaro (pā-säʹrō).
Pĕv'ęrĭl.
Phillips, Claude (kląd fĭl'ĭps).
Pietà (pē-ą-tä').
Plantin (plăN-tăN').
Pontius Pilate (pŏn'shĭ-ŭs pĭ'ląt).
Portuguese (pōr'tū-gēz).
Puritans (pū'rĭ-tą*n*z).

Raphael (răʹfą-ĕl).
Reynolds (rĕn'ọlz).
Richardot, Jean Grusset (zhäN grụs sā' rē-shär-dō').
Rĭch'mọnd.
Rosalia (rō-zā'lĭ-ą).
Rubens (rōō'bĕnz).
Rupert (rōō'pẽrt).
Rūth'vĕn.

Samothrace (săm'ō-thrās).
Scone (skōōn).
Sheffield (shĕf'ēld).

Sicilians (sĭ-sĭl′ĭ-ănz *or* sĭ-sĭl′yănz).
Sicily (sĭs′ĭ-lĭ).
Strĭck′land.
Stū′art.

Thames (tĕmz).
Titian (tĭsh′ăn).
Toulouse (tōō-lōōz′).
Tours (tōōr).

Vän Bälĕn.
Van der Geest (vän dār gāst).
Van Dyck (văn dīk).
Vatican (văt′ĭ-kăn).
Vaughn (vạn).
Venetian (vē-nē′shăn).
von Ranke (fŏn răn′kę).

Wake (wāk).
Wandesford, Rowland (rō′lănd wŏnz′fǫrd).
Warwick (wạr′ĭk).
Wĕnt′wǫrth.
Whạr′tǫn.
Win′chĕndǫn.
Windsor (wĭn′zǫr).
Woerman (wōōr′măn).
Wŏlt′măn.

Zebedee (zĕb′ĕ-dē).
Zeus (zūs).

REMBRANDT

1606–1669



Maison Ad. Braun & Cie., Photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

REMBRANDT VAN RYN (BY HIMSELF)

National Gallery, London

I

JACOB WRESTLING WITH THE ANGEL

THE history of the Old Testament patriarch Jacob reads like a romance. He was the younger of the two sons of Isaac, and was at a great disadvantage on this account. Among his people the eldest son always became the family heir and also received the choicest blessing from the father, a privilege coveted as much as wealth. In this case therefore the privileged son was Jacob's brother Esau. Jacob resented keenly the inequality of his lot; and his mother sympathized with him, as he was her favorite. A feeling of enmity grew up between the brothers, and in the end Jacob did Esau a great wrong.

One day Esau came in from hunting, nearly starved, and finding his younger brother cooking some lentils, begged a portion of it for himself. Jacob seized the chance to make a sharp bargain. He offered his brother the food — which is called in the quaint Bible language a "mess of pottage" — making him promise in return that he would let their father give his blessing to the younger instead of the older son. Esau was a careless fellow, too hungry to think what he was saying, and so readily yielded.

But though Esau might sell his birthright in this fashion, the father would not have been willing to give the blessing to the younger son, had it not been for a trick planned by the mother. The old man was nearly blind, and knew his sons apart by the touch of their skin, as Esau had a rough, hairy skin and Jacob a smooth one. The mother put skins of kids upon Jacob's hands and neck and bade him go to his father pretending to be Esau, and seek his blessing. The trick was successful, and when a little later Esau himself came to his father on the same errand, he found that he had been superseded. Naturally he was very angry, and vowed vengeance on his brother. Jacob, fearing for his life, fled into a place called Padanaram.

In this place he became a prosperous cattle farmer and grew very rich. He married there also and had a large family of children. After fourteen years he bethought himself of his brother Esau and the great wrong he had done him. He resolved to remove his family to his old home, and to be reconciled with his brother. Hardly daring to expect to be favorably received, he sent in advance a large number of cattle in three droves as a gift to Esau. Then he awaited over night some news or message from his brother. In the night a strange adventure befell him. This is the way the story is told in the book of Genesis.[1]

"There wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. And when he saw that he pre-

[1] Genesis, chapter xxxii. verses 24–31.



Fr. Hanfstaengl, Photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

JACOB WRESTLING WITH THE ANGEL

Berlin Gallery

vailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him. And he said, 'Let me go, for the day breaketh.' And he said, 'I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.' And he said unto him, 'What is thy name?' And he said, 'Jacob.' And he said, 'Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel; for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed.' . . . And he blessed him there.

"And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel: for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved. And as he passed over Penuel, the sun rose upon him and he halted upon his thigh;" that is, he walked halt, or lame.

The crisis in Jacob's life was passed, for hardly had he set forth on this morning when he saw his brother whom he had wronged advancing with four hundred men to meet him. "And Esau ran to meet him, and embraced him, and fell on his neck and kissed him: and they wept."

So were the brothers reconciled.

The picture represents Jacob wrestling with his mysterious adversary. We have seen from his history how determined he was to have his own way, and how he wrested worldly prosperity even from misfortunes. Now he is equally determined in this higher and more spiritual conflict. It is a very real struggle, and Jacob has prevailed only by putting forth his utmost energy. It is the moment when the grand angel, pressing one knee into the

hollow of Jacob's left thigh and laying his hand on his right side, looks into his face and grants the blessing demanded as a condition for release. Strong and tender is his gaze, and the gift he bestows is a new name, in token of the new character of brotherly love of which this victory is the beginning.

The story of St. Michael and the Dragon, which Raphael has painted, stands for the everlasting conflict between good and evil in the world. There is a like meaning in the story of Jacob's wrestling with the angel. The struggle is in the human heart between selfish impulses and higher ideals. The day when one can hold on to the good angel long enough to win a blessing, is the day which begins a new chapter in a man's life.

II

ISRAEL BLESSING THE SONS OF JOSEPH

When Jacob wrestled with the angel he received a new name, Israel, or a prince, a champion of God.

Israel became the founder of the great Israelite nation, and from his twelve sons grew up the twelve tribes of Israel, among whom was distributed the country now called Palestine. Among these sons the father's favorite was Joseph, who was next to the youngest. This favoritism aroused the anger and jealousy of the older brothers, and they plotted to get rid of him. One day when they were all out with some flocks in a field quite distant from their home, they thought they were rid forever of the hated Joseph by selling him to a company of men who were journeying to Egypt. Then they dipped the lad's coat in goat's blood and carried it to Israel, who, supposing his son to have been devoured by a wild beast, mourned him as dead.

When Joseph had grown to manhood in Egypt, a singular chain of circumstances brought the brothers together again. There was a sore famine, and Egypt was the headquarters for the sale of corn. Joseph had shown himself so able and trustworthy that he was given charge of selling and distributing

the stores of food. So when Israel's older sons came from their home to Egypt to buy corn they had to apply to Joseph, whom they little suspected of being the brother they had so cruelly wronged. There is a pretty story, too long to repeat here, of how Joseph disclosed himself to his astonished brethren, and forgave them their cruelty, how he sent for his father to come to Egypt to live near him, how there was a joyful reunion, and how "they all lived happily ever after."

When the time drew near for Israel to die, he desired to bestow his last blessing on his sons. And first of all his beloved son Joseph brought him his own two boys, Ephraim and Manasseh.

Now according to the traditions of the patriarchs, it was the eldest son who should receive the choicest blessing from his father. Israel, however, had found among his own sons that it was a younger one, Joseph, who had proved himself the most worthy of love. This may have shaken his faith in the wisdom of the old custom. Perhaps, too, he remembered how his own boyhood had been made unhappy because he was the younger son, and how he had on that account been tempted to deceit.

Whatever the reason, he surprised Joseph at the last moment by showing a preference for the younger of the two grandsons, Ephraim, expressing this preference by laying the right hand, instead of the left, on his head. The blessing was spoken in these solemn words: "God, before whom my fathers Abraham and Isaac did walk, the God which fed



Fr. Hanfstaengl, Photo.

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

ISRAEL BLESSING THE SONS OF JOSEPH

Cassel Gallery

me all my life long unto this day, the Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads."

The narrative relates[1] that "When Joseph saw that his father laid his right hand upon the head of Ephraim, it displeased him; and he held up his father's hand, to remove it from Ephraim's head unto Manasseh's head. And Joseph said unto his father, 'Not so, my father: for this is the first-born; put thy right hand upon his head.' And his father refused, and said, 'I know it, my son, I know it: he also shall become a people, and he also shall be great; but truly his younger brother shall be greater than he, and his seed shall become a multitude of nations.' And he blessed them that day, saying, 'In thee shall Israel bless, saying, God make thee as Ephraim, and as Manasseh;' and he set Ephraim before Manasseh."

As we compare the picture with the story, it is easy to identify the figures. We are naturally interested in Joseph as the hero of so many romantic adventures. As a high Egyptian official, he makes a dignified appearance and wears a rich turban. His face is gentle and amiable, as we should expect of a loving son and forgiving brother.

In the old man we see the same Jacob who wrestled by night with the Angel and was redeemed from his life of selfishness. The same strong face is here, softened by sorrow and made tender by love. The years have cut deep lines of character in the forehead, and the flowing beard has become snowy white.

[1] Genesis, chapter xlviii. verses 17–20.

The dying patriarch has "strengthened himself," to sit up on the bed for his last duty, and his son Joseph supports him. The children kneel together by the bedside, the little Ephraim bending his fair head humbly to receive his grandfather's right hand, Manasseh looking up alertly, almost resentfully, as he sees that hand passing over his own head to his brother's. Joseph's wife Asenath, the children's mother, stands beyond, looking on musingly. We see that it is a moment of very solemn interest to all concerned. Though the patriarch's eyes are dim and his hand trembles, his old determined spirit makes itself manifest. Joseph is in perplexity between his filial respect and his solicitude for his first-born. He puts his fingers gently under his father's wrist, trying to lift the hand to the other head. The mother seems to smile as if well content. Perhaps she shares the grandfather's preference for little Ephraim.

The picture is a study in the three ages of man, childhood, manhood, and old age, brought together by the most tender and sacred ties of human life, in the circle of the family.

III

THE ANGEL RAPHAEL LEAVING THE FAMILY OF TOBIT

The story of Tobit is found in what is called the Apocrypha, that is, a collection of books written very much in the manner of the Bible, and formerly bound in Bibles between the Old and the New Testament.

The story goes that when Enemessar, King of Assyria, conquered the people of Israel, he led away many of them captive into Assyria, among them the family of Tobit, his wife Anna, and their son Tobias. They settled in Nineveh, and Tobit, being an honest man, was made purveyor to the king. That is, it was his business to provide food for the king's household.

In this office he was able to lay up a good deal of money, which he placed for safe keeping in the hands of Gabael, an Israelite who lived at Rages in Media. Tobit was a generous man, and he did many kind deeds for his less fortunate fellow exiles; he delighted in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked.

When Sennacherib was king of Assyria, many Jews were slain and left lying in the street, and Tobit, finding their neglected bodies, buried them secretly. One night, after some such deed of mercy,

a sad affliction befell him. White films came over his eyes, causing total blindness. In his distress he prayed that he might die, and began to make preparations for death. He called his son Tobias to him and gave him much good advice as to his manner of life, and then desired him to go to Rages to obtain the money left there with Gabael. But Tobias must first seek a guide for the journey. "Therefore," says the story, "when he went to seek a man, he found Raphael that was an angel. But he knew not; and he said unto him, 'Canst thou go with me to Rages? and knowest thou those places well?' To whom the angel said, 'I will go with thee, and I know the way well: for I have lodged with our brother Gabael.'" The angel gave himself the name Azarias. "So they went forth both, and the young man's dog with them."

"As they went on their journey, they came in the evening to the river Tigris, and they lodged there. And when the young man went down to wash himself, a fish leaped out of the river, and would have devoured him. Then the angel said unto him, 'Take the fish.' And the young man laid hold of the fish, and drew it to land. To whom the angel said, 'Open the fish and take the gall, and put it up safely.' So the young man did as the angel commanded him, and when they had roasted the fish, they did eat it: then they both went on their way, till they drew near to Ecbatane. Then the young man said to the angel, 'Brother Azarias, to what use is the gall of the fish?' And he said unto him, 'It



Maison Ad. Braun & Cie., Photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE ANGEL RAPHAEL LEAVING THE FAMILY OF TOBIT

The Louvre, Paris

is good to anoint a man that hath whiteness in his eyes, and he shall be healed.' "

After this curious incident there were no further adventures till they came to Ecbatane. Here they lodged with Raguel, a kinsman of Tobit, and when Tobias saw Sara, the daughter, he loved her and determined to make her his wife. He therefore tarried fourteen days at Ecbatane, sending Azarias on to Rages for the money. This delay lengthened the time allotted for the journey, but at last the company drew near to Nineveh, — Azarias or Raphael, and Tobias, with the bride, the treasure, and the precious fishgall. Raphael then gave Tobias directions to use the gall for his father's eyes. Their arrival was the cause of great excitement. "Anna ran forth, and fell upon the neck of her son. Tobit also went forth toward the door, and stumbled: but his son ran unto him, and took hold of his father: and he strake of the gall on his father's eyes, saying, 'Be of good hope, my father.' And when his eyes began to smart, he rubbed them; and the whiteness pilled away from the corners of his eyes: and when he saw his son, he fell upon his neck."

Now Tobit and Tobias were full of gratitude to Azarias for all that he had done for them, and, consulting together as to how they could reward him, decided to give him half the treasure. So the old man called the angel, and said, "Take half of all that ye have brought, and go away in safety." Then Raphael took them both apart, and said unto them, "Bless God, praise him, and magnify him, and

praise him for the things which he hath done unto you in the sight of all that live."

With this solemn introduction the angel goes on to tell Tobit that he had been with him when he had buried his dead countrymen, and that his good deeds were not hid from him, and that his prayers were remembered. He concludes by showing who he really is.

"I am Raphael, one of the seven holy angels, which present the prayers of the saints, and which go in and out before the glory of the Holy One.

"Then they were both troubled, and fell upon their faces: for they feared God. But he said unto them, 'Fear not, for it shall go well with you; praise God therefore. For not of any favor of mine, but by the will of our God I came; wherefore praise him for ever. All these days I did appear unto you; but I did neither eat nor drink, but ye did see a vision. Now therefore give God thanks: for I go up to him that sent me.'" "And when they arose, they saw him no more."

The picture shows us the moment when the angel suddenly rises from the midst of the little company and strikes out on his flight through the air like a strong swimmer. Tobit and Tobias fall on their knees without, while Anna and the bride Sara stand in the open door with the frightened little dog cowering beside them. The older people are overcome with wonder and awe, but Tobias and Sara, more bold, follow the radiant vision with rapturous gaze.

IV

THE RAT KILLER

The pictures we have examined thus far in this collection have been reproductions from Rembrandt's paintings. You will see at once that the picture of the Rat Killer is of another kind. The figures and objects are indicated by lines instead of by masses of color. You would call it a drawing, and it is in fact a drawing of one kind, but properly speaking, an etching. An etching is a drawing made on copper by means of a needle. The etcher first covers the surface of the metal with a layer of some waxy substance and draws his picture through this coating, or "etching ground," as it is called. Next he immerses the copper plate in an acid bath which "bites," or grooves, the metal along the lines he has drawn without affecting the parts protected by the etching ground.

The plate thus has a picture cut into its surface, and impressions of this picture may be taken by filling the lines with ink and pressing wet paper to the surface of the plate. You will notice that the difference between the work of an engraver and that of an etcher is that the former cuts the lines in his plate with engraving tools, while the latter only draws his picture on the plate and the acid cuts the lines.

The word etching is derived from the Dutch *etzen*, and the most famous etchers in the world have been among Dutch and German artists.

Rembrandt is easily first of these, and we should have but a limited idea of his work if we did not examine some of his pictures of this kind. Impressions made directly from the original plates, over two centuries ago, are, of course, very rare and valuable, and are carefully preserved in the great libraries and museums of the world. There is a collection in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, where this etching of the Rat Killer may be seen.

The Rat Killer is one of many subjects from the scenes of common life which surrounded the artist. In smaller towns and villages, then as well as now, there were no large shops where goods were to be bought. Instead, all sorts of peddlers and traveling mechanics went from house to house — the knife grinder, the ragman, the fiddler, and many others. This picture of the Rat Killer suggests a very odd occupation. The pest of rats is, of course, much greater in old than in new countries. In Europe, and perhaps particularly in the northern countries of Holland and Germany, the old towns and villages have long been infested with these troublesome creatures.

There are some curious legends about them. One relates how a certain Bishop Hatto, as a judgment for his sins, was attacked by an army of rats which swam across the Rhine and invaded him in his island tower, where they made short work of their



Photographed from original etching John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE RAT KILLER

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

victim.[1] Another tells how a town called Hamelin was overrun with rats until a magic piper appeared who so charmed them with his enchanted music that they gathered about him and followed his leading till they came to the river and were drowned.[2]

The old Rat Killer in the picture looks suspiciously like a magician. It seems as if he must have bewitched the rats which crawl friskily about him, one perching on his shoulders. He reminds one of some ogre out of a fairy tale, with his strange tall cap, his kilted coat, and baggy trousers, the money pouch at his belt, the fur mantle flung over one shoulder, and the fierce-looking sword dangling at his side. But there is no magic in his way of killing rats. He has some rat poison to sell which his apprentice, a miserable little creature, carries in a large box.

The picture gives us an idea of an old Dutch village street. The cottages are built very low, with steep overhanging roofs. The walls are of thick masonry, for these were days when in small villages and outlying districts "every man's house was his castle," that is, every man's house was intended, first of all, as a place of defense against outlawry.

The entrance doors were made in two sections, an upper and a lower part, or wing, each swinging on its own hinges. Whenever a knock came, the householder could open the upper wing and address

[1] See Southey's poem, *Bishop Hatto.*

[2] See Browning's poem, *The Pied Piper of Hamelin.*

the caller as through a window, first learning who he was and what his errand, before opening the lower part to admit him. Thus an unwelcome intruder could not press his way into the house by the door's being opened at his knock, and the family need not be taken unawares. In many of our modern houses we see doors made after the same plan, and known as "Dutch doors."

The cautious old man in the picture has no intention of being imposed upon by wandering fakirs. He has opened only the upper door and leans on the lower wing, as on a gate, while he listens to the Rat Killer's story. The latter must have a marvellous tale to tell of the effects of the poison, from the collection of dead rats which he carries as trophies in the basket fastened to the long pole in his hand. But the householder impatiently pushes his hand back, and turns away as if with disgust. The apprentice, grotesque little rat himself, looks up rather awestruck at this grand, turbaned figure above him.

V

THE PHILOSOPHER IN MEDITATION

Ever since the beginning of human history there have been people who puzzled their brains about the reasons of things. Why things are as they are, whence we came, and whither we are going are some of the perplexing questions they have tried to answer. Some men have given all their lives to the study of these problems as a single occupation or profession. Among the ancient Greeks, who were a very intellectual nation, such men were quite numerous and were held in great esteem as teachers. They were called philosophers, that is, lovers of wisdom, and this word has been passed down to our own times in various modern languages.

In the passing of the centuries men found more and more subjects to think about. Some studied the movements of the stars and tried to discover if they had any influence in human affairs. These men were called astrologers, and they drew plans, known as horoscopes, mapping out the future destiny of persons as revealed by the position of the constellations. There were other men who examined the various substances of which the earth is composed, putting them together to make new things. These were alchemists, and their great ambition was to

find some preparation which would change baser metals into gold. This hoped-for preparation was spoken of as the "philosopher's stone."

Now modern learning has changed these vague experiments into exact science; astronomy has replaced astrology, and chemistry has taken the place of alchemy. Nevertheless these changes were brought about only very gradually, and in the 17th century, when Rembrandt lived and painted this picture, a great stir was made by the new ideas of astronomy taught by Galileo in Italy, and the new discoveries in chemistry made by Van Helmont in Belgium. Many philosophers still held to the old beliefs of astrology and alchemy.

It is not likely that Rembrandt had any one philosopher in mind as the subject of his picture. That his philosopher is something of a scholar, we judge from the table at which he sits, littered with writing materials. Yet he seems to care less for reading than for thinking, as he sits with hands clasped in his lap and his head sunk upon his breast. He wears a loose, flowing garment like a dressing-gown, and his bald head is protected by a small skull cap. His is an ideal place for a philosopher's musings. The walls are so thick that they shut out all the confusing noise of the world. A single window lets in light enough to read by through its many tiny panes. It is a bare little room, to be sure, with its ungarnished walls and stone-paved floor, but if a philosopher has the ordinary needs of life supplied he wants no luxuries. He asks for nothing



Maison Ad. Braun & Cie., Photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE PHILOSOPHER IN MEDITATION

The Louvre, Paris

more than quiet and uninterrupted leisure in which to pursue his meditations.

Our philosopher is well taken care of; for while his thoughts are on higher things and eternal truths, an old woman is busy at the fire in the corner. Evidently she looks after the material and temporal things of life. She kneels on the hearth and hangs a kettle over the cheerful blaze. The firelight glows on her face and gleams here and there on the brasses hanging in the chimney-piece above. Here is promise of something good to come, and when the philosopher is roused from his musings there will be a hot supper ready for him.

There are two mysteries in the room which arouse our curiosity. In the wall behind the philosopher's chair is a low, arched door heavily built with large hinges. Does this lead to some subterranean cavern, and what secret does it contain? Is it a laboratory where, with alembic and crucible, the philosopher searches the secrets of alchemy and tries to find the "philosopher's stone?" Is some hid treasure stored up there, as precious and as hard to reach as the hidden truths the philosopher tries to discover?

At the right side of the room a broad, winding staircase rises in large spirals and disappears in the gloom above. We follow it with wondering eyes which try to pierce the darkness and see whither it leads. Perhaps there is an upper chamber with windows open to the sky whence the philosopher studies the stars. This place with its winding staircase would be just such an observatory as an astro-

loger would like. Indeed it suggests at once the tower on the hillside near Florence where Galileo passed his declining years.

Our philosopher, too, is an old man; his hair has been whitened by many winters, his face traced over with many lines of thought. Even if his problems have not all been solved he has found rich satisfaction in his thinking; the end of his meditations is peace. The day is drawing to a close. The waning light falls through the window and illumines the philosopher's venerable face. It throws the upper spiral of the stairway into bold relief, and brings out all the beautiful curves in its structure. The bare little room is transfigured. This is indeed a fit dwelling-place for a philosopher whose thoughts, penetrating dark mysteries, are at last lighted by some gleams of the ideal.

VI

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

The story of the Good Samaritan was related by Jesus to a certain lawyer as a parable, that is, a story to teach a moral lesson. The object was to show what was true neighborly conduct; and this was the story:[1] —

"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

"But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, 'Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee.'"

[1] St. Luke, chapter x. verses 30–37.

The point of the story is very plain, and when Jesus asked the lawyer which one of the three passers-by was a neighbor to the wounded man, he was forced to reply, "He that shewed mercy." Then said Jesus simply, "Go, and do thou likewise."

Though the scene of the story is laid in Palestine, it is the sort of incident which one can imagine taking place in any country or period of time. So it seems perfectly proper that Rembrandt, in representing the subject, should show us an old Dutch scene. The etching illustrates that moment when the Good Samaritan arrives at the inn, followed by the wounded traveler mounted on his horse.

The building is a quaint piece of architecture with arched doors and windows. That it was built with an eye to possible attacks from thieves and outlaws, we may see from the small windows and thick walls of masonry, which make it look like a miniature fortress. This is a lonely spot, and inns are few and far between. The plaster is cracking and crumbling from the surface, and the whole appearance of the place does not betoken great thrift on the part of the owners. On the present occasion, during the working hours of the day, doors and windows are open after the hospitable manner of an inn.

The host stands in the doorway, greeting the strangers, and the Good Samaritan is explaining the situation to him. In the mean time the inn servants have come forward: the hostler's boy holds the horse by the bridle, while a man lifts off the wounded traveler.



Photographed from original etching John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

About the dooryard are the usual signs of life. In the rear a woman draws water from a well, lowering the bucket from the end of a long well-sweep, heedless of the stir about the door. Fowl scratch about in search of food, and there is a dog at one side. Some one within looks with idle curiosity from the window into the yard. It is little touches like these which give the scene such vividness and reality.

There is also a remarkable expressiveness in the figures which tells the story at a glance. You can see just what the Good Samaritan is saying, as he gestures with his left hand, and you can guess the inn-keeper's reply. Already he has put the proffered money into the wallet he carries at his belt, and listens attentively to the orders given him. He may privately wonder at his guest's singular kindness to a stranger, but with him business is business, and his place is to carry out his guest's wishes.

You see how the hostler's boy magnifies his office, swaggering with legs wide apart. Even the feather in his cap bristles with importance. This bit of comedy contrasts with the almost tragic expression of the wounded man. The stolid fellow who lifts him seems to hurt him very much, and he clasps his hands in an agony of pain. He seems to be telling the gentleman at the window of his recent misfortune.

To study the picture more critically, it will be interesting to notice how the important figures are massed together in the centre, and how the compo-

sition is built into a pyramid. Draw a line from the inn-keeper's head down the stairway at the left, and follow the outline of the Good Samaritan's right shoulder along the body of the wounded traveler, and you have the figure. This pyramidal form is emphasized again by the wainscot of the stairway at the left, and the well-sweep at the right.

To appreciate fully the character of the etching, one must examine attentively all the different kinds of lines which produce the varying effects of light and shadow. Below the picture Rembrandt wrote his name and the date 1633, with two Latin words meaning that he designed and etched the plate himself. This would seem to show that he was well pleased with his work, and it is interesting to learn that the great German poet, Goethe, admired the composition extravagantly.

VII

THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE

The story which the picture of the Presentation illustrates is a story of the infancy of Jesus Christ. According to the custom of the Jews at that time, every male child was "presented," or dedicated, to the Lord when about a month old. Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa, a small town about four miles from the city of Jerusalem, the Jewish capital, where the temple was. When he was about a month old, his mother Mary and her husband Joseph, who were devout Jews, brought him to the great city for the ceremony of the presentation in the temple. Now the temple was a great place of worship where many religious ceremonies were taking place all the time.

Ordinarily, a party coming up from the country for some religious observance would not attract any special attention among the worshippers. But on the day when the infant Jesus was presented in the temple, a very strange thing occurred. The evangelist St. Luke[1] relates the circumstances.

"And behold, there was a man in Jerusalem whose name was Simeon; and the same man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel: and

[1] St. Luke, chapter ii. verses 25–35.

the Holy Ghost was upon him. And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ. And he came by the Spirit into the temple: and when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him after the custom of the law, then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation which thou hast prepared before the face of all people, a light to lighten the Gentiles and the glory of thy people Israel.

"And Joseph and his mother marveled at those things which were spoken of him. And Simeon blessed them, and said unto Mary his mother, Behold this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against; that the thought of many hearts may be revealed."

In the picture we find ourselves, as it were, among the worshippers in the temple, looking at the group on the pavement in front of us — Mary and Joseph and Simeon, kneeling before a priest, with two or three onlookers. It is a Gothic cathedral, in whose dim recesses many people move hither and thither. At the right is a long flight of steps leading to a throne, which is overshadowed by a huge canopy. At the top of the steps we see the high priest seated with hands outstretched, receiving the people who throng up the stairway. It was towards this stairway that Mary and Joseph were making their way,



Fr. Hanfstaengl, Photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE

The Hague Gallery

when the aged Simeon first saw them, and recognized in the child they carried the one he had long expected. Taking the babe from his mother's arms, he kneels on the marble-tiled pavement and raises his face to heaven in thanksgiving. His embroidered cymar, or robe, falls about him in rich folds as he clasps his arms about the tiny swaddled figure.

Mary has dropped on her knees beside him, listening to his words with happy wonder. Joseph, just beyond, looks on with an expression of inquiry. He carries two turtle doves as the thank offering required of the mother by the religious law. His unkempt appearance and bare feet contrast with the neat dress of Mary. The tall priest standing before them extends his hands towards the group in a gesture of benediction. A broad ray of light gleams on his strange headdress, lights up his outstretched hand, and falls with dazzling brilliancy upon the soft round face of the babe, the smiling mother, and the venerable Simeon with flowing white hair and beard.

There are but few people to pay any heed to the strange incident. Two or three of those who climb the stairway turn about and stare curiously at the group below. There are three others still more interested. One man behind puts his turbaned head over Simeon's shoulders, peering inquisitively at the child, as if trying to see what the old man finds so remarkable in him. Beyond, two old beggars approach with a sort of good-natured interest. They are quaintly dressed, one of them wearing a very tall

cap. Such humble folk as these alone seem to have time to notice others' affairs.

It must not be supposed that this scene very closely represents the actual event it illustrates. The painter Rembrandt knew nothing about the architecture of the old Jewish temple destroyed many centuries before. A Gothic cathedral was the finest house of worship known to him, so he thought out the scene as it would look in such surroundings. The people coming and going were such as he saw about him daily; the beggars looking at the Christ-child were the beggars of Amsterdam, and the men seated in the wooden settle at the right were like the respectable Dutch burghers of his aquaintance. It was like translating the story from Aramaic to Dutch, but in the process nothing is lost of its original touching beauty.

In studying the picture, you must notice how carefully all the figures are painted, even the very small ones in the darkest parts of the composition. The beautiful contrast, between the light on the central group and the soft dimness of the remoter parts of the cathedral, illustrates a style of work for which Rembrandt was very famous, and which we shall often see in his pictures.

VIII

CHRIST PREACHING

We read in the evangelists' record of the life of Jesus that he went about the country preaching the gospel (or the good news) of the kingdom of Heaven. Sometimes he preached in the synagogue on the Sabbath day; but more often he talked to the people in the open air, sometimes on the mountain-side, sometimes on the shore of the lake Gennesaret, or again in the streets of their towns.

The scribes and Pharisees were jealous of his popularity, and angry because he exposed their hypocrisy. The proud and rich found many of his sayings too hard to accept. So it was the poor and unhappy who were most eager to hear him, and they often formed a large part of his audience. Jesus himself rejoiced in this class of followers, and when John the Baptist's messengers came to him to inquire into his mission, he sent back the message, "The poor have the gospel preached to them."

In this picture of Christ Preaching, we see that his hearers are of just the kind that the preacher's message is intended for, — the weary and heavy-laden whom he called to himself. There are a few dignitaries in the gathering, it is true, standing pompously by in the hope of finding something to

criticise. But Jesus pays no attention to them as he looks down into the faces of the listeners who most need his words. His pulpit is a square coping-stone in a courtyard, and the people gather about him in a circle in the positions most convenient to them.

There is no formality here, no ceremony; each one may come and go as he pleases. Here is a mother sitting on the ground directly in front of the speaker, holding a babe in her arms, while a little fellow sprawls out on the ground beside her, drawing on the sand with his finger. Though we cannot see her face, we know that she is an absorbed listener, and Jesus seems to speak directly to her.

A pathetic-looking man beyond her is trying to take in the message in a wondering way, and a long-bearded man behind him is so aroused that he leans eagerly forward to catch every word. There are others, as is always the case, who listen very stolidly as if quite indifferent.

Again there are two who ponder the subject thoughtfully. One of these is in the rear, — a young man, perhaps one of Jesus' disciples; the other sits in front, crossing his legs, and supporting his chin with his hand. In the group at the right of Jesus we can easily pick out the scoffers and critics, listening intently, some of them more interested, perhaps, than they had expected to be.

As we look at Jesus himself, so gentle and tender, raising both hands as if to bless the company, we feel sure that he is speaking some message of comfort. One day when he was reading the Scriptures



Photographed from original etching

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

CHRIST PREACHING

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

in the synagogue at Capernaum, he selected a passage which described his own work, and which perfectly applies to this picture. We can imagine that he is saying: "The spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

It is a noticeable fact that the figures in this picture of Christ preaching are Dutch types. If you think that this is a strange way to illustrate scenes which took place in Palestine many centuries ago, you must remember that the picture was drawn by a Dutchman who knew nothing of Palestine, and indeed little of any country outside his own Holland. He wished to make the life of Christ seem real and vivid to his own countrymen; and the only way he could do this was to represent the scenes in the surroundings most familiar to himself and to them. The artist was simply trying to imagine what Jesus would do if he had come to Amsterdam in the seventeenth century, instead of to Jerusalem in the first century; somewhat as certain modern writers have tried to think what would take place "If Jesus came to Chicago," or "If Jesus came to Boston," in the nineteenth cen-

tury. The sweet gentleness in the face of Christ and the eager attention of the people show how well Rembrandt understood the real meaning of the New Testament.

This picture is worthy of very special study because it is reckoned by critics one of the best of Rembrandt's etchings. One enthusiastic writer[1] says that "the full maturity of his genius is expressed in every feature." One must know a great deal about the technical processes of etching to appreciate fully all these excellencies; but even an inexperienced eye can see how few and simple are the lines which produce such striking effects of light and shadow: a scratch or two here, a few parallel lines drawn diagonally there; some coarse cross-hatching in one place, closer hatching in another; now and then a spot of the black ink itself, — and the whole scene is made alive, with Jesus standing in the midst, the light gleaming full upon his figure.

[1] Michel.

IX

CHRIST AT EMMAUS

THE picture of Christ at Emmaus illustrates an event in the narrative of Christ's life which took place on the evening of the first Easter Sunday. It was now three days since the Crucifixion of Christ just outside Jerusalem, and the terrible scene was still very fresh in the minds of his disciples. It happened that late in the day two of them were going to a village called Emmaus, not very far from Jerusalem.

They made the journey on foot, and as they walked along the way, "they talked together," says the evangelist[1] who tells the story, "of all those things which had happened. And it came to pass, that, while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them. But their eyes were holden that they should not know him. And he said unto them, 'What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad?' And the one of them, whose name was Cleopas, answering said unto him, 'Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days?' And he said unto them,

[1] St. Luke, chapter xxiv. verses 13–32.

'What things?' And they said unto him, 'Concerning Jesus of Nazareth.'" Then followed a conversation in which they told the stranger something of Jesus, and he in turn explained to them many things about the life and character of Jesus which they had never understood.

"And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they went: and he made as though he would have gone further. But they constrained him, saying, 'Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.' And he went in to tarry with them.

"And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight. And they said one to another, 'Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way?'"

The picture suggests vividly to us that wonderful moment at Emmaus when the eyes of the disciples were opened, and they recognized their guest as Jesus, whom they had so recently seen crucified. The table is laid in a great bare room with the commonest furnishings, and the disciples appear to be laboring men, accustomed to "plain living and high thinking." They are coarsely dressed, and their feet are bare, as are also the feet of Jesus. One seems to have grasped the situation more quickly than the other, for he folds his hands together, reverently gazing directly into the face of Jesus.



Maison Ad. Braun & Cie., Photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

CHRIST AT EMMAUS

The Louvre, Paris

His companion, an older man, at the other end of the table, looks up astonished and mystified. The boy who is bringing food to the table is busy with his task, and does not notice any change in Jesus.

In the midst is Christ, "pale, emaciated, sitting facing us, breaking the bread as on the evening of the Last Supper, in his pilgrim robe, with his blackened lips, on which the torture has left its traces, his great brown eyes soft, widely opened, and raised towards heaven, with his cold nimbus, a sort of phosphorescence around him which envelops him in an indefinable glory, and that inexplicable look of a breathing human being who certainly has passed through death."

This description is by a celebrated French critic,[1] himself a painter, who knows whereof he speaks. He says that this picture alone is enough to establish the reputation of a man.

There is one artistic quality in the picture to which we must pay careful attention, as it is particularly characteristic of Rembrandt. This is the way in which the light and shadow are arranged, or what a critic would call the chiaroscuro of the picture. The heart of the composition glows with a golden light which comes from some unseen source. It falls on the white tablecloth with a dazzling brilliancy as if from some bright lamp. It gleams on the faces of the company, bringing out their expressions clearly. The arched recess behind the table is thrown into heavy shadow, against which the centrally lighted group is sharply contrasted.

[1] Fromentin, in *Old Masters of Belgium and Holland*.

This singular manner of bringing light and darkness into striking opposition makes the objects in a picture stand out very vividly. Some one has defined chiaroscuro as the "art of rendering the atmosphere visible and of painting an object enveloped in air." The art was carried to perfection by Rembrandt. You will notice it more or less in every picture of this collection, but nowhere is it more appropriate than here, where the appearance of Christ, as the source of light, emphasizes the mystery of the event and makes something sacred of this common scene.

As we compare this picture with the etching of Christ Preaching, we get a better idea of Rembrandt's aim in representing Christ. He did not try to make his face beautiful with regular classical features, after the manner of the old Italian painters. He did not even think it necessary to make his figure grand and imposing. Something still better Rembrandt sought to put into his picture, and this was a gentle expression of love.

X

PORTRAIT OF SASKIA

We should have but a very imperfect idea of Rembrandt's work if we did not learn something about the portraits he painted. It was for these that he was most esteemed in his own day, being the fashionable portrait painter of Amsterdam at a time when every person of means wished to have his likeness painted. A collection of his works of this kind would almost bring back again the citizens of Amsterdam in the seventeenth century, so life-like are these wonderful canvases. Among them we should find the various members of his family, his father and mother, his sister, his servant, his son, and most interesting of all, his beloved wife, Saskia.

Saskia was born in Friesland, one of nine children of a wealthy patrician family. Her father, Rombertus van Uylenborch, was a distinguished lawyer, who had had several important political missions intrusted to him. At one time he was sent as a messenger to William of Orange, and was sitting at table with that prince just before his assassination. He died in 1624, leaving Saskia an orphan, as she had lost her mother five years before. The little girl of twelve now began to live in turn with

her married sisters. At the age of twenty she came to Amsterdam to live for a while with her cousin, the wife of a minister, Jan Cornelis Sylvius, whose face we know from one of Rembrandt's etchings. Saskia had also another cousin living in Amsterdam, Hendrick van Uylenborch, a man of artistic tastes, who had not succeeded as a painter, and had become a dealer in bric-à-brac and engravings. He was an old friend of Rembrandt; and when the young painter came to seek his fortune in the great city in 1631, he had made his home for a while with the art dealer.

It was doubtless Hendrick who introduced Rembrandt to Saskia. Probably the beginning of their acquaintance was through Rembrandt's painting Saskia's portrait in 1632. The relation between them soon grew quite friendly, for in the same year the young girl sat two or three times again to the painter. The friendship presently ended in courtship, and when Rembrandt pressed his suit the marriage seemed a very proper one. Saskia was of a fine family and had a sufficient dowry.

Rembrandt, though the son of a miller, was already a famous painter, much sought after for portraits, and with a promising career before him. The engagement was therefore approved by her guardians, but marriage being deferred till she came of age, the courtship lasted two happy years. During this time Rembrandt painted his lady love over and over again. It was one of his artistic methods to paint the same person many times. He was not



Wt. Hanfstaengl. Photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

PORTRAIT OF SASKIA

Cassel Gallery

one of the superficial painters who turn constantly from one model to another in search of new effects. He liked to make an exhaustive study of a single face in many moods, with many expressions and varied by different costumes.

Saskia had small eyes and a round nose, and was not at all beautiful according to classical standards. Rembrandt, however, cared less for beauty than for expression, and Saskia's face was very expressive, at times merry and almost roguish, and again quite serious. She had also a brilliant complexion and an abundance of silky hair, waving from her forehead. The painter had collected in his studio many pretty and fantastic things to use in his pictures, — velvets and gold embroidered cloaks, Oriental stuffs, laces, necklaces, and jewels. With these he loved to deck Saskia, heightening her girlish charms with the play of light upon these adornments.

One of the most famous of the many portraits of Saskia at this time is the picture we have here. Because it is not signed and dated, after Rembrandt's usual custom, it is thought that it was intended as a gift for Saskia herself, and thus it has a romantic interest for us. Also it is painted with extreme care, as the work of a lover offering the choicest fruit of his art.

The artist has arranged a picturesque costume for his sitter, — a broad-brimmed hat of red velvet with a sweeping white feather, an elaborate dress with embroidered yoke and full sleeves, a rich mantle draped over one shoulder, necklace, earrings, and

bracelets of pearls. Her expression is more serious here than usual, though very happy, as if she was thinking of her lover; and in her hand she carries a sprig of rosemary, which in Holland is the symbol of betrothal, holding it near her heart.

The marriage finally took place in June, 1634, in the town of Bildt. The bridal pair then returned to Amsterdam to a happy home life. Rembrandt had no greater pleasure than in the quiet family circle, and Saskia had a simple loving nature, entirely devoted to her husband's happiness. A few years later Rembrandt moved into a fine house in the Breestraat, which he furnished richly with choice paintings and works of art.

A succession of portraits shows that the painter continued to paint his wife with loving pride. He represented her as a Jewish bride, as Flora, as an Odalisque, a Judith, a Susanna, and a Bathsheba. There is one painting of the husband and wife together, Saskia perched like a child on Rembrandt's knee, as he flourishes a wine-glass in the air. In another picture (an etching) they sit together at a table about the evening lamp, the wife with her needle-work, the artist with his engraving. The love between them is the brightest spot in Rembrandt's history, clouded as it was with many disappointments and troubles. As a celebrated writer has expressed it, Saskia was "a ray of sunshine in the perpetual chiaroscuro of his life."

XI

THE SORTIE OF THE CIVIC GUARD, OR THE NIGHT WATCH

The patriotism of the Dutch is seen through the entire history of "brave little Holland." Early in the sixteenth century every town of considerable size had a military company composed of the most prominent citizens. Each company, or guild, had a place of assembly, or *doelen*, and a drilling-ground. The officers were chosen for a year, and the highest appointments were those of captain, lieutenant, and ensign. Upon these civic guards rested the responsibility of maintaining the order and safety of the town. Sterner duties than these were theirs when in the late sixteenth century (1573), at the call of William of Orange, the various guilds formed themselves into volunteer companies to resist the Spanish. How well they acquitted themselves is a matter of history, and Spain recognized the republic in the treaty of 1609. After the war, many of the corporations were reorganized and continued to be of great importance in the seventeenth century.

The picture we have here represents the Civic Guard of Amsterdam during the captaincy of Frans Banning Cocq in 1642. Cocq was a man of wealth and influence who had purchased the estate of Pur-

merland in 1618 and had also been granted a patent of nobility. So it was natural that Lord Purmerland, one of the most distinguished citizens of the town, should be called to a term of office as captain of the Civic Guard. His magnificent stature and manly bearing show him well fitted for the honor.

The picture represents an occasion when the guard issues from the assembly hall, or doelen, in a sudden call to action. Captain Cocq leads the way with Lieutenant Willem van Ruytenberg, of Vlaerdingen, and as he advances gives orders to his fellow officer. The drum beats, the ensign unfurls the standard, every man carries a weapon of some sort. One is priming a musket, another loading his gun, another firing. A mass of lance-bearers press on from the rear. In the confusion a dog scampers into the midst and barks furiously at the drum. A little girl slips into the crowd on the other side, oddly out of place in such company, but quite fearless. It has been suggested that she may have been the bearer of the tidings which calls the guard forth. The quaint figure is clad in a long dress of some shimmering stuff, and she has the air of a small princess. From her belt hangs a cock, and she turns her face admiringly towards the great captain.

We do not know of any historical incident which precisely corresponds to the action in the picture. Indeed, it is not strictly speaking an historical picture at all, but rather a portrait group of the Civic Guard, in attitudes appropriate to their char-



Maison Ad. Braun & Cie., Photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

SORTIE OF THE CIVIC GUARD

Rvks Museum, Amsterdam

acter as a military body. They may be going out for target practice or for a shooting match such as was held annually as a trial of skill; it may be a parade, or it may be, as some have fancied, a call to arms against a sudden attack from the enemy. In any case the noticeable thing is the readiness with which all respond to the call — the spirit of patriotism which animates the body. The Dutch are not naturally warlike, but rather a peace-loving people; lacking the quick impulsiveness of a more nervous race, they are of a somewhat heavy and deliberate temper; yet they have the solid worth which can be counted on in an emergency, and in love of country they are united to a man. Benjamin Franklin once said of Holland, "In love of liberty, and bravery in the defense of it, she has been our great example."

The picture cannot be fully understood without some knowledge of its history. Painted for the hall of the Amsterdam Musketeers, it was to take its place among others by contemporary painters, as a portrait group in honor of the officers of the year, and as a lasting memorial of their services. The other pictures had been stiff groups about a table, and the novelty of Rembrandt's composition displeased some of the members of the guild. Each person who figures in the scene had subscribed a certain sum towards the cost of the picture for his own portrait, and was anxious to get his money's worth. Consequently, there were many who did not at all relish their insignificance in the background,

quite overshadowed by the glory of the captain and lieutenant. They thought they would have shown to much better advantage arranged in rows.

It was Rembrandt's way when painting a portrait to give life and reality to the figure, by showing the leading element in the character or occupation of the person. Thus his shipbuilder is designing a ship, the writing master, Coppenol, is mending a pen, the architect has his drawing utensils, and the preacher his Bible. So in the Civic Guard each man carries a weapon, and the figures are united in spirited action. All this artistic motive was lost upon those for whom the picture was painted, because of their petty vanity. So the great painting, now so highly esteemed, was not a success at the time.

In the following century it was removed to the town hall; and in order to fit it into a particular place on the wall, a strip was cut off each side the canvas. It is the loss of these margins which gives the composition the crowded appearance which so long seemed a strange fault in a great artist like Rembrandt.

The original colors of the painting grew so dark with the accumulation of smoke in the hall that the critics supposed the scene occurred at night, hence the incorrect name of the Night Watch was given to it. Since the picture was cleaned, in 1889, it is apparent that the incident occurred in the daytime, and if you look carefully you can plainly see the shadow of Captain Cocq's hand on the lieutenant's tunic.

XII

PORTRAIT OF JAN SIX

When the painter Rembrandt came to Amsterdam in 1631, a young man seeking his fortune in the great city, a lad of twelve years was living in his father's country seat, near by, who was later to become one of his warm friends. This was Jan Six, the subject of the portrait etching reproduced here. There was a great contrast in the circumstances of life in which the two friends grew up. Rembrandt was the son of a miller, and had his own way to make in the world. Jan Six was surrounded from his earliest years with everything which tended to the gratification of his natural taste for culture. Rembrandt's rare talent, however, overbalanced any lack of early advantages, and made him a friend worth having.

Six had come of Huguenot ancestry. His grandfather had fled to Holland during the Huguenot persecution in France, and had become a resident in Amsterdam in 1585. Jan's father, another Jan, had married a Dutch lady of good family, whose maiden name was Anna Wijmer. It was in the service of this good lady that we first hear of Rembrandt's connection with the Six family. He was called to paint her portrait in 1641, and must have then, if

not before, made the acquaintance of her young son, Jan. Jan united to a great love of learning a love of everything beautiful, and was an ardent collector of objects of art. Paintings of the old Italian and early Dutch schools, rare prints and curios of various kinds, were his delight. He found in Rembrandt a man after his own heart. Already the painter had gone far beyond his means in filling his own house with costly works of art. So the two men, having a hobby in common, found a strong bond of union in their congenial tastes. We may be sure that they were often together, to show their new purchases and discuss their beauty.

Rembrandt, as an older and more experienced collector, would doubtless have good advice to offer his younger friend, and, an artist himself, would know how to judge correctly a work of art. One record of their friendship in these years is a little etched landscape which Rembrandt made in 1641, showing a bridge near the country estate of the Six family, a place called Elsbroek, near the village of Hillegom.

It was in 1647 that Rembrandt made this portrait of his friend, then twenty-nine years of age. Six had now begun to make a name for himself in the world of letters as a scholar and poet. He had already published a poem on Muiderberg (a village near Amsterdam), and by this time, doubtless, had under way his great literary work, the tragedy of Medæa. Many were the times when Rembrandt, coming to his house to talk over some new treasure-



Photographed from original etching

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

PORTRAIT OF JAN SIX

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

trove, found him in his library with his head buried in a book, and his thoughts far away. It was in such a moment that he must have had the idea of this beautiful portrait. He catches his friend one day in the corner of his library, standing with his back to the window to get the light on the book he is reading. He transfers the picture to a copper plate and hands it down to future generations.

The slender figure of the young man is clad in the picturesque dress of a gentleman of his time, with knee-breeches and low shoes, with wide white collar and cuffs. His abundant wavy blond hair falls to his shoulders; he has the air of a true poet. In his eagerness to read, he has flung his cavalier's cloak on the window seat behind him, a part of it dropping upon a chair beyond. Its voluminous folds make a cushion for him, as he leans gracefully against the window ledge. His sword and belt lie on the chair with the cloak. For the moment the pen is mightier than the sword. The furnishings of the room show the owner's tastes; a pile of folio volumes fill a low chair, an antique picture hangs on the wall.

The young man's face is seen by the light reflected from the pages of his open book. It is a refined, sensitive face, of high intellectual cast, amiable withal, and full of imagination. He is completely absorbed in his reading, a smile playing about his mouth. How little of a fop and how much of a poet he is, we see from his disordered collar. Breathing quickly as he bends over his

book, in his excitement he cannot endure the restraint of a close collar. He has unloosed it, as, quite oblivious of any untidiness in his appearance, he hurries on, ruthlessly crushing the pages of the folio back, as he grasps it in his hand.

The friendship between Six and Rembrandt seemed to grow apace; for when the tragedy of Medæa was published, in 1648, it was illustrated by a magnificent etching by Rembrandt, representing the Marriage of Jason and Creusa.

The literary work of Jan Six led the way to various public honors. In 1656 he became commissioner of marriages; in 1667, a member of the Council of the States General of Holland, and in 1691, burgomaster of Amsterdam. His continued friendship for Rembrandt was shown in his purchasing a number of the latter's paintings. Rembrandt at length painted a magnificent portrait of his friend in his old age, which, with the portrait of his mother and the original plate for this etching, still remains in the Six family in Amsterdam. Referring to the portrait of Jan Six, the famous Dutch poet, Vondel, contemporary of Rembrandt and Six, paid a fitting tribute to the great burgomaster, as a "lover of science, art, and virtue."

XIII

PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN

The story is told of a little child who, upon being introduced to a kind-faced lady, looked up brightly into her eyes with the question, "Whose mother are you?" When we look into the wrinkled old face of this picture, the same sort of a question springs to mind, and we involuntarily ask, "Whose grandmother are you?" We are sure that children and grandchildren have leaned upon that capacious lap. The name of the subject is not known, though the same face appears many times in Rembrandt's works. But there are many people whose names we can quote, of whom we know much less than of this old woman.

The story of her life is written in the picture. Those clasped hands, large and knotted, have done much hard work. They have ministered to the needs of two generations. They have dandled the baby on her knee, and supported the little toddler taking his first steps. They have tended the child and wrought for the youth. They have built the fire on the hearth and swept out the house; they have kneaded the bread and filled the kettle; they have spun and woven, and sewed and mended. They have not even shrunk from the coarser labors

of dooryard and field, the care of the cattle, the planting and harvesting. But labor has done nothing to coarsen the innate refinement of the soul which looks out of the fine old face.

She is resting now. The children and grandchildren have grown up to take care of themselves and their grandmother also. She has time to sit down in the twilight of life, just as she used to sit down at the close of each day's work, to think over what has happened. She has a large comfortable chair, and she is neatly dressed, as befits an old woman whose life work is done. A white kerchief is folded across her bosom, a shawl is wrapped about her shoulders, and a hood droops over her forehead. Her thoughts are far away from her present surroundings; something sad occupies them. She dreams of the past and perhaps also of the future. Sorrow as well as work has had a large share in her life, but she has borne it all with patient resignation. She is not one to complain, and does not mean to trouble others with her sadness. But left all alone with her musings, a look of yearning comes into her eyes as for something beautiful and much loved, lost long ago.

Some painters have been at great pains to fashion a countenance sorrowful enough and patient enough to represent the subject of the Mater Dolorosa, that is, the Sorrowing Mother of Christ. Perhaps they would have succeeded better if they had turned away from their own imaginations to some mother in real life, who has loved and worked and



Maison Ad. Braun & Cie., Photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN

Hermitage Gallery, St. Petersburg

suffered like this one. The face answers in part our first question. A woman like this is capable of mothering great sons. Industrious, patient, self-sacrificing, she would spare herself nothing to train them faithfully. And the life of which her face speaks — a life of self-denying toil, ennobled by high ideals of duty — is the stuff of which heroes are made. Some of the great men of history had such mothers.

The picture illustrates the fact that a face may be interesting and even artistic, if not beautiful. This idea may surprise many, for when one calls a person "as pretty as a picture," it seems to be understood that it is only pretty people who make suitable models for pictures. Rembrandt, however, was of quite another mind. He was a student of character as well as a painter, and he cared to paint faces more for their expression than for beauty of feature.

Now the expression of a face is to a great extent the index of character. We say that the child has "no character in his face," meaning that his skin is still fair and smooth, before his thoughts and feelings have made any record there. Gradually the character impresses itself on his face. Experience acts almost like a sculptor's chisel, carving lines of care and grooving furrows of sorrow, shaping the mouth and the setting of the eyes.

The longer this process continues, the more expressive the face becomes, so that it is the old whose faces tell the most interesting stories of life. Rembrandt understood this perfectly, and none ever

succeeded better than he in revealing the poetry and beauty of old age.

His way of showing the character in the face of this old woman is very common with him. The high light of the picture is concentrated on the face and is continued down upon the snowy kerchief. This forms a diamond of light shading by gradations into darker tints. It was the skillful use of light and shadow in the picture, which made a poetic and artistic work of a subject which another painter might have made very commonplace.

XIV

THE SYNDICS OF THE CLOTH GUILD

THE word syndic is a name applied to an officer of a corporation, and this is its meaning in the title of the picture, The Syndics of the Cloth Guild. In Holland, as in England and France and elsewhere in Europe, guilds were associations of tradesmen or artisans united for purposes of mutual help and for the interests of their respective industries. In some points they were the forerunners of modern trades unions, except that the members were proprietary merchants and master craftsmen instead of employees, and their purpose was the advancement of commercial interests in municipal affairs, instead of the protection of labor against capital. There were guilds of mercers, wine merchants, goldsmiths, painters and many others.

Now the wool industry was one of the most important in Holland, hence the Guild of Drapers or Cloth Workers was a dignified association in several cities. There was one in Leyden, where Rembrandt was born, and another in Amsterdam, where he passed the most of his life. Amsterdam was at that time the foremost commercial city of Europe. Its guilds had fine halls, ornamented with works of art painted by the best contemporary artists. It

was for this purpose that Rembrandt received from the Amsterdam Cloth Guild the commission to paint a portrait group of their five officers, and he accordingly delivered to them in 1661 the great picture of which we have this little reproduction to examine.

Just as in the picture of the Civic Guard he had given life to the portraits, by showing the members in some action appropriate to their military character, so here he represents the officers of the guild in surroundings suggestive of their duties. They are gathered about a table covered with a rich scarlet cloth, on which rests the great ledger of the corporation. They are engaged in balancing their accounts and preparing a report for the year, and a servant awaits their order in the rear of the apartment. Their task seems a pleasant one, for whatever difficulties have arisen during their administration, it is evident that the outcome is successful. They take a quiet satisfaction in the year's record.

It is as if in the midst of their consultations, as they turn the leaves of the ledger, we suddenly open the door into the room. They are surprised but not disturbed by the intrusion, and look genially towards the newcomers. The younger man at the end welcomes us with a smile. Next to him is one who has been leaning over the book. He raises his head and meets our eyes frankly and cordially. His companion continues his discourse, gesturing with the right hand. The older men at one side give more attention to the arrival. One seated in the armchair smiles good naturedly; the other,



Fr. Hanfstaengl, Photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE SYNDICS OF THE CLOTH GUILD

Ryks Museum, Amsterdam

rising and leaning on the table, peers forward with a look of keen inquiry.

As we examine the faces one by one, we could almost write a character study of each man, so wonderfully does the portrait reveal the inner life — the placid amiability of one, the quiet humor of another, the keen, incisive insight of a third. That they are all men of sound judgment we may well believe, and they are plainly men to be trusted. The motto of the guild is a key to their character: "Conform to your vows in all matters clearly within their jurisdiction; live honestly; be not influenced in your judgments by favor, hatred, or personal interest." These principles are at the foundation of the commercial prosperity for which Holland is noted.

The picture may be taken to illustrate a page in American history. It was the Dutch, as we all remember, who founded the State of New York, and the fifty years of their occupation (1614–1664) fell within the lifetime of Rembrandt. The fifteen thousand settlers, who came during this time from Holland to America, brought with them the manners and customs of their home country. The citizens of New Amsterdam were the counterparts of their contemporaries in the old Amsterdam. We may see, then, in this picture of the Cloth Merchants of Amsterdam just such men as were to be seen among our own colonists. In the broad-brimmed hat and the wide white collar we find the same peculiarities of dress, and in their honest faces we

read the same national traits. It was to men like these that we owe a debt of gratitude for some of the best elements in our national life. In the words of a historian,[1] "The republican Dutchmen gave New York its tolerant and cosmopolitan character, insured its commercial supremacy, introduced the common schools, founded the oldest day school and the first Protestant church in the United States, and were pioneers in most of the ideas and institutions we boast of as distinctly American."

If you fancy that it was quite accidental that the six figures of this picture are so well arranged, and wonder why the art of Rembrandt should be so praised here, you may try an experiment with your camera upon a group of six figures. In posing six persons in any order which is not stiff, and getting them all to look with one accord and quite naturally towards a single point, you will understand some of the many difficulties which Rembrandt overcame so simply.

[1] W. E. Griffis, in *Brave Little Holland*, pp. 212–213.

XV

THE THREE TREES

Holland, as is well known, is a country built upon marshes, which have been drained and filled in by the patient industry of many generations of workers. The land is consequently very low, almost perfectly level, and is covered by a network of canals. It lacks many of the features which make up the natural scenery of other countries, — mountains and ravines, rocks and rivers, — but it is, nevertheless, a very picturesque country. Artists love it for the quiet beauty of its landscape. Though this is not grand and awe-inspiring, it is restful and attractive.

We may well believe that the artistic nature of Rembrandt was sensitive to the influences of his native Dutch scenery. Though his great forte in art lay in other directions, he paused from time to time to paint or etch a landscape.

Even in this unaccustomed work he proved himself a master. He treated the subject much as he did a portrait, — trying to bring out the character of the scene just as he brought out the character in a face. How much of a story he could tell in a single picture we see in this famous etching called The Three Trees.

One can tell at a glance that this is Holland. We

look across a wide level stretch of land, and the eye travels on and on into an almost endless distance. Far away we see the windmills of a Dutch town outlined against the sky, — a sign of industry as important in Holland as are factory chimneys in some other parts of the world. Beyond this, another endless level stretch meets the sky at the horizon line. It is hard to distinguish the land and water, which seem to lie in alternate strips. The pastures are surrounded by canals as by fences.

Here and there are cows grazing, and we are reminded of the fine dairy farms for which Holland is noted, the rich butter and cheese, which are the product of these vast flat lands, apparently so useless and unproductive. Directly in front of us, at the left, is a still pool, and on the farther bank stands a fisherman holding a rod over the water. A woman seated on the bank watches the process with intense interest. There are two other figures near by which can hardly be discerned.

The wide outlook of flat country is the setting for the little tree-crowned hill which rises near us at the right. It would seem a very small hillock anywhere else, but in these level surroundings it has a distinct character. It is the one striking feature which gives expression to the face of the landscape. The eye turns with pleasure to its grassy slopes and leafy trees. The trees have the symmetrical grace so characteristic of Dutch vegetation. Nothing is allowed to grow wild in this country. Every growing thing is carefully nurtured and trained. We



Photographed from original etching

John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE THREE TREES

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

see that the distances between these trees were carefully spaced in the planting, so that each one might develop independently and perfectly without injury to the others. The branches grow from their straight trunks at the same height, and they are plainly of the same age. Their outer branches interlace in brotherly companionship to make a solid leafy arbor, beneath which the wayfarer may find a shady retreat. On the summit of the hill, outlined against the sky, is a hay wagon followed by a man with a rake. At a distance, also clearly seen against the sky, on the ridge of the hill, sits a man, alone and idle.

The sky is a wonderful part of the picture. Rembrandt, it appears, almost never ventured to represent the clouds. He had the true artist's reverence for subjects which were beyond his skill, and preferred to leave untouched what he could not do well. Now in this case, lacking the experience to draw a sky as finished in workmanship as his landscape, he *suggested* in a few lines the effect which he wished to produce. At the left a few diagonal strokes show a smart shower just at hand. A whirl of dark-colored clouds comes next, and in the upper air beyond, a stratum of clouds is indicated by a mass of lines crossing and recrossing in long swirling curves.

With these few lines Rembrandt conveys perfectly the idea that a storm is approaching. The clouds seem to be in motion, scurrying across the sky in advance of the rain. One imaginative critic

has thought that he could discern in the cloud-whirl a dim phantom figure as of the spirit of the on-coming storm. Like the clouds we often see in nature, it takes some new fantastic shape every time we look at it. Altogether the impression we receive is that of vivid reality. The artist's few lines have produced with perfect success an effect, which might have been entirely spoiled had he tried to finish it carefully.

We look once more at the landscape to see what influence the coming storm has upon it. The fisherman pays no heed. The clouding of the sky only makes the fish bite better, and absorbed in his sport he cares nothing for weather. The haymaker on the hilltop has a better chance to read the face of the sky, and starts up his wagon. The three trees seem to feel the impending danger. Their leafage is already darkening in the changed light, and they toss their branches in the wind, as if to wrestle with the spirit of the storm.

XVI

THE PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT

In studying the fifteen pictures of this collection, we have seen something of the work of the great Dutch master, Rembrandt, and have learned a little of the man himself, of his love for the sweet wife, Saskia, of his friendship with the cultured burgomaster, Jan Six, of his faithful and reverent study of the Bible, of his rare insight into people's character. We are ready now to look directly into the artist's own face, in a portrait by his own hand.

There are a great many portraits of Rembrandt etched and painted by himself. We have noticed how fond he was of painting the same model many times, in order to make a thorough study of the face, in varying moods and expressions. Now there was one sitter who was always at hand, and ready to do his bidding. He had only to take a position in front of a mirror, and there was this model willing to pose in any position and with any expression he desired. So obliging a sitter could nowhere else be found; and thus it is that there is such a large collection of his self-made portraits.

His habit of painting his own portrait gave him an opportunity to study all sorts of costume effects. His patrons were plain, slow-going Dutchmen who

did not want any "fancy" effects in their portraits. They wished first of all a faithful likeness in such clothing as they ordinarily wore. It was chiefly in his own portraits that Rembrandt had the satisfaction of painting the rich and fanciful costumes he loved so well. He wore in turn all sorts of hats and caps, many jewels and ornaments, and every variety of mantle, doublet, and cuirass. In this he was somewhat like an actor taking the parts of many different characters. Sometimes he is an officer with mustaches fiercely twisted, carrying his head with a dashing military air. Again he is a cavalier wearing his velvet mantle, and plumed hat, with the languid elegance of a gentleman of leisure. Sometimes he seems a mere country boor, a rough, unkempt fellow, with coarse features and a heavy expression.

As we see him acting so many rôles, we may well wonder what the character of the man really was. As a matter of fact, he was full of singular contradictions. In his personal habits he was frugal and temperate to the last degree, preferring the simplest fare, and contenting himself with a lunch of herring and cheese when occupied with his work. On the other hand, his artistic tastes led him into reckless extravagance. He thought no price too great to pay for a choice painting, or rare print, upon which he had set his heart. He was generous to a fault, fond of his friends, yet living much alone.

In the portrait we have chosen for our frontispiece, we like to believe that we see Rembrandt, the

man himself. He wears one of his rich studio costumes, but the face which he turns to ours is quite free from any affectation ; a spirit of sincerity looks out of his kindly eyes. The portrait is signed and dated 1640, so that the man is between thirty and thirty-five years of age. This was the happiest period of Rembrandt's life, while his wife Saskia was still living to brighten his home.

We see his contentment in his face. He has large mobile features, which have here settled into an expression of genial repose. He has the dignified bearing of one whose professional success entitles him to a just sense of self-satisfaction, but he is not posing as a great man. He is still a simple-hearted miller's son, a man whom we should like to meet in his own family circle, with his little ones playing about him. He is a man to whom children might run, sure of a friendly welcome ; he is a man whom strangers might trust, sure of his sincerity. It is, in short, Rembrandt, with all the kindliest human qualities uppermost, which show us, behind the artist, the man himself.

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF PROPER NAMES AND FOREIGN WORDS.

The Diacritical Marks given are those found in the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary.

EXPLANATION OF DIACRITICAL MARKS.

A Dash (¯) above the vowel denotes the long sound, as in fāte, ēve, tīme, nōte, ūse.
A dash and a dot (˙) above the vowel denote the same sound, less prolonged.
A Curve (˘) above the vowel denotes the short sound, as in ădd, ĕnd, Ill, ŏdd, ŭp.
A Dot (˙) above the vowel a denotes the obscure sound of a in ȧst, ȧbāte, Amĕrica.
A Double Dot (¨) above the vowel a denotes the broad sound of a in fäther, älms.
A Double Dot (¨) below the vowel a denotes the sound of a in b̤all.
A Wave (˜) above the vowel e denotes the sound of e in hẽr.
A Circumflex Accent (^) above the vowel o denotes the sound of o in dô̂rn.
ê̂ sounds like **e** in dêpêud.
ô̂ sounds like **o** in prô̂pōse.
ç sounds like **s**.
c sounds like **k**.
g sounds like **z**.
g̃ is hard as in g̃et.
ġ is soft as in ġem.

Ăm′stĕrdăm.
Apocrypha (ȧ pŏk′rĭ fȧ).
Ărȧmā′ĭc.
Ăsē′năth.
Ăssўr′ĭȧ.
Ăzârĭ′ăs.

Băthshē′bȧ.
Bĕth′lēhĕm.
Bildt (bēlt).
Braun (brown).
Breestraat (brā′strät).
burgher (bĕr′g̃ĕr).

Cāpēr′nāŭm.
Cassel (käs′sĕl).
chiaroscuro (kyä rô skō̂′rô).
Clē′ōpăs.
Cocq (kōk).
Coppenol (kŏp′pē nōl).
Crē ū′sȧ.
cuirass (kwē räs′).
cymar (sĭ mär′).
doelen (dō̂′lĕn).

Ecbatane (ĕk băt′ȧ nē)
Elsbroek (ĕls′brō̂ok).
Emmā′ŭs (*or* ĕm′mā ŭs).
Enēmĕs′sär.
E′phrăïm.
ĕt′zĕn.

Friesland (frēz′lând).
Fromentin (frô mŏN tăN′).

Găb′ȧĕl (*or* gā′bȧ ĕl).
Găllĭlē′ō.
Ġĕnnĕs′ȧrĕt.
Goethe (g̃ē′tŭ).

Hague (hāg).
Hamelin (hä′mĕ lĭn).
Hanfstaengl, Franz (fränts hänf stängl).
Hatto (hăt′ô).
Hillegom (hĭl′lē g̃ŏm).

Is′rāĕl.

Jā′sŏn.
Jĕr′ĭchō.
Joden (yō′dĕn).

Lastman, Pieter (pē′tĕr läst′-män).
Leyden (lī′dĕn).
Louvre (lo͞o′vr).

Manasseh (mȧ nȧs′sŭ).
Mănō′ah.
Mater Dolorosa (mā′tĕr dŏl ō rō′-sȧ).
Medæa (mē dē′ȧ).
Media (mē′dĭ ȧ).
Michel (mē shĕl′).
Muiderberg (moi′dęr bĕrg).

Năz′ărĕth.
Nineveh (nĭn′ē vŭ).

Odalisque (ō′dȧ lĭsk).

Pādȧnā′rȧm.
Păl′ĕstīne.
Pĕnī′ĕl.
Pĕnū′ĕl.
Pŭr′mĕrlănd.

Rā′ġēş.
Răg′ū ĕl (*or* răg′ū ĕl)
Raphael (rä′fā ĕl).
Rembrandt (rĕm′brănt).
Ruytenbe:rg, Willem van (wĭl′lĕm vän roi′tęn bĕrg).
Rȳks.

Saskia (säs′kē ȧ).
Sĕnnă′eh′ĕrīb.
Sĭm′ĕŏn.
Six, Jan (yän sēx).
Stuttgart (stŏŏt′ġärt).
Sylvius, Jan Cornelis (yän kôr nē′lĭs sĭl′vē o͞os).
Sȳn′dĭe.
Swanenburch (swä′nĕn bo͝orĸ).

Tȳ′grĭs.
Tôbī′ăs.
Tō′bĭt.
Trippenhuis (trĭp′pĕn hois).

Uylenborch, Rombertus van (rŏm bĕr′to͝os vän oi′lĕn bo͝orĸ).

Vlaerdingen (vlär′dĭng ĕn).
Vondel (vŏn′dĕl).

Wijmer (wī′mĕr).

MURILLO
1617–1682



Photographed from the Painting — John Andrew & Son, Sc.

BARTOLOMÉ ESTÉBAN MURILLO (By Himself)
Collection of the Earl of Spencer, Althorp, England

I

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

The country of Spain has in former times contributed much that is beautiful to the art and literature of the world. Some of our great men of letters, like Washington Irving, Longfellow, and Lowell, have drawn inspiration from its storied past. The most celebrated Spanish painters lived in the seventeenth century, and among them was Murillo, some of whose pictures we are to study in this little collection.

Murillo passed the most of his life in his native city of Seville, the capital of the old province of Andalusia,[1] which is at the southern end of Spain. In his time, the city was called "the glory of the Spanish realms." Great nobles and rich merchants lived there, and from its ports trade was carried on with all parts of the world. It was adorned with splendid buildings and public squares, and surrounded by beautiful gardens.

Now the public buildings of this time were not only fine to look upon on the outside, but they were

[1] In modern Spain the territory once called Andalusia is divided into the provinces of Almeria, Jaën, Malaga, Cadiz, Huelva, Seville, Cordova, and Granada.

made glorious within by the paintings on the walls. This was especially the case with churches, monasteries, and hospitals, and there was a great demand for pictures of religious subjects suitable to adorn such buildings. Most of Murillo's works were pictures of this kind. They illustrated Bible stories, the life of Christ, the life of the Virgin, and the traditions of the saints. The painter was himself a very pious man, and his heart was in his work. So it came to pass that his pictures were not only great works of art, but they were also full of religious feeling.

His favorite subject was the Virgin Mary represented as floating in mid-air as in a vision. The subject is called the Immaculate Conception, and the purpose is to show the stainless purity of Mary's character.

Our illustration is from one of his most celebrated pictures of this kind. The full-length figure of the Virgin is seen in the sky against a golden light, with a crescent moon beneath her feet, and throngs of rejoicing angels about her. The suggestion for the picture is from a verse in the book of Revelation which describes "a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet."

She is robed in white with a blue mantle thrown about her. The white is for her maidenly innocence, and the blue — the color of the sky — for truth and eternity. Her hair is unbound and falls over her neck and shoulders like a beautiful veil. It was an old custom for brides to be married with their hair



From a carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION
The Louvre, Paris

down as a sacred token of their maidenhood. So Mary is arrayed like a bride ready to receive her heavenly bridegroom.

Her figure seems buoyed in the air by heavenly zephyrs. Her face is raised to heaven in rapture. Her hands are pressed lightly to her bosom and hold in place her mantle and scarf. The poise of the head suggests that of a flower lifting itself to the sun, and the face itself has a delicate flower-like beauty. It is like nothing the painter had ever seen among the Andalusian maidens, and like none of the great pictures by the old masters. It was his own ideal of the gentle, innocent sweetness of the Virgin.

It is a girlish face, as innocent and trusting as a child's, the index of a soul unspotted by evil. One may well believe that no shadow of sin ever fell across that gentle life, and the lines of Wordsworth come to mind as perfectly describing the picture: —

> "Mother whose virgin bosom was uncrost
> With the least shade of thought to sin allied!
> Woman! above all women glorified;
> Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
> Purer than foam on central ocean tost;
> Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
> With fancied roses, than the unblemish'd moon
> Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast,
> Thy Image falls to earth."

No small part of the beauty of the picture is due to the host of baby angels surrounding the Virgin like a great garland. They are winsome little creatures all, and here and there in the throng one picks out some face of special charm. There is a beautiful

figure seated on a cloud just below the Virgin. His right arm is lifted exultingly in the air, and a heavenly smile is on the little face. He seems to call the attention of his companions to the vision above. The angel at his right turns his face, too, in the direction of the lifted arm, and clasps his own chubby little hands together in adoration. Others seem more engrossed in their frolic, as they play in and out the folds of the Virgin's robe.

The group in the lower part of the picture is massed in the form of a pyramid to give stability to the composition. The others are grouped in twos and threes, and describe an outline following the contour of the Virgin's figure.

The Immaculate Conception was one of three large paintings which Murillo made for the Hospital of the Venerables in Seville. Like most of the painter's works it was long ago taken from its original home, and it now hangs in the great gallery of the Louvre in Paris.

II

THE ANGELS' KITCHEN

Some two hundred years before the time of Murillo, there lived in a Franciscan convent at Alcalá a man named Diego, who was an Andalusian by birth. He was not regularly ordained to the priesthood, but was what is termed a lay brother, that is, he followed the life of a friar without any priestly duties. His work was with the household affairs of the convent: he did the cooking for the brotherhood, and was also the convent porter. From all accounts Diego was a common sort of fellow, very ignorant and uncouth. But he was a pious soul, living a life of holiness, and faithfully performing his daily tasks. The Franciscans were one of the mendicant orders, that is, they had no earthly possessions of their own and begged their food and clothing. They were taught strict self-denial.

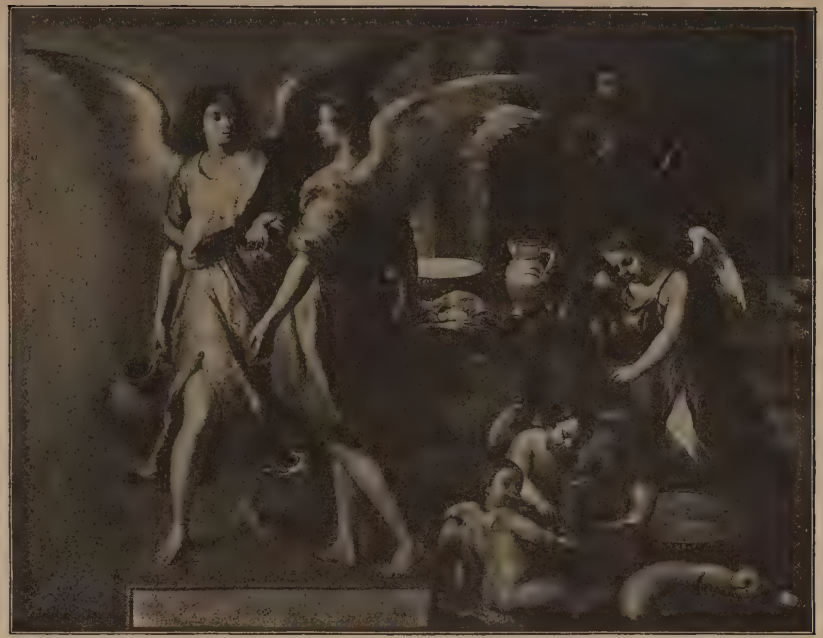
The life of Diego must have been a simple, monotonous round from day to day, preparing the frugal meals for the brethren and performing the domestic duties of the household. It would not appear that a convent kitchen was a place where anything interesting could happen, and certainly not a place where a man could become famous.

But the story runs that one day a marvel befell Diego in his kitchen, and from that day his name became famous in the religious annals of Spain. While busy with his cooking he was suddenly raised into the air in a heavenly ecstasy, while angels filled the room and went on with his work. This is the story illustrated in our picture, and it is one of a series of scenes from the life of San Diego.

Our painter had undertaken to decorate the walls of a Franciscan convent in Seville with eleven pictures. It was a large order, and the brotherhood set a very small price on the work. No painter of established reputation would consider their offer. For Murillo, however, it was exactly the chance he wanted to show what he could do. He was then a young man, and had just returned home after three years' study in Madrid, to make his way in the world.

The life of the Andalusian San Diego was an especially appropriate subject for the Sevillian convent. As the friars came and went about their daily tasks, they would be cheered and inspired by these scenes from the life of one of their own race and order. It was encouraging to see that a humbler man than any of their number was favored with such experiences of heavenly fellowship. We can readily understand how much this particular picture meant to them.

The two tall angels conversing together are in the centre of a long, narrow picture, only a portion of which is reproduced here. Beneath them is painted



From a carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE ANGELS' KITCHEN

The Louvre. Paris

a narrow tablet inscribed with a descriptive title of the picture. In the part cut off at the left side are three men just entering the door, and pausing in astonishment. On the right side is represented the further end of the kitchen. Our illustration, however, shows us the heart of the composition, and carries the whole story with it. Indeed, as some one has said, it is not necessary to read the story elsewhere, it is all so plainly seen in the picture.

San Diego is floating upward in the air in a kneeling posture, a mysterious light shining about him. His face is as commonplace as tradition describes it, but is full of earnestness. His eyes are turned heavenward, and he sees nothing of what is going on about him. Meantime the angels are busy preparing the dinner, and in the midst of their work a friar comes in at the rear. We notice that the angels are of two quite different orders. Some are tall, lithe beings with large spreading pinions, and others are little creatures, chubby and frolicsome like human babies. The tall ones seem to be planning and directing the work, one of them setting forth to draw water, another attending to the meat, and a third busy with mortar and pestle. The baby angels are on the floor about the pan of vegetables. They enter into the task with the delight of children who are allowed to help their elders, and the work is turned into play.

Murillo's two conceptions of angels may be traced through all his pictures. He painted one kind or the other according to the subject represented. The

tall angels are the messengers dispatched to earth on active errands, as when they descend and ascend the ladder of Jacob's dream. The baby angels are "the multitude of the heavenly host" who fill the celestial spaces with rejoicing. They throng about the Virgin of the Immaculate Conception, they accompany the Christ-child as he descends to St. Anthony, they hold the wreath of roses over the head of the child Mary, and crown the martyr St. Roderick. There is scarcely a picture of any religious subject by Murillo where their sweet little faces do not appear.

III

BOY AT THE WINDOW

Nearly all the orders which Murillo received for paintings were, as we have seen, for religious pictures to decorate churches and monasteries. There was, however, another class of pictures which he painted apparently for his own pleasure, and as a means of improvement in his art. These were studies of street children and beggars. Such works are known as *genre* pictures, because they reproduce directly the scenes of common life, just as they are found by the artist.

The city of Seville, where Murillo lived, was full of picturesque scenes at every turn. In southern Spain the common people spend much of their time in the open air, chatting in street and market-place, and lounging in doorways and windows. They are a rather indolent race, good-natured, full of fun, and easily pleased. They are a handsome people too, with rich olive skins, brilliant dark eyes, and glossy black hair. The bright colors which they love to wear set off their charms to perfection.

Murillo was a keen observer of people and things. As he came and went through the streets, his quick eye caught here a smiling face, there a stalwart figure, yonder an effective sash or shawl: the city was full of life and color.

It was no doubt during some of his strolls about the city that he chanced to see this jolly little boy leaning on a window ledge. There was something going on in the street which amused the little fellow mightily, and a broad grin appeared on the round face. Quite unconsciously he made a charming picture, and in a single glance the painter took in the scene and resolved to put it on canvas.

Nowadays a boy leaning out of a window is pretty sure to be caught by the snap shot of some camera. Something of the same sort befell the boy of our story on this day, long before the invention of photography. The painter's eye could take a snap shot almost as quickly as a camera, and the picture was photographed on his memory. When he actually began to paint it, no doubt the boy himself was called in, that the artist might study the face more carefully.

He is a happy-go-lucky little fellow with nothing to do all day but to laugh and grow fat. There are no lessons to puzzle his brain and no schoolmaster's floggings to fear. There was no "compulsory education" in these long-ago days. Life is one long holiday, and if he is sometimes hungry he is not the boy to cry for a little thing like that. Something is sure to turn up by and by. In the mean time there are plenty of ways to amuse one's self. One might even stay all day at the window and find something to see.

Little donkeys patter by over the cobblestones, laden with huge panniers of straw or charcoal. A



From a carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co. John Andrew & Son, sc.

BOY AT THE WINDOW
National Gallery, London

guitar-player strolls along, thrumming the strings of his instrument to accompany the love song which he sings. Fruit-venders pass, bearing their heaped-up baskets and calling aloud their wares. Perhaps a nobleman may chance to come this way and will toss him a coin.

Such are some of the figures which we may imagine passing by the face at the window. It is a round little face, lighted by dancing black eyes which are full of innocent mischief. The boy has a snub nose and a large mouth. His parted lips show a gleaming row of teeth. The Spanish are noted for their fine white teeth, and a witty traveller has said, "They are quite capable of laughing on purpose to show them." The child's black hair is so glossy that the light is reflected from it as from a polished surface. His blouse is slipping down on one side, and we see his plump neck and shoulders. In this warm climate the poor people go about half clad.

We like to think that the boy and the painter grew to be friends. As there are other pictures of the same child, we feel sure he must have been a frequent visitor at the studio. An open-hearted, confiding little fellow like this could not fail to win the heart of the genial Murillo, whom everybody loved. A useful little friend, too, the boy proved to be; it was good practice for the painter to study the well-shaped head and plump neck and shoulders. An artist can teach himself a great deal by painting the same model many times in different positions.

Such *genre* pictures as this were very helpful to

Murillo as preparatory studies for his great historical pictures. In some of these he had large companies of people to paint. Now when an artist paints a crowd he can make it more natural and life-like if he puts in people he has actually seen. So with Murillo. When he painted the large companies in his historical pictures, he filled in with the same figures he had already painted from life in his *genre* studies. There is, for instance, a large painting of the Israelites at the rock of Horeb,[1] in which you can easily make out a boy in the crowd much like this Boy at the Window. Thus the painter knew how to adapt the material which lay around him to the various purposes of his art.

[1] This is the large painting in the Hospital of Charity, Seville, usually called Moses Striking the Rock. The figure referred to is a boy at the extreme right end drinking from the vessel which is held to his lips.

NOTE. — As critics are by no means agreed in interpreting the subject of the Parthenon frieze, the writer has followed the most widely circulated opinion. For a full discussion of the subject and for arguments in favor of a different theory the reader is referred to Thomas Davidson's essay *The Parthenon Frieze*, London, 1882.

IV

THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS

The story of the first Christmas night is one of the dear familiar tales we like to hear repeated. It is the story of the birth of Jesus in the little Judæan town of Bethlehem. It happened that Mary and Joseph had come thither from their home in Nazareth to pay their taxes. The inn where they lodged was so crowded that they laid the new-born babe in a manger used for feeding cattle.

Now the country round about was a great sheep country. In this very town centuries before had lived the shepherd David, who was called from his flocks to be anointed king. The surrounding hillsides made good grazing-ground, and in this mild climate flocks were kept out all night.

On the night of Jesus' birth some shepherds were watching their sheep when a strange thing happened. The story is told by the evangelist St. Luke in these words: "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, 'Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be

to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.'

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, 'Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.' And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger."

Our picture illustrates this story of the shepherds' midnight visit to the manger. Three of them have crowded into the little room, in the dim corner of which are seen the heads of an ox and an ass. Mary draws back the coverlid to show the babe to the visitors. She takes a young mother's gentle pride in displaying her wonderful new treasure. The man in the rear is Joseph, wearing a heavy cloak and leaning on his staff. He contemplates the child thoughtfully, as if wondering what his future may bring. The shepherds are as simple-hearted as children in the expression of their admiration and delight.

They are big, powerfully built peasants clad in skin and homespun garments. One of them kneels in front, and we see the upturned soles of his bare feet, seamed and hardened by exposure. Beside



From a carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS

The Prado Gallery, Madrid

him on the floor lie the fowl which he has brought as a gift to the babe. The woman behind him has a basket of eggs, and the youth accompanying her leads a lamb. These, too, are gifts such as peasant farmers would naturally bring. They have no money for rich presents, and they choose the best that they have of their own raising. The lamb is a symbol of the child's innocence as the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." The eggs are an emblem of the Resurrection.

The light of the composition is concentrated upon the child, and shines brightly on the mother's face. It was an old custom of painters to make the Christ child the source of light in a picture, as symbolic of his character as the Light of the World. In this strong light we can see what a beautiful babe he is, with plump limbs and a well-shaped head.

The mother bends a tender glance upon him. She is a gentle young woman who adapts herself quite simply to her strange surroundings, as if there were nothing unusual about them. There is indeed no sign of the supernatural in the picture except in the light shining from the child. The whole sentiment is that of a simple, homely, every-day religion.

To a pious nature like Murillo's this story of long ago was as real as if it had taken place in his own country and among his own people. So instead of casting about in his mind to imagine some strange scene, he represented the story precisely as if he had himself seen it in a country town of Andalusia.

There is an old Latin Christmas hymn[1] which dates from the mediæval period, which expresses so well the religious feeling of the picture that it is pleasant to read it in this connection. Here are a few verses in which some of the phrases would almost seem intended to describe this very picture: —

"O what glad, what rapturous feeling
Filled that blessed Mother kneeling
By her Sole-Begotten One!
How her heart with laughter bounding
She beheld the work astounding
Saw his birth, the glorious Son.

"Jesus lying in the manger,
Heavenly armies sang the Stranger,
In the great joy bearing part;
Stood the Old Man with the Maiden,
No words speaking, only laden
With this wonder in their heart.

"Mother, fount of love still flowing,
Let me, with thy rapture glowing,
Learn to sympathize with thee.
Let me raise my heart's devotion,
Up to Christ with pure emotion,
That accepted I may be.

"All that love his stable truly,
And the shepherds watching duly,
Tarry there the livelong night;
Pray that by thy Son's dear merit
His elected may inherit
Their own country's endless light."

[1] "Stabat Mater Speciosa," translated by Dr. Neale.

V

THE MADONNA AND CHILD

The child Jesus was brought up in the little Galilean town of Nazareth, with Mary his mother, and her husband Joseph. Strange stories were told of the family, and it was said that they were in communication with the angels. Before the birth of Jesus Mary had been visited by an angel to tell her of the great mission he was coming to fulfil. On the night when he was born, angels had announced his birth to some shepherds of the neighborhood. When King Herod ordered a massacre of babes, an angel directed Joseph to flee with his family to Egypt. And again, on the death of Herod, an angel had bidden them return to their own country. When at last they settled in Nazareth, Mary herself said little of all these things, but kept them in her heart.

Everybody knows the later history of the boy, how he went about preaching and doing good, and how he set the standard of ideal manhood. After all these centuries the story of his life is repeated every day throughout the whole world.

It is natural to try to imagine how this wonderful child looked. Artists have never wearied of painting pictures representing the mother holding him in her arms. Such pictures are called the Madonna and

Child, the word Madonna meaning "My lady," as the Italians address the Virgin. The Italian word has become attached to the subject from the fact that such pictures were first popular in Italy. It was a favorite subject with Murillo, and he painted it many times.

In the picture reproduced in our illustration the Mother sits out of doors beside a bit of ruined wall, with the boy on her capacious lap, nestling against her shoulder. They have the dark eyes and black hair of the Spanish type. One could easily imagine that the painter, walking some day in the country, had seen just such a mother and child among the peasants of Andalusia. "Here," he might have said to himself, "is a sweet young mother worthy to represent the mother of Jesus, and here is a babe whose robust little figure would serve well as a model for the Holy Child."

Evidently it did not occur to him that the mother and child must be made beautiful, except as fine healthy bodies make for beauty. Beauty of face is not an essential mark of beauty of soul. Earnestness of character was rather what he sought to express in the two faces.

They are indeed rather serious faces which look out of the canvas, and the same mood is upon them both. The eyes do not meet ours, but seem to be gazing into space, as if in a waking dream. It is as if they awaited the approach of those angel visitants who had so often taken them under their protection.



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THE MADONNA AND CHILD
The Corsini Gallery, Rome

But while their expression is dreamy, they have the open countenances betokening a frank nature. The little boy is not at all precocious-looking, and we might not predict any great things of his future. But from such earnest, simple-hearted children as this grow the sturdy, honest men who are the hope of the world. The mother does not appear very intellectual, but motherhood lends a touch of dignity to her bearing. Her mature matronly face contrasts with the girlish beauty of the Virgin of the Immaculate Conception.

Perhaps what we like best about the picture is that it is so natural and homely. There is nothing stiff or affected in the pose of the figures. Murillo did not even surround the heads with the halo, or circle of light, in the old Italian manner. He let the faces tell their own story. We like to think that were the Christ child born again in the midst of us to-day, we might find him sitting with his mother by the wayside, — simple earnest country folk like these.

We do not always appreciate the greatness of art when it is so simple as it is here, and we must study the picture carefully to learn its good points. We notice that the main lines are few in number, and drawn in long unbroken sweeps. The line of the mother's right arm flows in a long fine curve from neck to finger tip. Her drapery falls in simple folds. We can see how much stronger such a composition is than one broken into many insignificant lines.

The two figures fall within an imaginary pyramid outlining the group. This was a frequent style of composition with Murillo, as we shall see in other pictures of our collection.

The light of the picture is massed in the upper part, bringing into clear relief the heads of the two figures.

VI

REBEKAH AND ELIEZER AT THE WELL

A CHARMING story is told in the Book of Genesis[1] of the way in which a bride was chosen for Isaac. Isaac was the son of the patriarch Abraham, who had left his native country and had gone into a strange land to found a new nation. The father, being now an old man, desired to see his son happily married to a maiden of their own country. He had a faithful servant named Eliezer, who was at the head of his household affairs. To him he intrusted the delicate task of going in search of a wife. The servant naturally felt doubtful about the success of his errand, but Abraham reassured him. "The Lord God of Heaven shall send his angel before thee," said the godly old man.

So Eliezer took ten camels and departed, and when he drew near the city of Nahor he made his plans. Taking his stand by a well, he knew that in the course of the day the maidens of the city would come thither for water. He prayed God to help him make his choice in this way: "Let it come to pass," he asked, "that the damsel to whom I shall say, 'Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink;' and she shall say, 'Drink, and I will give thy

[1] Genesis, chapter xxiv.

camels drink also:' let the same be she that thou hast appointed for thy servant Isaac."

Hardly had he spoken these words when a damsel "very fair to look upon" appeared at the well. Running to meet her, Eliezer said, "'Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher.' And she said, 'Drink, my lord:' and she hasted and let down her pitcher upon her hand, and gave him drink. And when she had done giving him drink, she said, 'I will draw water for thy camels also, until they have done drinking.' And she hasted, and emptied her pitcher into the trough, and ran again unto the well to draw water, and drew for all his camels." Thus far all was well, and now Eliezer drew forth a gift of earrings and bracelets and inquired the maiden's name. He was delighted to learn that she was Rebekah, the daughter of Nahor and Bethuel, who were kinsfolk of Abraham.

The family received Eliezer with hospitality, but he said, "I will not eat until I have told mine errand." So he related how Abraham had sent him forth to seek a wife for Isaac among their kinsfolk; how he had been troubled in his mind how to make the choice; how he had planned to choose the first damsel who offered water both to him and his camels; and how Rebekah had been this maiden. "Then Laban [the brother] and Bethuel [the mother] answered and said, 'The thing proceedeth from the Lord. . . . Behold, Rebekah is before thee, take her and go.' . . . And they called Rebekah, and said unto her, 'Wilt thou go with this man?' And she said, 'I will go.'"



From a carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

REBEKAH AND ELIEZER AT THE WELL

The Prado Gallery, Madrid

Rich presents were now distributed by Eliezer, and there was much eating and drinking. The next morning the party set forth, Rebekah and her maidens riding on the camels. On the way Isaac came to meet them, and when Rebekah saw him she alighted from her camel. The two were happily married and lived together to a good old age.

Our picture illustrates that moment in the story when Eliezer, having asked for a drink, receives the answer he has fixed upon as a sign. He stoops and drinks eagerly from the vessel which Rebekah holds to his mouth. It is the hour of sunset, and the young woman has come to the well with three of her maidens, all carrying large earthen jars to fill with water. In primitive times water was brought a long distance from the house, and such work often fell to the women. This was the case, no doubt, in the country about Seville, where Murillo must often have seen groups quite like the one in the picture. The sunny climate of Spain, with its blue skies, is indeed not widely different from that eastern land in which the scene of the story is laid. The Spanish maidens have the dark eyes, black hair, and brilliant color of Oriental beauties. So this picture, which is really a wayside scene in Andalusia,[1] is a fitting illustration of the old story of Palestine. It expresses perfectly the spirit of the buoyant happy out-of-door life in warm climates, where it is good merely to be alive.

[1] Compare the face of Rebekah with that of the Madonna of the Corsini Gallery (page 26), evidently from the same model.

Rebekah's maidens are all pretty, but their mistress is plainly their superior. There is an air of distinction in her bearing which the others lack. They do not conceal their curiosity in regard to this stranger. Visitors are rare, and they stare boldly into his face, wondering who he is, whence he came, and whither he goes. Not so Rebekah. She is too well bred to betray her curiosity, and turns her face aside modestly as Eliezer bends his head to drink. She has the gentle face of a submissive nature, and a trusting childlike expression as of one who would readily put confidence in a stranger. Her strong robust figure shows her quite equal to the heavy work of water-carrying. In the distance are the camels waiting their turn for water.

As we study the picture, we see that the artist took pains to give Rebekah the place of honor, in the centre of the composition. Of the other maidens two are seen only in half-length, and the third in a rear view. Rebekah stands beside the well, her finely proportioned figure in full view, and her well-poised head turned to show her entire face. Eliezer is of secondary importance. Though his sturdy frame is displayed to good advantage, his face is turned away. Because of his stooping posture he is overtopped by Rebekah, who stands apart in the centre, the tallest and finest figure of the picture.

VII

THE DICE PLAYERS

Three children and a dog make up a party of boon companions gathered near the corner of a ruined wall. They are little hoodlums of the poorest class, half clad in ragged garments. They pick up their scanty living as best they may, by begging in the streets of the great city.

All the large cities of southern Europe swarm with beggar children. In Rome, Naples, and Seville the modern traveller is beset with them, and it was much the same way in Murillo's time. One's needs are very few in these southern countries. The climate is so mild that the poor take no thought about clothing and shelter, and the soil yields so abundantly that food costs little. A crust of bread and a bit of fruit are always to be had for the asking. These conditions and the enervating climate tend to make the people indolent. They are, however, so good-natured and merry, that for all their idleness we cannot help liking them. Some of the child beggars are so bewitching in their manners that it is hard to refuse them a coin.

Such are the children of our picture. What passer-by could resist the appeal of these little faces when lifted with a confiding smile? It appears that

they have indeed reaped a harvest of coins, and have straightway repaired to this retired spot to stake them in a game of dice. A large flat stone serves admirably for a table.

Two are engaged in the game, while the third stands near by, idly eating a crust of bread. His little dog watches every mouthful eagerly, and expresses his mind as plainly as if he could speak, but his young master seems to have completely forgotten him.

The dice players bend over their game in an animated discussion, but with perfect good nature. Each keeps the count on the fingers of the right hand. From his pleased expression, the boy in the rear seems to be the winner in this throw.

They are not pretty children, but their lithe young limbs are well modelled in the curves which artists love. The child on this side wears a branch of vine leaves in his hair, drooping at one side from a sort of fillet bound about the head. One is reminded of the young Bacchus, the Greek god of wine, whose figure is often seen in classic sculpture crowned with vine leaves. The Spanish have an inherent sense of the picturesque, and dearly love all kinds of personal adornment. We see this trait in the costly jewels worn by rich señoritas and the rose which the peasant girl wears in her hair. Even a child like this shows the artist in him with a bit of decoration.

The boy standing at one side cares nothing for the game, and appears entirely oblivious of his sur-



Fr. Hanfstaengl, photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE DICE PLAYERS
Munich Gallery

roundings. He is lost in a day-dream, and gazes before him into space. It is a pathetic little face, full of childish yearning. The child seems of a more poetic and sensitive temperament than his companions. One wonders why he is so thoughtful, and if he really is unhappy. Certainly he is not hungry, for he clasps in his left arm a big loaf of bread, and he bites very deliberately into the slice he is eating. Perhaps he himself could hardly tell just why he feels in this discontented mood.

This is a child whom we should single out in a crowd of beggar children when the other two would pass unnoticed. He is, in fact, the principal figure of the picture. His large eyes are very expressive; his head is well shaped and well set on his shoulders; his curls fall about his face in charming ringlets. With another and happier expression he might be really beautiful. A painter like Murillo would be quick to see the artistic possibilities of such a figure.

The whole picture is a perfect transcript of the life of the streets: it has its merry, happy-go-lucky side, but the pathetic element is always present. Murillo, as a true interpreter of human nature, knew how closely akin are humor and pathos. This scene is indeed so thoroughly human and typical that one might come upon its counterpart any day in some of our great cities, as, for instance, in the Italian quarters of Boston or New York. The picture shows, too, how well Murillo knew the ways of children. Few painters have equalled him in this respect. Children of all sorts and conditions appealed strongly

to his sympathies; he seemed never to tire of painting them.

Like the Boy at the Window, the picture of the Dice Players is a *genre* painting, intended, as it were, for practice. How useful a study it afterwards proved we shall presently see in another picture.

VIII

THE EDUCATION OF THE VIRGIN

MANY pretty stories are told of the infancy and girlhood of the Virgin Mary. It is believed that she was more precocious than other children, and more gentle and teachable in her nature. Some of the painters have delighted to represent her as a child at her mother's knee, as in this picture by Murillo.

Mary was the daughter of Joachim and Anna, rich people of Nazareth. They were a devout family, and divided their substance into three parts, one for the poor, one for the service of the temple, and the third for their household. The one gift denied them, and which they greatly longed for, was a child. At length, in their old age, Mary was born to them, and they rejoiced in their daughter.

From the first the child was dedicated to the service of God, and was brought up with peculiar care. The parents expected great things of her, and the mother watched her grow from day to day. We know how in royal families a young princess is educated from her earliest childhood to meet her future responsibilities. She learns foreign languages, that she may converse with people of all nations. She is taught the social graces, that she may be at ease among her subjects. She is trained to self-control,

that she may be fitted to control others. She is exhorted to love and obey God, that she may be a worthy princess. Now, Mary was brought up much after this manner. Like a princess, she was destined to fill a place of great responsibility in life. We like to know how faithfully her mother prepared her for her life-work.

In our picture we see the two at one of the daily lessons. A basket of sewing-work is on the floor at one side, and they are reading together from some wise book. They seem to have come to a saying which is hard for the little girl to understand, and the mother explains the meaning. The child herself holds the open book, but to save the tender hand from the weight of the thick volume, the mother grasps it firmly at the top. As the reading proceeds the little pupil follows the lines with the finger of her right hand. She still holds the finger on the spot where they have stopped, lest she lose the place.

The mother is an elderly woman, as she is described by tradition. Her strong, well-cut face shows the firmness of character and dignity which come from years of experience. The little girl takes her lessons seriously. Though her mother speaks with an encouraging smile, the little mouth is set very soberly, and the eyes have an almost wistful expression. She seems to find lessons very perplexing, and perhaps she wishes that she might run and play as freely as other children.

The modern English artist poet, Rossetti, thought



From a carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE EDUCATION OF THE VIRGIN
The Prado Gallery, Madrid

a great deal about the girlhood of the Virgin, and himself painted an imaginary scene of that subject. He also wrote a poem to the Virgin, in which these lines touch upon the mystery of her girlhood: —

> "Work and play
> Things common to the course of day,
> Awed thee with meanings unfulfilled;
> And all through girlhood, something stilled
> Thy senses like the birth of light,
> When thou hast trimmed thy lamp at night
> Or washed thy garments in the stream;
> To whose white bed had come the dream
> That he was thine and thou wast His
> Who feeds among the field-lilies."

The lines help us to interpret the child's expression in the picture. The little girl seems "awed" with the "unfulfilled meanings" of her lesson. Her face is of one who has had strange dreams of the solemnity of life.

Hovering in the air, unseen by mother and daughter, are two baby angels who hold a wreath of flowers over the child's head.

Our curiosity is not a little aroused by the quaint costumes of both figures in the picture. The mother wears on her head a thin mantle or veil, which falls in folds over her shoulders. The child is dressed in a long gown sweeping the floor, and made with high neck and long sleeves. The thick blond hair is parted on one side, falling to the shoulders, and adorned with a white rose. It is evidently the dress worn by Spanish children of the upper classes in the seventeenth century. To confirm this belief we have only to turn to the portraits by Murillo's

contemporary, Velasquez, to find children similarly dressed. In fact, the little Virgin is not unlike the young princess Margaret whom Velasquez painted.

Probably both Mary and her mother are actually portraits, and some have suggested that the originals may have been the painter's own daughter and wife. It is said that Rossetti's mother and sister sat to him for his picture of this subject.

It matters little who were the models for any great picture so long as the painter succeeds in expressing the character appropriate to the persons represented. Certainly this fine old woman is worthy to be the mother of the Virgin. The little girl herself has a face innocent and serious enough to portray the childhood of one who was called "blessed among women."

As in many houses in Spain, the room in which the Virgin is seen opens on a balcony, and the picture is therefore lighted from out of doors.

IX

JESUS AND JOHN

(*The Children of the Shell*)

JESUS had a cousin John about his own age, the son of a priest, Zacharias, and his wife Elizabeth. The lives of the two cousins were bound together in a very sacred relation. Before the birth of either the parents had received angelic messages concerning the future of their children. John was to be a preacher and to prepare the way for Jesus. When he grew to manhood he took up his work boldly and announced Jesus as the Messiah. He was called John the Baptist, because he baptized his followers in the Jordan. At last he was thrown into prison and beheaded because he had condemned the sins of the king.

It is pleasant to think that the two cousins may have been playmates in childhood. Though John was the elder, Jesus would always be the leader by natural right. Even in boyhood their distinctive characteristics would begin to show. John was a rugged, vigorous boy, frankly outspoken in his opinions, but quick to recognize the superiority of his cousin. Jesus was of a gentler, more refined nature, thoughtful and loving to all.

Our picture shows the two children playing together out of doors in happy companionship, with a lamb for a playfellow. Heated with their romp, they seek water from the brook, and Jesus, using a shell as a drinking-cup, holds it to John's lips. This is the imaginary story we read in the picture, but it evidently has a higher meaning. It is a sort of picture allegory symbolizing the future mission of the children and the relation between them.

The little Baptist is clad in a skin garment such as it is supposed he afterwards wore during his sojourn in the wilderness. As the forerunner of Christ, he carries a reed cross about which is wound a banderole inscribed with the words *Ecce Agnus Dei*. This is the Latin form of the greeting with which John met the Saviour at the river Jordan, "Behold the Lamb of God." The lamb is another reminder of the same words. The water that Jesus gives his cousin symbolizes the water of life. He offers it with a pretty little gesture of authority, and his companion drinks eagerly, as if to quench a great thirst.

The Christ child is a beautiful golden-haired boy with a winning smile. His happy, sunny nature shines on his round little face. The boy Baptist is of a contrasted type, more swarthy and hardy in appearance, and of a rather serious nature. Just above the children's heads, through an opening in the clouds, a group of baby angels peep down upon them as if they, too, would join the play. The golden light surrounding them makes a bright back-



From a carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

JESUS AND JOHN—"THE CHILDREN OF THE SHELL"

The Prado Gallery, Madrid

ground against which the Christ child's head is seen. The old Italian artists used to surround Christ's head with a halo, and here a similar effect is produced more simply.

The artistic qualities of our picture deserve careful study, for this is one of the most noted works of Murillo in the great gallery at Madrid. The figures, we notice, are arranged in a pyramidal composition, with the apex at the Christ child's head. On the right side, the oblique line runs along the edge of St. John's back, while the balancing line on the left is formed by the figure of the lamb. These enclosing lines, however, are not straight, but are drawn in waving curves. There is nothing "set" about the picture. The angel heads in the upper air also relieve the over-prominence of the pyramidal form. The color of the original painting is very wonderful. It is suffused with a beautiful misty golden atmosphere.

The picture of Jesus and John makes an interesting contrast to the picture of the Dice Players, which we have already seen. The Sevillian street beggars are evidently drawn from life. We call the picture realistic, because the figures are real children. Jesus and John, on the other hand, are child ideals. They represent the painter's conception of perfect childish beauty, and so we call the picture a work of *idealism*.

Nevertheless, it was doubtless just some such street children as the Dice Players who furnished, as it were, the material for Jesus and John. The

wistful little beggar dreamily eating a piece of bread may well have been the model for the Christ child; the head is indeed strikingly like. In the dice player who wears the crown of vine leaves we see the same faun-like face as in the little Baptist. Even the attitudes of both children are similar in the two pictures. It is as if the painter found in these types from real life some suggestion of the ideal beauty which he was in search of. It needed only the magic of his art to transform them into the beautiful ideals of his imagination.

X

THE HOLY FAMILY

The family circle in which Jesus grew up in Nazareth is always spoken of as the "holy family." Hence a picture representing the Mother and Child, accompanied by any other relative, is called a Holy Family. Our illustration shows such a group. The two mothers, Mary and Elizabeth, are here with their children, the cousins Jesus and John.

Though there was a great difference in the ages of the two women, the friendship between them had begun in the days before their boys were born. Mary had paid a visit to her cousin Elizabeth in the hill country, and they had talked together of the future destinies of their children. Both must have been anxious to prepare their sons for the great career predicted for them by the angels.

Day by day Mary watched Jesus grow "in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." The great English poet Milton has described Jesus as referring thus to his mother's influence on his childhood: —

> "These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving
> By words at times cast forth, inly rejoiced,
> And said to me apart, 'High are thy thoughts,
> O Son; but nourish them and let them soar
> To what height sacred virtue and true worth
> Can raise them, though above example high.'"

We may well believe that Elizabeth, on her part, trained her little John to reverence his cousin Jesus. A spirit of true humility seems to have been impressed upon the child. In after life he declared himself unworthy to unloose the latchet of Jesus' shoes.

In our picture Mary sits on a mound with the Christ child standing erect on her lap. His right elbow rests lightly on his mother's bosom to steady himself, and her strong, motherly arms hold him firmly. Elizabeth kneels on the ground, pressing the little skin-clad Baptist forward to receive the cross from Jesus. We see at once that the picture does not represent any ordinary scene in family life. The subject is devotional rather than domestic. Like our other picture of Jesus and John, it is an allegory to show the sacred mission of the two children.

The cross is an emblem of suffering, because Jesus afterwards died upon the cross. He taught that whosoever taketh not up his cross is not worthy of him (Matt. x. 38). John therefore receives it bravely, willing to endure anything for the sake of Jesus. In his hand the boy Baptist carries the scroll which is to be fastened to the cross, as in the other picture (page 51). Again there is a little lamb to suggest the gentle character of Christ. It is written of him that when he was persecuted, "as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth."

In the upper air a fatherly figure seems to lean out of heaven with hands outstretched in benedic-



From a carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE HOLY FAMILY
The Louvre, Paris

tion. We are thus reminded that our Heavenly Father's care is always over his children. A dove hovers over Jesus' head, as on the day of his baptism in the river Jordan.

Although there is so much solemn meaning in the picture, it is a very happy scene. All eyes centre upon the Christ child, who is indeed a lovely boy. The gentle young mother looks at him fondly; Elizabeth's kindly face is lighted by an admiring smile; and the sturdy little Baptist is delighted with his cousin. Even the angels of heaven look on with rejoicing, their baby forms floating in a golden light in the upper air.

In our previous pictures it has been interesting to trace the source of the artist's material. In some of his works, like the Immaculate Conception, he seemed to draw his ideal from his own imagination. In others, like the Madonna and Child, he evidently painted the peasants of his own country very much as they were. Again, in the picture of Jesus and John, we have seen how he could take ordinary people about him and transform them into ideal types.

Now, in this picture of the Holy Family we see two methods of work combined. The children are ideal figures, suggested, no doubt, by some in real life, but made more beautiful. On the other hand, the two mothers seem like portraits painted directly from Andalusian peasants. Mary has a sweet, gentle face, quite in keeping with the character of the Virgin. Elizabeth's strong, wrinkled visage accords

perfectly with our conception of John's mother. The two women are as strongly contrasted as the children. The one carries on her countenance the story of a life's experience, while the other has the fresh young smile of one on the threshold of life.

We may find Elizabeth's face in other pictures by Murillo, as in the Adoration of the Shepherds, and among the sick folk about St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

The composition is in the painter's favorite style, the pyramid, crowned at the apex with the head of the child Jesus. The figure of the Father in the upper air is also outlined in the same form as a sort of enclosing pyramid.

XI

THE FRUIT VENDERS

The old province of Andalusia has been called the "Eden of Spain." It is a fertile valley watered by the Guadalquivir River, and in this southern climate the rich soil yields abundantly. Even without much cultivation the country on either side the river has an almost tropical vegetation. Wheat and maize ripen in April; olives and oranges, grapes and lemons flourish luxuriantly. It is perhaps best described in the old Bible phrase as "a land flowing with milk and honey."

In its heyday of prosperity, when methods of irrigation were employed, the country might be likened to our own southern California. It was covered with rich vineyards and olive orchards, the products of which were sent to all parts of the world.

Those who live in the more rigorous climate of the north have little idea how delicious and beautiful is the fruit of these southern countries. The tropical fruits sold in northern cities are gathered in their native land while still green, and ripen during their journey northward. They thus lose altogether the peculiar rich flavor which they have when ripened in the natural way. Of what the grapes and oranges of Andalusia are we have some faint notion

from reading about them. A world-wide fame attaches to the grapes of Malaga, grown in this province.

In Murillo's time the city of Seville was a great fruit market for the peasants of the country round about. The streets were full of venders bearing their precious wares in large straw baskets, and calling them aloud as they went. Many of these were children who could be spared from the farm better than those who were strong enough to work in the vineyards. Their fresh young voices and winning ways made them good salesmen.

Such are the girl and boy of our picture, who have met by the wayside beyond the city. The girl has had good luck to-day. Setting forth early in the morning, she sold her fruit in a few hours; and is already on her way back to her village home, when she meets the boy just entering the city. The two hail each other gaily; the boy sets down his basket, and the girl, drawing the coins from the money bag hanging at her side, counts them from one hand into the other. This is a quiet spot in the shadow of a ruined wall, where they are not likely to be disturbed. It is, in fact, the very place where the street children come to play dice, and the flat stone here makes a comfortable seat.

The girl has a capable look, as if she bore on her young shoulders some of the family cares. Her hair is tidily brushed and knotted at the back in a coil which lies in the pretty curve of her neck. She would not be thought pretty, but has a rather plain,



Fr. Hanfstaengl, photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE FRUIT VENDERS
Munich Gallery

serious face. But it is such a sensible face that we like it for what it reveals of her character. She is evidently a good little business woman.

The boy takes a generous pleasure in his companion's good fortune. There is not a trace of envy in his good-natured face, as he bends over the girl's open palm and gazes at the coin with innocent delight. There seems to be something a little unusual in the day's transactions. Perhaps some wealthy purchaser, struck by the girl's modest demeanor, added an extra coin to the price of the fruit. It may, indeed, have been some foreign traveller, who gave her a strange coin of his own country.

The children seem to belong to the better peasant class, whose thrift and industry contribute so much to the prosperity of the country. They are in direct contrast to the vagabond element we have seen in the picture of the Dice Players. As they count the coins they are perhaps thinking of all the good things they will buy. One would like to know how Spanish peasant children of the seventeenth century would spend their money. Not for books and toys and sweets, certainly, such as tempt the children of to-day.

Except the broken shoes, which are doubtless worn for comfort rather than by necessity, the girl's clothes are very neat and well made. Her sleeves are rolled back to the elbow, and her skirt is carefully turned up to save it from the dust of the road. The bodice is low, and shows the fine curve of her neck and shoulder. She has a pretty ear, a feature

which many do not notice, but which painters are sure to observe.

We see that the two figures are so arranged that the lines enclosing the group form a pyramidal composition like those we have noted in other pictures of our collection. Murillo's groups are all so simply and naturally arranged that they seem to have been placed without thought. This is the way in which "art conceals art," as the saying is. In reality the painter was very painstaking in his work, and carefully observed the principles of composition.

XII

THE VISION OF ST. ANTHONY

St. Anthony of Padua was a Franciscan friar who lived in the thirteenth century. He was a Portuguese by birth, and was in Lisbon when he heard of the martyrdom of some Christian missionaries in Africa. This fired him with ambition to emulate their example. His career as a foreign missionary was, however, cut short by illness, so he returned to Europe and came to Italy.

On account of his great intellectual gifts he was advised by St. Francis, the founder of the order, to devote himself to scholarly pursuits. He became a university lecturer, and taught divinity at Bologna, Toulouse, Paris, and Padua. In later years he devoted himself entirely to preaching, and went about the country among the people. His eloquence and persuasive powers drew crowds to hear him, and he generally preached in the open air.

Everywhere he pleaded the cause of the poor, and wherever there was tyranny and oppression he boldly denounced it. He was a man of tender heart and gentle character, fond of flowers and all living creatures. His good deeds and kindly influence made him greatly beloved by his people. Worn out by his arduous labors, he died at the age of thirty-six,

and was buried in the city of Padua. There a splendid shrine holds his remains, in the church built in his honor.

Among many stories of St. Anthony's life, there is one which is repeated oftener than any other. It relates that at one time, when the preacher was expounding to his hearers the mystery of Christ's birth, the infant Christ himself appeared to him in a vision. This story had a peculiar attraction for Murillo. The Franciscans were his chief patrons, and in his work for them he had occasion to paint the Vision of St. Anthony in nine different pictures. Our illustration is one of the most beautiful of these.

The vision here takes place in the open air, as if in some spot where, according to custom, the saint had been preaching. But the people have now dispersed, and the vision is for the preacher alone. A broad ray of light streams from heaven to earth and illumines the distant landscape. Along this golden pathway descends the blessed Christ child, accompanied by a host of angels. The saint falls on his knees before the vision, and gathers the babe into his encircling arms.

The little visitor has come to bring some message of comfort, and he lays his hand caressingly upon St. Anthony's cheek. The rosy face is pressed against the pale, austere countenance of the friar. The holy man does not presume to clasp the child to his heart in close embrace. He holds him reverently in his arms, the fine face lighted by a smile of perfect happiness. In this moment of ecstasy all



Fr. Hanfstaengl, photo. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

THE VISION OF ST. ANTHONY

Berlin Gallery

his toils and privations are forgotten; he has his rich reward.

St. Anthony wears the dress of the Franciscan order, a dark brown tunic with long loose sleeves. A scanty cape falls from the shoulders, and to this is attached a hood to be drawn over the head. The tunic is fastened about the waist with a knotted cord, which represents symbolically a halter. The Franciscan idea of the body is as a beast which must be subdued, and the brothers are taught severe self-denial. The top of the head is shaven, leaving a surrounding circle of hair, called a tonsure. On the feet is worn a sort of wooden sandal.

The angels seem to enter into the spirit of the occasion with delight. One of them is seated on the ground holding the preacher's book. A second stands just behind, triumphantly holding up a lily stalk. This attracts the attention of his companions in the upper air, one of whom stretches forth an eager hand to grasp it. The lily is an emblem almost always used in pictures of St. Anthony. It is peculiarly appropriate, because he was a lover of flowers and used to preach of the lilies of the field. Its whiteness typifies the purity of his saintly life.

In artistic qualities there are various points of resemblance between this picture and the picture of Jesus and John. In both, the figures are grouped in a pyramidal composition which nearly fills the oblong canvas. In both the light comes from a break in the clouds to flood the important part of the picture. The lovely conception of the baby angels

looking down out of heaven is repeated in the two pictures, as, indeed, in many other works.

Besides these technical resemblances, what is sometimes called the "feeling" of the pictures is similar. Both are in the most refined and delicate vein which Murillo's art commanded. These two ideals of the Christ child are the highest which the painter achieved.

NOTE. — An account of the life of St. Anthony of Padua is given in Mrs. Jameson's "Legends of the Monastic Orders," page 292.

XIII

ST. RODERICK

A STRANGE and troublous period in the history of Spain was during the seven hundred years when the country was in the possession of the Moors. This was a time extending from the eighth to the fifteenth centuries. Previous to this, Spain had been occupied by the Visigoths, who were Christians. Then came the Arab host, sweeping over the land with irresistible force, and all but two provinces were conquered.

The Moors were followers of the Mohammedan religion, whose founder was the so-called prophet Mohammed, and whose sacred book was the Koran. These Mohammedans, Mussulmans, or Moslems, as they were variously called, were exceedingly zealous in their faith, and tried to force it upon the people they had conquered. The difference in religions was a cause of continual warfare between the two races. In the end, the Christians drove the Moslems out of Spain, but only after a long and fierce struggle. The Moslem rulers persecuted their subjects cruelly, and many good men laid down their lives for the faith. One of the Christian martyrs of the ninth century was St. Roderick, who was a priest of Cordova.

Now, Cordova was the capital of the Moorish empire in Spain, and the stronghold of Mohammedanism. Here was the palace of the caliph, who was the temporal and spiritual ruler of the Moslems. Here, also, were some six hundred mosques, as the Mohammedan churches were called. It fared hard with Christians in such a place.

Roderick was one of three brothers, two being Christians, and one a Mussulman. One night when they were all together, Roderick's Christian brother and the Mussulman began quarrelling, and he tried to act as peacemaker. His interference angered them, and they fell upon him so fiercely that they nearly killed him. Then they fled from the spot, leaving him, as they supposed, dead.

The Mohammedan brother now spread the news that Roderick was dead, and that before dying he had embraced the Moslem faith. This false report made it unsafe for Roderick to declare himself alive. He had no mind to renounce the Christian religion, but had he appeared in the streets he would have been greeted as a Mussulman. He therefore hid himself in the mountains for a season. It happened one day that descending the mountain towards Cordova, he met his Mohammedan brother. The unnatural wretch, far from being pleased to find his supposed victim alive, caused him to be cast into prison. The offence charged against him was that he had turned from Mohammedanism to Christianity, while, as a matter of fact, he had never been anything but a Christian.



From a carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co.

ST. RODERICK
Dresden Gallery

The consolation of his imprisonment was the companionship of a fellow martyr, St. Salomon. The two became fast friends, but when the friendship between them was observed they were separated. Roderick had three trials, when he was given a chance to recant his faith. As he did not falter in his loyalty to his Christian belief, he was condemned to death. He was executed in the year 857, and his body was thrown into the Guadalquivir River.

Murillo's picture is an imaginary portrait of the good St. Roderick. He is a tall, well-built young man with the dark skin of the Spanish race. He stands in priestly garments by a marble pillar, at the angle of a balcony. His face is lifted, and he seems to look "steadfastly into heaven," like the first martyr, Stephen. One wonders if, like that early hero, he sees there "the glory of God."

The gentle face shows the suffering of one who has found life's burdens hard to bear. A small circular wound in his throat indicates the manner of his death. On his left arm he bears the palm which is the emblem of martyrdom. In the vision of heaven described in the book of Revelation a great multitude of people are seen bearing palms in their hands. One of the Elders explains that "these are they which came out of great tribulation." [1] This is why a painter, representing a Christian martyr, places a palm in his hand to show that he "came out of great tribulation."

The richly embroidered chasuble, as the vesture

[1] Revelation, chapter vii., verses 9 and 14.

is called, which St. Roderick wears, deserves special attention because of its history. Murillo painted it from a real garment in the Seville cathedral, where it is still shown to the visitor. Down the centre of the front runs a wide strip of embroidery in which three ornamental medallions are wrought. The central one represents the apostle Paul with the sword which is the emblematic attribute of that apostle. The third shows St. Andrew with the large cross on which he was crucified.

It is not to be supposed that this chasuble was ever worn by the real St. Roderick. It probably belonged to a certain canon of Seville, for whom Murillo painted the picture. The canon would naturally be pleased to have so beautiful a vesture immortalized, and it was, besides, an honor to the memory of St. Roderick to array him so magnificently.

Note. — An account of the life of St. Roderick is given in the "Dictionnaire Hagiographique ou Vie des Saints et des Bienheureux," by M. l'Abbé Pétin, Paris, 1848.

XIV

YOUTH'S HEAD

It sometimes happens that in a large company of people, such as might be gathered in the streets of a great city, some face in the crowd catches the eye and holds it with a singular fascination. There are dozens of commonplace folk about, and among them all this one seems like a denizen of another sphere. There is a haunting quality in the face which makes us remember it a long time.

Now, the face of the youth in our picture has just this peculiar quality. Though quite unprepossessing in its features it attracts our notice at once. Perhaps on some great gala day, when the streets of Seville were full of people, Murillo suddenly saw it in the crowd. It so possessed his fancy that he could not rest till he had put it on canvas, and here it still remains to exercise its strange charm.

It is, indeed, a face quite out of the ordinary. Compare it a moment with the Boy at the Window in one of our previous illustrations.[1] At the first glance at that mischievous little face, we begin to wonder where we have seen a boy just like him. We may not be able to recall his exact counterpart, but he is what we call a common type. This youth,

[1] See page 15.

on the other hand, is quite unlike any one we have ever seen. His personality is unique: we exclaim at once, What a singular face!

His shaggy, unkempt locks and shy, fawn-like eyes suggest some wild creature of the woods. The face calls to mind that imaginary being of the old Greek myths called a faun, "neither man nor animal, and yet no monster, but a being in whom both races meet on friendly ground." It will be remembered that in Hawthorne's novel of the "Marble Faun" there was a character named Donatello, who gave a similar impression. One of his peculiarities was to wear his hair in long curls, concealing his ears. His friends playfully pretended to suspect that he had the pointed ears of a faun. One cannot help fancying that, could we brush aside this youth's long locks, we might find faun's ears.

Setting aside such fancies, we judge that this is a portrait of an Andalusian peasant. It is described in some of the art books as a Herdsman or Shepherd. Look again at the picture of the Adoration of the Shepherds, and pick out the figure of the shepherd leading a lamb. You may see a far-away resemblance between that head and this.

The face is not at all intellectual, and we fancy that the youth is alike slow of wit and slow of tongue. Apparently he belongs to that class of oddly balanced minds which produces both the genius and the fool. The old-time phrase "God's fool" perhaps best describes those puzzling natures who fail to grasp worldly wisdom, but have so much



From a carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

YOUTH'S HEAD
Hague Museum

wisdom of another kind. Such characters are possessed of the gift of eternal childhood: one can never tell how old they are. Like children, too, they are impulsive and affectionate. They often show a touching fidelity in their attachments. There is, indeed, a strong vein of pathos in such lives.

Our youth is, we suspect, one of Nature's poets. His expression is of one who has lived alone with his flocks, far from the haunts of men. It is full of poetic feeling. Not, indeed, that he is gifted with any power of expression, but he has the poet's capacity for enjoying beauty. His long days under the open sky have filled him with a sense of the mystery of life.

One is reminded of that "herdsman on the lonely mountain tops," of whom Wordsworth writes in the "Excursion." The poet tells us that the youth's whole being was possessed by the beauty of nature. He is described as standing on some bold headland, whence

> "he beheld the sun
> Rise up and bathe the world in light! He looked!
> Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
> And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
> In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,
> And in their silent faces did he read
> Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
> Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
> The spectacle: sensation, soul, and form,
> All melted into him."

We must understand that only a great painter could make a portrait of such a head a real work of art like this. The features are irregular and ill

formed, and in another position the contour of the face might be very ugly. To overcome these difficulties required much skill. The pose here is particularly good. It makes a pleasing outline for the composition, and it expresses admirably the poetic sentiment of the face. What is most remarkable about the picture is that the painter has caught in the expression that haunting quality which is so subtle and transient in real life.

XV

ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY

(The Leper)

THERE was once a princess of Hungary, named Elizabeth, who was celebrated for her beauty and goodness. She had "a tall, slender figure, a clear brown complexion, large dark eyes, and hair as black as night." She was married at the age of fifteen to Prince Louis, the son of the landgrave of Thuringia. They lived together in the Castle of Wartburg, on a steep rock outside the town of Eisenach.

In her early childhood, Elizabeth was devoted to deeds of charity, and used to save food from her own meals to carry to the poor. After her marriage her habits of self-denial were redoubled. Often at royal feasts she contented herself with a crust of bread and a cup of water. Her husband was proud of his wife's piety, and sympathized with all her benevolent plans. His mother and sister, however, bitterly opposed them, and in the prince's absence Elizabeth had much to suffer.

At length there was a famine in the land, and it was Elizabeth's benevolence and wisdom which saved the lives of the people. She divided the corn and bread into portions, so that the supply lasted through the summer till harvest-time. The famine was fol-

lowed by a great plague, and to meet this new emergency Elizabeth founded hospitals in Eisenach. She exhausted the treasury and sold all her own robes and jewels to pay for these. She herself, with her court ladies, daily visited the hospitals, waiting upon the sick with her own hands.

It is in this labor of love that our picture represents the saintly princess. She stands beside a large basin on a platform surrounded by a group of patients. A leprous boy bends over the basin while her delicate hands bathe the sores on his head. It is this figure which gives the Spanish name to the picture, El Tiñoso, the Leper. On the opposite side another leper waits his turn, removing the plaster from his head with a wry face. A cripple is just hobbling off in the rear, and a man sits in front undoing the bandage from his leg. An old crone sitting on the edge of the platform raises her face to St. Elizabeth, with a pathetic expression.

The ladies who attend the princess do not conceal their aversion to the loathsome task, but there is no sign of shrinking in their mistress. Her face has a heavenly calm as the face of an angel. She is dressed in the robes of a nun with a crown worn over the veil. The sleeves are rolled back and show the shapely hands and wrists. The face has lost the brilliancy of its early beauty, and has grown pale and austere from long self-denial. The once splendid hair is concealed under the veil. But the features are cast in an aristocratic mould, and the poise of the head is that of a queen. The noble soul



From a carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY—"THE LEPER"

Royal Academy of Fine Arts, Madrid

shining through the face gives it a moral beauty which is deeply impressive. There is a German poem describing St. Elizabeth's visits to the hospitals, some lines of which seem to apply with peculiar appropriateness to our picture: —

"The poor cripple (ofttimes scorn'd and vex'd),
The idiots by their painful lot perplex'd, —
These, who found scoffs and shame their bitter part,
Were still the dearest to her pious heart;
They hung upon her robe with joyous cries,
And gazed with love into her loving eyes,
The sick and dying when she strove to cheer,
Through the long room the cry rose, 'Here! oh, here!'
With tender care their wounds she drest,
And laid the suffering to rest;
With softest words she calm'd th' impatient mood;
And if the handmaids who around her stood
Sought in her ministry to share,
The sick would suffer only her sweet care,
And her fair hands were kiss'd, her name was blest." [1]

Our picture shows that the painter's art ranged all the way from strict realism to pure idealism. The figures of the sick are so real that one almost turns away from them in disgust, as from scenes of actual suffering. On the other hand, the princess is a purely ideal creation; only from his own imagination could the painter have drawn such a figure. The strong moral effect of the picture is produced by this contrast. Elizabeth's spiritual beauty is heightened by the repulsiveness of her surroundings. The abruptness of the contrast is modified by the figures of the attendant ladies. They form a con-

[1] Translated from the German of Wolf von Goethe by Adelaide Procter.

necting link between the ugliness of the patients and the beauty of Elizabeth.

The portico opens out of doors at one side, and under a covered porch in the distance Elizabeth is again seen serving a company of the poor at table. This distant view serves an important artistic purpose. It not only furnishes light for the composition, but gives an effect of spaciousness.

St. Elizabeth of Hungary is one of a series of eleven pictures painted by Murillo to adorn the church connected with the Charity Hospital in Seville. The subjects were all chosen for their appropriateness to the place. The work was done in the later years of his life, and was among his noblest productions. A critic has said that "for grandeur of style, harmony of color, and grace of composition, it would be difficult to name an equal number of pictures by any artist that could surpass them." [1]

The life of St. Elizabeth had a sad ending. Her husband went to the Crusades and died in a foreign land. His family cast her out of the castle, and she and her children wandered about as exiles. At length she entered the order of St. Francis, and spent her declining years in ministry to lepers.

[1] C. B. Curtis.

NOTE. — An account of the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary is contained in Mrs. Jameson's "Legends of the Monastic Orders," page 309.

XVI

THE PORTRAIT OF MURILLO

THE painter Murillo was what we call in our country a "self-made man." Being left an orphan before he was eleven years old, he was apprenticed at an early age to his uncle, the painter, Juan del Castillo. The boy was an apt pupil, but even when he had learned all his master could teach him, he was far from being an artist. For a few years he earned a scanty livelihood by painting cheap pictures to sell in the market-place. Then came a turning-point in his life in this wise.

A young man named Pedro da Moya, who had once been a fellow student with Murillo in Castillo's studio, returned to Seville after six months' study under the Flemish painter Van Dyck. Murillo saw with astonishment and envy how wonderfully his old-time companion had improved. A new world of art was opened to him in the copies of Van Dyck's paintings which the traveller had brought home. He straightway resolved that he, too, would go out into the world to learn the secrets of great art.

Rome was the object of his pilgrimage, but Rome was a long distance from Seville, and Murillo had no money. The young man was, however, too much in earnest to let any difficulties discourage him.

Keeping his own counsel, he procured a piece of linen, cut it into squares, painted the squares with bright pictures, and by selling the lot obtained money enough for his immediate needs. This was all he wanted. He was young and courageous, and he set forth at once on foot towards the royal city of Madrid.

It was a long and tedious journey, and there were mountains to cross, but he came at last to the great city. He had intended to make Madrid only a stopping-place on his longer journey to Rome, but circumstances now changed his mind. The court painter, Velasquez, himself an Andalusian by birth, offered his young countryman a home. There were plenty of great pictures to see in the royal galleries, and Murillo gladly accepted the offer.

He now devoted himself to studying some of the masterpieces, making copies of many of the works of Ribera, Van Dyck, and Velasquez. In this way he progressed so well that he thought no more of Rome. At the end of three years he felt himself ready to return to Seville and begin his career. We have already seen how he had an opportunity to prove his ability, in the decoration of a Franciscan church in Seville. From that time forward he had never an idle moment. His life was full of activity.

He was a man of gentle, winning nature, whom everybody loved. He took his honors simply, and had no ambition to extend his fame beyond the borders of his native city. He loved his own country

and his own people with passionate loyalty. Above all things else he was a man of sincere piety.

We do not know many of the details of his private life, except that he was married in 1648, and had two sons and a daughter. When the children grew up they begged their father to paint them a portrait of himself. This is the picture which we have for our frontispiece. The Latin inscription on the scroll below records the circumstances of its painting.

We are glad to look into the kindly face of the great painter. He is by no means a handsome man, and the features are rather coarse and heavy. He came from the common people whom he loved, and there seems to have been nothing of the aristocrat in his make-up. Yet the fine high brow shows that this is not an ordinary man.

His bearing and expression are those of a man past his prime, who has made a success of life. He shows the dignity and modest self-satisfaction to which he is entitled. Painted as it was for his own family, the portrait represents Murillo as he wished to be remembered by those who knew and loved him.

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF PROPER NAMES AND FOREIGN WORDS

The Diacritical Marks given are those found in the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary.

EXPLANATION OF DIACRITICAL MARKS.

A Dash (¯) above the vowel denotes the long sound, as in fāte, ēve, tīme, nōte, ūse.
A Dash and a Dot (˙) above the vowel denote the same sound, less prolonged.
A Curve (˘) above the vowel denotes the short sound, as in ădd, ĕnd, Ĭll, ŏdd, ŭp.
A Dot (·) above the vowel a denotes the obscure sound of a in pȧst, ȧbāte, Amĕricȧ
A Double Dot (¨) above the vowel a denotes the broad sound of a in fäther, älms.
A Double Dot (‥) below the vowel a denotes the sound of a in bạll.
A Wave (˜) above the vowel e denotes the sound of e in hẽr.
A Circumflex Accent (^) above the vowel o denotes the sound of o in bôrn.
G and K denote the guttural sound of ch in German.
N indicates that the preceding vowel has the French nasal tone.
ç sounds like **s**.
c sounds like **k**.
g sounds like **z**.
ḡ is hard as in ḡet.
ġ is soft as in ġem.

Alcalà (ăl kȧ lä′).
Almeria (ăl mā rē′ä).
Andalusia (ăn dȧ lōō′zĭ ȧ).

Bacchus (băk′ŭs).
Bĕth′lēhĕm.
Bēthū′ĕl.
Bologna (bō lōn′yȧ).

Cā′dĭz.
calido (kä′lē dō).
Castillo, Juan del (hōō än′ dĕl kȧs tēl′yō).
Cŏr′dōvȧ.
Corsini (kôr sē′nē).

Diego (dē ā′gō).
Dŏnätĕl′lō.

Ecce Agnus Dei (ĕk′kĕ äg′nŏŏs dā′ē).
Eisenach (ī′zĕn äĸ).

Ĕlīē′zĕr.
estilo (ēs tē′lō).

Franciscan (frăn sĭs′kȧn).
frio (frē′ō).
Gălīlē′ȧn.

genre (zhäNr).
Goethe, Wolf von (vōlf fŏn gē′tŭ)
Grănä′dȧ.
Guadalquivir (gạ dȧl kwĭv′ĕr).

Hō′rĕb.
Huelva (wĕl′vä).
Hungary (hŭng′gȧ rĭ).

Jaën (hä ĕn′).
Joachim (jō′ä kĭm).
Justi (hōōs′tē).

Kō′rȧn (*or* kō rän′).

Lā′bän.
Lippi, Filippo (fē lēp′pō lēp′pē).
Lisbon (lĭz′bŭn).
Louvre (lōō′vr).

Madrid (măd rĭd′).
Măl′ägä.
Mōhăm′mĕd.
Moslems (mŏz′lĕmz).
Moya, Pedro da (pā′drō dä mō′yä).
Murillo (mōō rēl′yō).
Mussulmans (mŭs′sŭl mănz).

Nā′hôr.
Năz′ărĕth.

Păd′uä.
Perugino (pā rōō jē′nō).
Portuguese (pōr′tū gēz).

Rēbĕk′äh.
Rembrandt (rĕm′brănt).
Ribera (rē bā′rä).
Rossetti (rŏs sĕt′tē).
Rubens (rōō′bĕnz).

Săl′ŏmŏn.
Señorita (sän yō rē′tä).
Seville (sē vĭl′).
Stabat Mater Speciosa (stä′bät mä′tär spē kĭ ō′sä).

Thūrĭn′ġĭä.
Tiñoso (tēn yō′sō).
Titian (tĭsh′án).
Toulouse (tōō lōōz′).

Van Dyck (văn dīk′).
vaporoso (vä pō rō′sō).
Velasquez (vā läs′kāth).
Visigoths (vĭz′ĭ gŏths).

Wartburg (värt′bo͝orG).

Zacharias (zăk ä rī′äs).

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